



FRED VAN ORMAN
President 1909-1910 H. M. M. B. A.

THE 1910 TRIP
OF THE
H. M. M. B. A.
TO
CALIFORNIA AND THE
PACIFIC COAST

BY
GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

AUTHOR OF

"In and Around the Grand Canyon," "In and Out of the Old Missions of California,"
"The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," "The Story of Scraggles," "The
Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "What the White Race May Learn
from the Indian," "Through Ramona's Country," "The Grand
Canyon of Arizona," "The Heroes of California,"
"Traveler's Handbook to Southern California,"
"The California Birthday Book," "A
Tribute to Charles Warren
Stoddard," etc., etc.

1911
PRESS OF BOLTE & BRADEN COMPANY
50 MAIN STREET
SAN FRANCISCO



JOHN S. MITCHELL, THE NEW PRESIDENT

A man well developed, mentally and physically, strong in every sense, is the new president of the H. M. M. B. A. He would be an acquisition for any insurance organization, even for the largest and most influential of the old liners, who are in the habit of paying from \$25,000 to \$75,000 for a president. And the H. M. M. B. A. secured him through the unanimous vote of its members who met in Los Angeles on Tuesday, April 12, 1910. But if Mr. Mitchell is strong in a business sense, he is equally prominent socially and civically, for he looks far outside of his own, immediate surroundings in which to find a field for his activities.

Some years ago Mr. Mitchell was prominently engaged in business in Arizona. Later he became interested in the Hollenbeck Hotel, and when Mr. Bilicke's interests about the city grew and increased, and the Alexandria Hotel was built, Mr. Mitchell took control of the Hollenbeck as managing proprietor, though Mr. Bilicke still retains his interests. Since this happened the Hollenbeck has been en-

larged, taking in other buildings, it now has about 500 rooms, with 250 private baths. Only recently \$50,000 was expended upon the hotel. The Hollenbeck is to Los Angeles what the Palmer House is in Chicago, or the Fifth Avenue used to be to New York. In its present lands it will ever be a clean, respectable, moderate-priced hotel, and perhaps the biggest dividend maker in the city.

Mr. Mitchell is a fine type of the men who have given true values to California—honesty, solidity, permanence. He is a hotelman, but much besides; he takes the greatest interest in the business and commerce of his city, is identified with the commercial and civic organizations, and his altruistic efforts are as positive as those which pertain to his own business. Civic improvement, educational matters, the development of the things that make a city not alone great, but progressive, clean and cultured, secure his best thought and effort.

His election has added to the strength and permanency of the organization.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

The visit of the U. M. M. B. A. to California and the Pacific Coast in April, 1910, is the second time the Land of the Sundown Sea has been honored by the presence of the bonifaces of the East, North, South and West. In 1895, fifteen years ago, the organization voted unanimously, and with enthusiasm, to visit California. George W. Lynch, A. C. Billeke, M. A. Dudley, and the writer formed a committee sent East to extend the invitation, which was accepted. Fourteen years ago, in three special trains, this acceptance was made operative, and for fifteen days the leading towns of the Pacific Coast rang to the merry voices of the U. M. M. B. A. excursionists, and the clarion notes of Tom Henry's cornet.

The promises made by the writer when the invitation was extended were more than kept, and at the Farewell! at the Oakland Mole, there was an increase rather than a decrease of enthusiastic appreciation. It was then that the writing of a book descriptive of the trip was suggested, and the pleasant task fell into my hands.

The 1910 trip, as was that of 1896, was planned by the Southern California Hotel Association, under the presidency of John S. Mitchell, of the Hollenbeck and the Alexandria. But, as is well known in our State, and growing to be well known throughout the country, California is a unit in working for its own welfare, and, therefore, the California Hotel Association, of San Francisco, was asked to join with the Southern California Hotel Association in extending the invitation, exactly as they did on the former occasion. Although San Francisco was still working strenuously to completely recover from the disastrous effects of the tragedy of 1906, she responded with her usual cordiality and vim, and the result was the invitation was extended by the two associations that the annual meeting be held in Los Angeles in 1910, and entertainment be extended throughout the State to San Francisco. The invitation was duly accepted, and we have yet to hear of one person who has regretted it. The results, better than any words of mine, show how successfully everything was done. Nothing was forgotten, no one was ignored, everyone and everything was attended to, so that the program went through without a hitch.

Georg Wharton James.

Pasadena Cal., September 27, 1910.



EDWARD M. TIERNEY, HOTEL MARLBOROUGH, NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I

OUR GUESTS FROM THE EAST

Three specially appointed trains, the finest the various railway companies could provide, brought our guests from the East and the Middle West to enjoy our hospitality. There was the New York Special, the New England Special and the Chicago Special.

THE NEW YORK SPECIAL

The following account of the New York train was written by Charles E. Gehring, of the "New York Hotel Review":

'Twas the afternoon of the fourth of April in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Ten, and the rain—well it was raining the proverbial cats and dogs, with a few mastodons and dinosauri thrown in to make the measure full. It was a day to dampen the spirits of even a newly love-smitten pair, but there was no room for applying any kind of a damper to the temperaments of the metropolitan travelers westward. Their enthusiasm, intensified by their anticipations of the wondrous things which the original and only McCann had in store, raised their spirits and added zest to their final preparations. Still, the miserable weather kept away many who had intended to be present to bid their friends good-bye. As it was, among those who braved the elements and saw the party off at the Jersey City station of the New Jersey Central Railroad were Mr. George W. Sweeney, of the Victoria; Mr. Walter Hildreth, of the Breslin; Mark Cadwell, secretary of the New York City Association, and Herman Mergenthaler, now the son-in-law of the Victoria's proprietor, Dr. Walter Gilday. Of course, there was the usual hustle and bustle and the customary excitement, but in good time all who had obtained reservations "qualified," and the train, the finest which has ever graced the tracks of the Jersey Central, or almost any other road, for that matter, rolled out of the terminal, to the waved and shouted adieus and "godspeeds" of those whom circumstances forced to remain behind.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Hayes, of Carstairs, added a liberal quantity of really good "lubricant" to the equipment of the baggage car. At Washington, another short stop was made, and the train was boarded for a few moments by a delegation of the hotelmen of the capital city, headed by Mr. Devine, to whose forththought and gallantry the ladies in the party owed handsome bouquets of roses. Chattanooga, where last year's convention was held, was reached the following day. Here the train was met by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and Houston Harper, of the Patten, and Mr. Samuel Read, of the Read House, who succeeded handsomely in making pleasant the very brief stay of the delegation in their new and beautiful union station.



Claude N. P. Note the golf



Mr. Tierney and ladies at
Salt Lake City



Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fleming.



Mr. and Mrs. Julius D.
Mahr and Charles F. Lar-
zalere.



Thomas Hilliard



C. S. Wehrle, in the center,
Miss Wehrle to the left, Mrs.
Wehrle to the right.

Train Organized Like a Small Hotel

Shortly after the train left New York those aboard were apprised of the fact that there was to be some system about the trip—no irksome restrictions, but just a few regulations having to do with the greatest good for the greatest number. For instance, the hours for meals taken aboard the train were set for each passenger. Call hours were, of course, according to the wishes of each individual. The rule closing the train at midnight was strictly enforced. However, these simple limitations of "personal liberty" met with quite unanimous approval, and accordingly the arrangements worked out beautifully.



Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson
Quinn, and Frank A. K.
Beland.



J. Sweeney, official photog-
rapher



Henry F. Wood, of the
Empire Laundry, and John
McGlynn, of Troy

The leaders and spokesmen of the party were, of course, Messrs. Lurney and Reed, as a result of whose efforts, and those of Joseph P. McCann, of McCann's Tours, the special train plan became a reality. Incidentally, too much credit can not be given to Mr. McCann, whose arrangements were practically perfect. There was not a hitch anywhere, not an accident, howsoever slight, not even a hot journal during the entire 7,000 miles, a really remarkable thing. Then, too, the railroad officials seemed at all times prompted by a determination to go out of their way to insure the safety and the comfort of the members of the party. Each road traversed assigned a passenger agent to accompany the party until he was succeeded by the official representative of the next railway, the roads over which the New York H. M. M. B. A. special traveled to Los Angeles and San Francisco being as follows: New York to Washington, Central R. R. of New

Jersey, Philadelphia & Reading, and Baltimore & Ohio. Washington to New Orleans, Southern R. R., N. & W. R. R., A. G. S. R. R., and Q. & C. Route. New Orleans to San Francisco to Denver, Southern Pacific R. R. Chicago to New York, Lake Shore and New York Central.

In the Crescent City

Arriving at the Terminal Station in New Orleans, the party was met by a committee of local hotelmen and others, headed by Mr. Theodore



The Original Six of the New York Delegation, who visited California with the H. M. M. B. A. in 1896. Reading from left to right: Charles F. Lazzeri, Mrs. Wood, John Burke, E. M. Tierney, Mrs. Tierney, Mr. Wood.

Grunewald, of the fine hostelry of that name, and including Russell Blakely, St. Charles Hotel, Mrs. Blakely and Miss Blakely; Justin Denechaud, Denechaud Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Denechaud and Miss Juanita Denechaud; Senator Voegtle, Cosmopolitan Hotel; Mrs. Voegtle; A. V. Monteleone and J. D. Kennedy, Monteleone Hotel; Councilman and Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. R. Miller, Charles A. Hartwell, Hart D. Newman, George W. Dunbar, A. A. Aschaffenberg, A. J. Gelpi, T. Tranchina, Councilman John Frawley, Councilman Thomas Cunningham and Mr. Mayer.

At the Filtration Plant

Those who joined the party at the filtration plant were City Attorney I. D. Moore and Miss Moore, and Superintendent Earl, of the Water and Sewerage Board. Mr. Earl personally conducted the visitors about the big purification plant. Superintendent Earl was assisted by Mr. J. L. Porter, engineering chemist, in conducting the party about the plant. A buffet luncheon was served in the pumping station, and some enthusiastic official, proud of the city water, ventured to offer it as a substitute for Roederer champagne. It was plainly the sentiment of the gathering, however, that no matter how fine the waters of the Mississippi, when scientifically filtered, might be for drinking purposes, it was indeed a daring thing for any one to



The "Fig Four" of the New York Special. From left to right—Chas. E. Gehring, Fred A. Reed, E. M. Tierney, Joseph J. McGinn.

make comparisons between the aforesaid aqua pura and so delightful a beverage as Roederer's, which, by the way, was enjoyed by the party at every point visited in the Southwest. I failed to meet the local Roederer representative, but he must have been "on the job" effectively.

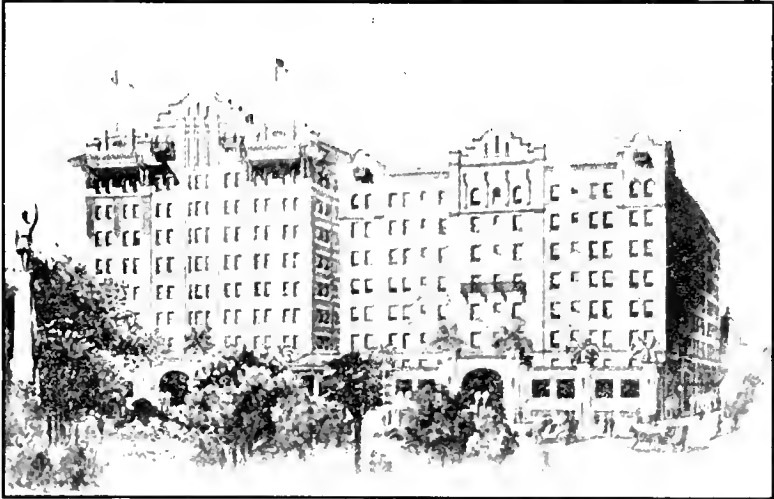
On the Mississippi River

It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the party returned to the St. Charles Hotel. Only a short stop was made. The Easterners were again taken in automobiles and whirled away to the Canal street landing, where the steamer "J. S." was boarded.

Mayor Behrman made an address of welcome that was decidedly out of the ordinary. He did not merely say, "Glad U Kum," but complimented the visitors on the compliment they had paid New Orleans by making that city the first stop.

In response to the Mayor's address, Mr. Tierney said it was not his first visit to New Orleans, and he referred with much feeling to the late Andrew Blakeley, who was the proprietor of the old St. Charles Hotel when Mr. Tierney previously visited New Orleans.

The big feature of the stay at New Orleans was the luncheon served, under the personal direction of Manager Gaston Saunx, of the Grunewald, on the Steamer "J. S." during a sail on the Mississippi. This was quite an accomplishment, the various dishes having been prepared with very



Hotel St. Anthony, San Antonio, Texas

inadequate cooking facilities, notwithstanding which fact, those which were supposed to be hot were actually served so. It was remarked by all of the members that it was the most typical "Southern" menu they had ever had the pleasure of sitting down to enjoy, and it was otherwise most favorably commented upon, especially in view of the short time it took to serve this meal. The one hundred and thirty-five guests were all seated at 2:20, and were through at 3:45. At 4 o'clock all of the tables were cleared and put aside to make room for dancing, quite a feat in the line of expeditious service.

"Jack" Letton and Ed. Racine on Hand

In the evening the party were entertained at dinner at the Grunewald, after which a few hours were spent as individual tastes dictated. A pleasing feature was the presence of Mr. John F. Letton, of the Bentley, in Alexandria, who had traveled one hundred and eighty miles just to spend an hour or two with the Easterners. We also had the pleasure of the company of Mr. Ed. H. Racine, of Meridian, Miss. The train left at 10 o'clock in the evening, the New Yorkers just before their departure entertaining their hosts in the "library" car.

Short, But Pleasant Stop in Beaumont

Beaumont, Texas, was reached early the following morning. Only a brief stop was made at that point, the train being met by Mr. Been, of the Crosby House, and a committee representing the Chamber of Commerce, who overwhelmed the Easterners with flowers. A rather pleasant surprise was furnished in the way of an auto completely covered with floral decorations, which unfortunately made its appearance only as the train was leaving the station, so that the party merely had a glimpse of it. While the Beaumont stop was being made, Mrs. C. A. Hagerman presented the party with a handsome hammered brass flower basket filled with roses, suggesting that it be presented to the lady who succeeded in guessing the number of flowers. This gift subsequently became the property of Miss Oaks, daughter of the proprietor of the Kenmore Hotel in Albany, N. Y.

Swearingens, of San Antonio, Make Big Hit

It was at the Sunset Depot in San Antonio that the next stop was made, the train arriving at 6 in the evening and the members of the party being met by a delegation of local hotchmen. That night the guests were treated to one of the finest banquets of the entire trip. Messrs. F. M. and Byron S. Swearingen had taken excellent advantage of this opportunity to demonstrate to their visitors that San Antonio could boast of first class, up-to-date hotel facilities, under the direction of men who also knew how to serve a large and elaborate banquet.

Mr. Walter P. Napier was toastmaster and speeches were made by Mayor Bryan Callaghan, E. M. Tierney, Fred A. Reed, F. M. Swearingen and Charles E. Gehring. Each one of the speakers complimented the Swearingens upon their magnificent hotel and the fine banquet which they had just served. These compliments were more than empty nothings, uttered to be in harmony with the occasion and to do the right thing by a generous host. As a matter of fact, the Hotel St. Anthony, to which a large addition has just been made, is doing an enormous business. It requires only a few moments' talk for one to be convinced that the elder Swearingen is a man of real business genius, and it is also plain that in his son Byron he has very able support. The management had arranged

for coffee and an entertainment in the roof garden, but this was prevented by rain. A delightful diversion was furnished, however, by an informal celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Butler. The fact had leaked out during the day and accordingly an arrangement was made with the orchestra to have it play Lohengrin's Wedding March in the midst of its formal program. This was the signal for a toast, in which, it is needless to add, the entire party joined with avidity. During the course of the evening the ladies of the party were the recipients of pretty fans in the center of each of which was a large photograph of the St. Anthony, while the men were presented with neat watch fobs bearing a beautiful raised crest of the hotel and also with morocco card case bearing the inscription, "Compliments of the St. Anthony."

Points of Interest—At the Gunter

The night was spent at the St. Anthony, whence, after breakfast the next morning, the party assembled at the Alamo, where they were met by hotel men and other citizens, by whom they were conducted in autos around the Mission Loop, visiting Missions Concepcion, San Jose and San Juan, with a stop at Hot Sulphur Wells, a beautiful spot with a fine hotel, for luncheon. This was the favorite stopping place of the late E. H. Harriman, the railroad king, who often encamped in a tent on the Hot Wells grounds, and who, in 1909, wrote Manager J. E. Cockrell a very complimentary opinion of the place. The drive was then continued through the city to Fort Sam Houston, one of the largest army posts in America.

At 1 o'clock the delegation were the guests of H. H. Franks and the Gunter Hotel Company, where they were given their first glimpse of "A Trip to Mexico." In addition to the Mexican Village and other scenes of that country, portrayed with no regard for expense, a Mexican vaudeville show and a complete Mexican dinner was served. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Weber, Tierney, Reed, Fleming, Bain, F. N. Swearingen and Gehring. All the ladies were presented with souvenirs, silver-lined bronze cups with raised figures of the various missions and a small Mexican basket filled with candy. A handsome hand-carved and vari-colored cane was the favor presented to the men of the party. A typically Mexican luncheon, "Merienda Mexicana Dada," was served at the Gunter. The best translation of the menu which the writer can give is "hot stuff." Everybody enjoyed it; as we did the St. Antonio brew with which we frequently quenched our parched tongues.)

Spanish Dinner at the Menger

The closing event in San Antonio was a "Comida Espanola" in the quaint and beautiful Hotel Menger, where Manager Bruce, an able and thoroughly progressive hotelman, had intended to serve the dinner in the patio of the hotel, which had been magnificently and most originally decorated at great expense. Here again, however, rain interfered with the

plans and it was therefore necessary to serve the meal inside the hotel. Again the writer is at a loss to translate the menu, but it may be said for it that all who sat at Mr. Bruce's hospitable board enjoyed the dinner to its fullest measure and highly praised his excellent service. Mr. Tierney expressed the thank you of the delegation and Mr. Bruce responded gracefully in a few well chosen words.

The hotelmen of the city accompanied their visitors to the train where they, in their turn, were royally entertained, the New Yorkers doing the honors to the king's taste. There were music, fireworks, etc. (particularly "etc."), and just before the train drew out of the station on its way to El Paso an invitation was unanimously tendered by the San Antonio hotelmen to have any or all of the party as their guests at any time in the future. It was at San Antonio that Mr. H. H. Franks, the enterprising manager of the Gunter, joined the party to attend the convention at Los Angeles.

This is the list of the New York delegation:

Mr. F. N. Bain, Newburgh, N. Y.; Mrs. G. D. Bayard, New York; Mr. Frank A. K. Boland, New York; Mrs. S. G. Boyce, Mountain View, N. Y.; Miss G. G. Boyce, Mountain View, N. Y.; Miss Ella J. Brown, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Mr. John Burke, New York; Mr. John W. Butler, New York; Mrs. John W. Butler, New York; Mr. C. A. Carrigan, New York; Mrs. C. A. Carrigan, New York; Dr. M. R. Crain, Rutland, Vt.; Mrs. Dr. M. R. Crain, Rutland, Vt.; Mr. Alex. C. Eustace, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. Chas. E. Gehring, New York; Mr. Wm. Gordon, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Mrs. W. O. Graham, New York; Mr. H. C. Griswold, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. H. C. Griswold, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Fred L. Hall, Maplewood, N. H.; Mrs. Fred L. Hall, Maplewood, N. H.; Mr. Paul Halpin, New York; Mr. Frank Halpin, New York; Mr. Thos. M. Hilliard, New York; Mrs. Henry A. Hurlbut, New York; Mr. Chas. D. Johnston, Richwood, W. Va.; Dr. A. V. Jova, Newburgh, N. Y.; Mr. Lawrence R. Kerr, New York; Mrs. Lawrence R. Kerr, New York; Mr. David H. Knott, New York; Mr. Chas. F. Larzelere, New York; Mr. J. E. Leech, New York; Mr. Wm. Lindenbach, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. Lindenbach, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Fred Loughran, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Mr. J. B. Lunney, Washingtonville, N. Y.; Mr. J. P. McCann, New York; Mrs. J. P. McCann, New York; Mr. S. McCullough, Hartford, Conn.; Miss F. L. McDonald, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. John McGlynn, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. T. A. McKee, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Julius D. Mahr, New York; Mrs. Julius D. Mahr, New York; Mr. Joseph G. Mason, New York; Mr. Frank A. Merrill, New York; Mr. Fred H. Meyer, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. C. R. Nott, New York; Mr. D. J. O'Mara, Mariner's Harbor, N. Y.; Mr. J. A. Oaks, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A. Oaks, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Marguerite Oaks, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Gertrude Oaks, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. W. Johnson Quinn, New York; Mrs. W. Johnson Quinn, New York; Mr. Fred A. Reed, New York; Mrs. Fred A. Reed, New York; Mr. W. A. Reist, York, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. Reist, York, Pa.; Mr. James Runciman, New

York; Mrs. James Runciman, New York; Mr. G. C. Russell, New York; Mr. C. R. Sandstedt, New York; Mr. G. F. Schutt, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Fleming, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. G. F. Schutt, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Wm. H. Scaich, New York; Mrs. Wm. H. Scaich, New York; Mr. Harry W. Smith, Emporium, Pa.; Mr. Jas. H. Sweeny, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Mr. John W. Sweeny, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Mr. Edward M. Tierney, New York; Mrs. Edward M. Tierney, New York; Miss Genevieve E. Tierney, New York; Mr. E. M. Tierney, Jr., New York; Mr. Wm. H. Valiquette, New York; Miss M. E. Valiquette, New York; Mrs. Mary E. Wagner, New York; Miss May C. Wagner, New York; Master W. E. Wagner, New York; Mrs. E. B. Washburn, New York; Mr. C. S. Wehrle, Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. C. S. Wehrle, Stamford, Conn.; Miss Lillie Wehrle, Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. E. W. Wheeler, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Percy M. Williams, Rutland, Vt.; Mrs. Percy M. Williams, Rutland, Vt.; Mr. Henry F. Wood, New York; Mrs. Henry F. Wood, New York; Mrs. Theodore F. Wood, New York; Miss Theodora Wood, New York; Mr. A. V. Wright, Washingtonville, N. Y.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPECIAL

The personnel of the party was as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Claude M. Hart, Hotel Touraine, Boston; Mrs. L. E. M. Porter, Hotel Touraine, Boston; Mr. Oliver J. Pelren, Eagle Hotel, Concord, N. H.; Mr. Harry J. Pelren, Eagle Hotel, Concord, N. H.; Mr. James H. Bowker, Winthrop Hotel, Meriden, Ct.; Mr. Harry L. Brown, Hotel Victoria, Boston; Mrs. H. A. Brown, Hotel Victoria, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Parker, New England House, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. Linfield Damon, Jr., Hotel Thorndike, Boston; Master Sherman Damon, Hotel Thorndike, Boston; Mrs. W. H. Sherman, Hotel Thorndike, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Davis, Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ricker, Hotel Woodbridge, W. Somerville; Mrs. N. E. Philbrook, Hotel Woodbridge, W. Somerville; Mr. W. L. Birely, South Station Restaurant, Boston; Mr. Geo. W. Clark, New American House, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. George E. Hall, New American House, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. E. L. Morandi, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bond, Wilson House, N. Adams, Mass.; Col. Frank S. Richardson, Wilson House, N. Adams, Mass.; Mrs. E. A. Fowler, Hotel Hollis, Boston; Mr. J. Henry Breslin, Hampton Hotel, Boston; Mrs. Catherine Breslin, Hampton Hotel, Boston; Miss Mabel F. Breslin, Hampton Hotel, Boston; Miss Ellen A. Lyons, Hampton Hotel, Boston; Mr. A. D. Bell, The Chalfonte, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Shean, Kimball House, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. H. C. Lange, Park Square Hotel, Westfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Lange, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Margaretha Scuss, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs,

Boston; Mr. J. C. Bland, Wauregan House, Norwich, Ct.; Dr. P. H. Harriman, Norwich, Ct.; Rev. W. A. Keefe, Norwich, Ct.; Mr. Charles A. Chafce, Chafce's Hotel, Middletown, Ct.; Mr. L. C. Thayer, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Burbank, North Adams, Mass.; Mr. William M. Kimball, Kimball House, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Curtis W. Scriven, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Grant, Boston & Maine R. R., Boston; Rev. Dr. W. H. Ryder, Gloucester, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Luke J. Minahan, Hotel Wendell, Pittsfield; Mr. Felix Smith, Boston; Mr. Felix Smith, Jr., Boston; Mr. and



Harry L. Brown, Hotel Victoria,
Boston, Mass.



Hon. William W. Davis, manager of the Riverbank Court Hotel, Boston, an ex-president of the H. M. M. B. A. and secretary of transportation for the New England delegation, was for years prominent in city and state government.

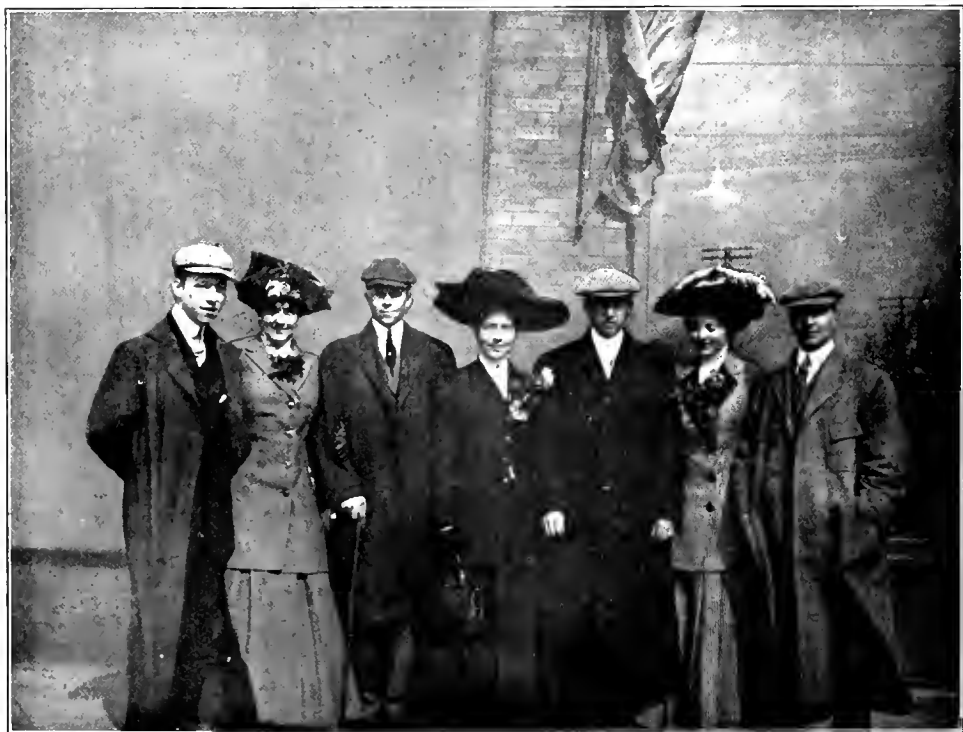
Mrs. R. A. Perkins, Boston; Mr. Thomas A. Murray, Brigham's Hotel, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Benj. S. Palmer, Chase & Sanborn, Boston; Charles P. Woodworth, Hotel Mossilank, Broczy Point, Maine; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Manning, Santa Fe R. R., Boston.

This palatial train was under the control of the following:

General Committee—Harry L. Brown, Chairman; J. Linfield Damon, Jr., Treasurer; William W. Davis, Secretary; James H. Bowker, Charles W. Parker, Oliver J. Pelren, L. C. Thayer, George W. Ricker, E. L. Morandi, J. Henry Breslin, Claude M. Hart, W. M. Kimball, L. J. Minahan, George

W. Clark, Thomas A. Murray. Transportation Committee—Harry L. Brown, William W. Davis, J. Linfield Damon, Jr. Supply Committee—William W. Davis, Charles W. Parker, L. C. Thayer. Hotels and Baggage—William W. Davis, Thomas A. Murray. Captain of Train—Harry L. Brown.

On Thursday, April 7th, the New England section were entertained by a committee of the Kansas City Hotelmen headed by Frank P. Ewins, ex-President of the H. M. M. B. A. Automobiles were provided and the whole party were given a two hours' drive through almost the whole of Kansas City's splendid resident and boulevard district, taking in the famous Cliff



"The Kids" on the Special

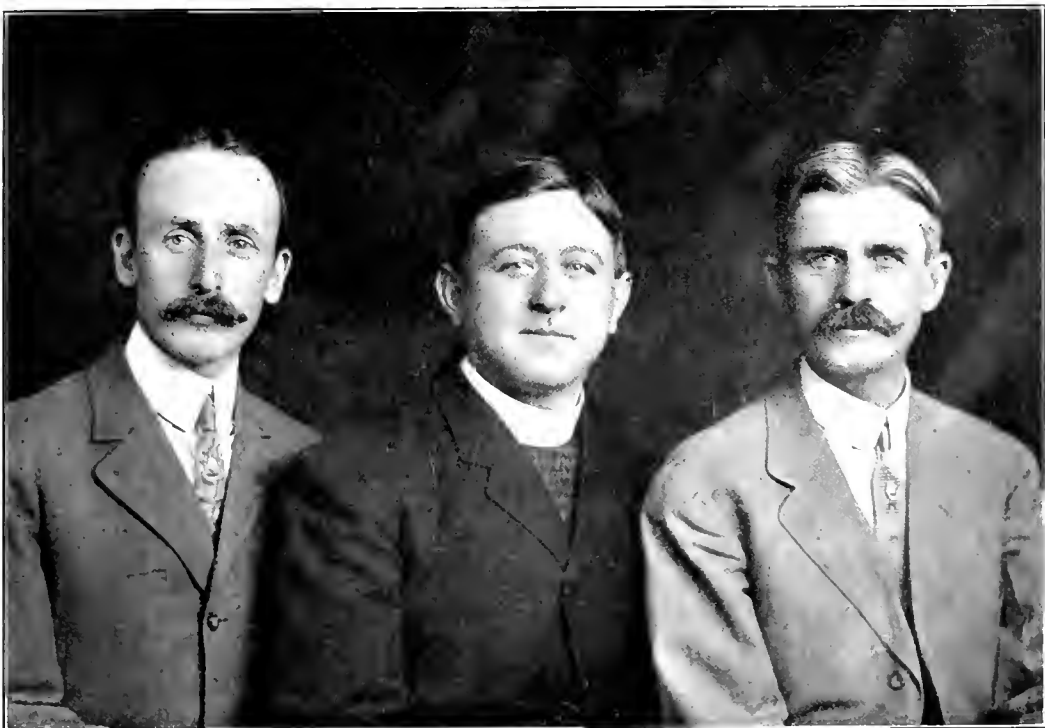
Drive and arriving at the Hotel Baltimore in ample time to dispose of a luncheon before train time. This luncheon was arranged for by the Missouri and Kansas Hotel Men's Association, and added much to the enjoyment of the guests en route.

After a few days on the train, a very agreeable and pleasant party of young people were brought together. The "Kids" they were called, all being unmarried and forming the young element of the party. Harry Pelerin, whose father runs the Eagle House in Concord, N. H., Charlie Woodworth of Breezy Point, Maine, J. Henry Breslin, proprietor of the Hampton House, Boston, Miss Breslin, his sister, Miss Lyons, a friend of Miss Breslin, Miss

Shean, whose father is connected with the New Kimball House, Springfield, and Tom Murray, of the firm of M. J. Murray & Co., proprietors and managers of Brigham's Hotel, made up the party. On most of their trips, theater parties, dinners, etc., Mrs. Breslin and Miss Fowler, of the Hotel Hollis, were the chaperons.

At Chicago they had their first party, taking in the Show and having dinner at the Auditorium Annex.

At Los Angeles they had many pleasant times together visiting the cafes and seeing the city, when not engaged in the wonderful entertainment offered by the Southern California Hotel Men's Association.



"THE SOLID THREE," FROM NORWICH, CONN.

Rev. William A. Keefe was born in Waterbury, Conn., in 1877. He was educated in the public schools of Waterbury, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and the University of Louvain, Belgium. He is at present located at Norwich, Conn. Father Keefe is a talented pulpit orator, and speaks French and Italian fluently. He is also a progressive and interesting public speaker, and an ardent and enthusiastic member of the Knights of Columbus. He was a most welcome addition to the New England contingent of the H. M. M. B. A.

Joseph C. Bland was born in Ireland, July 1, 1873. At an early age he came to this country, and located at North Attleboro, Mass. Since boyhood, Mr. Bland has followed the hotel business, and by persistent efforts has arisen from bell-boy to his present position as manager of the Wauregan House, Norwich

Conn. Mr. Bland has been connected with the Parker-Davenport Company for over twenty-five years. He is an active and progressive member of the H. M. M. B. A., and the New England H. M. A.

Patrick Henry Harriman, M. D., was born at Calais, Maine, March 17, 1860. Received his early education in the public school at Winchendon, Mass., and at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. His medical training was secured at Dartmouth and the University of the City of New York. Graduating from the latter institution in March, 1884. Soon after receiving his degree, in medicine, he located at Norwich, Conn., and has continued in active practice since that time.

In politics, the doctor has always been a consistent Democrat, and has held several political offices. He is also deeply interested in social societies, and is a member of the Elks and the Knights of Columbus.



HENRY J. BOHIN

Joint proprietor of the "Hotel World," Chicago; member of the board of trustees of the H. M. M. B. A.; attendant of almost every meeting of that body; captain of the association since its inception; captain of the Chicago trains for years; needs no introduction to the hotel fraternity of the United States; as

mentally alert, as he is a good business man, he is one of the most prominent members of the ethical society of Chicago. He is a park commissioner of Morgan Park, where he resides, and is active and forward in every good work that means the general improvement

In San Francisco they had a delightful time. Chinatown was visited, also the famous cafes and business section of the city. They took in the trips that were offered by the San Francisco Hotel Men's Association. The "Kids" section of the N. E. Special were not known to miss a trip of any kind, and they took in many outside trips themselves.

On the way home a very enjoyable auto ride was taken in Denver, Col., during the evening, and a dinner party in Chicago, with the theater afterwards. In Niagara Falls they enjoyed a delightful ride in an auto, visiting the many points of interest about the Falls.

When the party broke up (Miss Shean leaving the train at Greenfield and the rest separating in Boston), many regrets were expressed and promises made for a reunion in the near future.



The Choir of Car Eleven, Chicago Special.

THE CHICAGO SPECIAL

This special train of seven Pullmans and compartment cars, with diner, well provided buffet, etc., left Chicago on Thursday evening, April 7, 1910. Many local hotelmen were present to see the start, among them being A. C. Billeke, the president of the Alexandria Hotel Company of Los Angeles, California, who was on his way to Europe; Henry W. Lawrence, proprietor of the Claypool, Indianapolis, and several others. The following is a list of the cars and their occupants:

CORCORAN

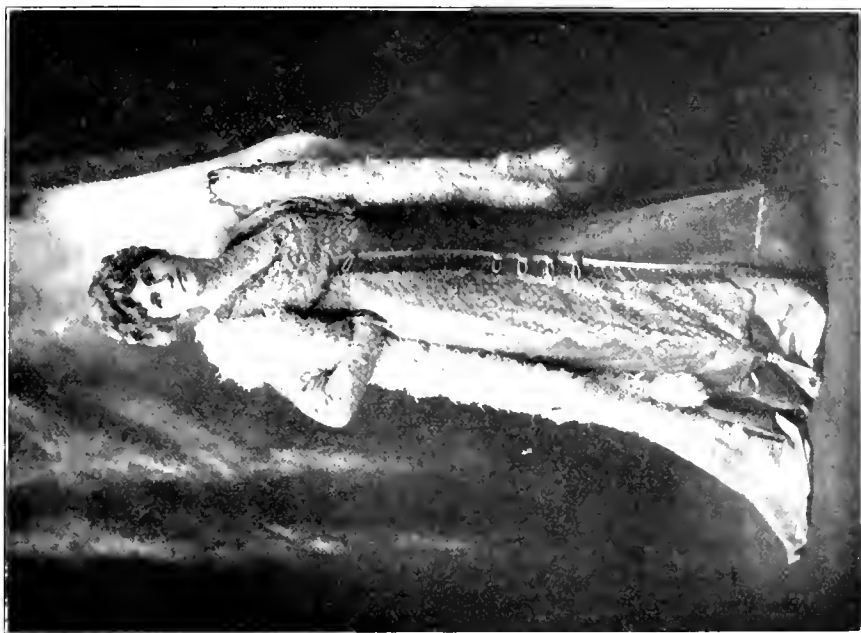
Mr. and Mrs. George F. Titlow, Hotel Titlow, Uniontown, Pa.; Mr. William E. Hawk, Hotel Bindley, Blanchester, Ohio; Mr. Fred Pitney, Waldorf-Astoria, New York; Mr. John A. Lewis, Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. George G. Lippincott, Commercial Club, Marion, Ohio; Mr. F. A.



Max L. Teich, The Kaiserhof, Chicago, Ill.

Max L. Teich was born Feb. 21, 1873, in Germany and came to this country in the winter of 1892-93. He entered the Hotel Bismark, located at 634 and Cottage Grove avenue, next to the World's Fair grounds, and stayed there until the Fair was over. The company then started the Bismark Hotel, 180 Randolph street, where he stayed eleven years, after which he organized the International Hotel Company which bought the property 262-274 South Clark street, the location of the Kaiserhof, the finest and most attractive German restaurant-hotel in the west. Mr. Teich was accompanied by

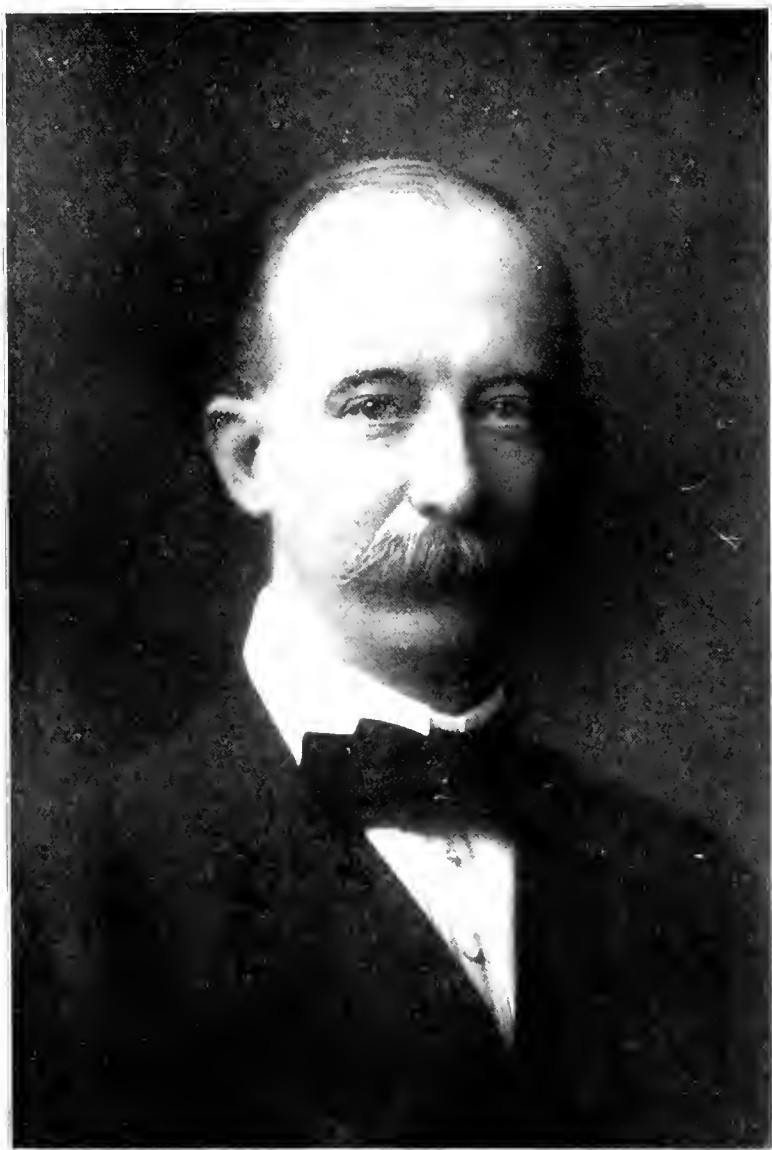
his gracious and lovely wife and their charming and sweet little daughter, Ella. As Ella was born in Chicago, March 9, 1901, this was made a delightful birthday trip, coming so soon after her ninth birthday. It is needless to say she was very happy. Her bright, winning ways, and her lovable nature made her the pet of the train, and when she reached California she received more attention than many of the very prominent hotel men and women of the party. Altogether the Teich family were a delightful acquisition and they made many friends both on the way and in California.



Mrs. May L. Teich



Miss Ella Teich



HENRY FRANKHAM
Editor Hotel Bulletin, Chicago, Illinois

The "Hotel Bulletin" is one of the latest monthlies in the hotel field, and though only in its fourth year already enjoys a considerable measure of success under Mr. Frankham's able management. It is the official organ of the

National Hotel Clerks' Association. Mr. Frankham's genial manner and kindly way made him many friends on the California trip, who all hold him in pleasant remembrance.



A. M. Cleary, Exchange Hotel, Sioux City, Iowa.

Leavens, Manufacturers' Hotel, Moline, Ill.; Mr. Walter A. Pocock, Hotel Ryan, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. C. A. Klaus, The Gladstone, Jamestown, N. D.; Mr. Carl Eitel, Hotel Bismarck, Chicago; Mr. F. L. Holbrook, Royal Hotel, Huron, S. D.; George T. Gunnip, Santa Fe R. R., Chicago; Mr. William H. Worth, Hotel Albany, Chicago; Mr. John K. Blatchford, secretary and treasurer H. M. M. B. A., Daily National Hotel Reporter, Chicago; Mr. Charles J. Owen, Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis, Minn.



WM. LAIBLIN, CHICAGO, ILL.

Mr. Laiblin is the manager sales department of R. Wallace & Sons Manufacturing Company, 131 Wabash avenue, Chicago. He is a native of Germany, having been born in Black Forest, October 15, 1876. He came to the United States in 1891, when he was employed in one of Chicago's department stores for a short while, from thence he went to R. Wallace & Sons' Manufacturing Company, with whom he has been employed for the past seventeen

years. He knows every prominent hotelman and is familiar with all departments of this famous silver house. For several years he has had exclusive management of the hotel department and also of the entire Chicago trade. Mr. Laiblin is a graduate of the Chicago Business Law School, having completed his course in 1908 and was admitted to the bar in June, 1909. He possesses a pleasing personality and has made many friends both in and out of Chicago.



P. L. Carpenter, Driving His Horse Harry McKay

P. L. Carpenter, proprietor The Capital, Johnstown, Pa., was one of those who enjoyed the trip to the limit. He entered the restaurant business about 30 years ago, but lost practically everything he had in the Johnstown Flood of 1889. Such was his energy, however, that seven weeks after the flood he had four business places started. In 1891 (December 2), he leased the Cambria Club, equipped and fitted it up as a good hotel, and named it "The Capital,"—as he expected to make good capital out of it. The building was erected 30 years ago at a cost of \$123,000. Mr. Carpenter has expended over \$30,000 additional on it. It was the only hotel building that withstood the flood, the high water mark showing very plainly to-day on the line of the third floor. It now does an excellent business, though it has no license. It is located on the corner of Main and Walnut streets, 91x132 feet, and its proprietor is on the corner E Z street and Shady Side avenue: always "delighted" to see old friends and make new ones. He takes much pleasure in driving a good horse, and Harry McKay is one of the best. When the above picture was made it was Mr. Carpenter's first essay on a sulky. His trainers had all made a failure and he determined to drive his own horse, which he has ever since successfully done. He has a nice white birch cottage in Capital Park—a beautiful natural park of 50 acres—which he donated to his city. He is president and director of several financial institutions and is altogether pretty well fixed.



MISS OLIVE LOHIN

accompanied her father on this trip, as her brother, Harold J., did fourteen years ago. Olive was soon a general favorite, and she and her companion, Miss June Horton, made many of their elders happy by their sweet helpfulness and their buoyant, yet refined and pleasant merriment.



MR. P. D. CARPENTER, proprietor Capital Hotel, Johnstown, Pa., comes from a city which was once the wettest city in America. He loves to attend H. M. M. B. A. reunions.



At the Indian village, Laguna. (This is not the family of John Irwin, who stands in the background.)

HUTCHINSON

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Carroll, Williams House, Manitowoc, Wis.; Mrs. Alice Rahr, Williams House, Manitowoc, Wis.; Mr. P. L. Carpenter, Capital Hotel, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Riley D. Cronk, Birmingham Hotel, Birmingham, Ala.; Mr. Martin Wilkinson, Miss Wilkinson, Gibson House, Crestline, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hetherington, Hotel Belding, Belding, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Branham, Hotel Branham, Union City, Indiana; Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Pember, Janesville, Wis.; Mr. John F. Sweeney, Grand Hotel, Janesville, Wis.; Mr. J. J. Williams, Resthaven, Waukesha, Wis.; Miss Essie Mendenhall, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Medler, Midwest Hotel Reporter, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Brien, Hotel Henshaw, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Sonnenberg, Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis.

CHUSCA

Mr. and Mrs. William McCoy, Miss McCoy, McCoy's Hotel, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fosgate, Hotel Newcomb, Quincy, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Bond, Hotel Jefferson, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. George M. Christian, Elliott House, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Akers, Forest City House, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Hawley, Hawley House, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laux, St. Nicholas Hotel, Decatur, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Branham, Hotel Bulletin, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lewis, Hotel Marquette, Marquette, Mich.

ALHUCLO

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Neipp, Hotel Robidoux, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Demme, Hotel Bismarck, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Max L. Teich, Miss Ella Teich, Hotel Kaiserhof, Chicago; Mr. Henry J. Bohn, Miss Olive Bohn, The Hotel World, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John Willy, Hotel Monthly, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Huntington, Armour & Co., Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Allen, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Allen, Jr., Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hills, Miss Hills, Hills House, Bloomington, Ill.

WHILEAWAY

Mr. E. E. Carley, Chicago; Mr. Al Arundel, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Severance, Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Orman, St. George Hotel, Evansville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Horton, Miss Horton, Hotel Metropole, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, Irwin Bros., Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bennett, Hotel Beekel, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. T. R. Roberts, Chicago.

TASHMOO

Frank P. Ewins, John A. Ewins, Savoy Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. Henry Hart, Chicago; Mrs. Fred Hotopp, American House, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Carolyn D. May, The Wisconsin, Chicago; Mrs. W. O. Thompson, Pilgrim Inn, Marion, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Lippincott, Pilgrim Inn,



David R. Hawley, of The Hawley, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. David R. Hawley, of The Hawley, Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the veteran hotelmen of the country, having spent nearly all of his life in the business.

He was born in the County of Hastings, Province of Ontario, and after attending the schools of his native town, worked with the farmers until the age of fifteen, at which time he became apprenticed to a harness-maker. A few years at this convinced him that the business was not to his liking, and he drifted into hotel work in Rochester, N. Y., in 1862, at the Clinton Hotel, I. Ashley & Son, proprietors. He was first engaged to attend the lunch counter at a salary of sixteen dollars per month, and was later placed in charge of the private dining-rooms at thirty-five dollars per month.

Leaving there in 1865 for Chicago, he started to work for Tucker & Baldwin in the old Briggs House, and was soon after sent by them to help open the Hough House (now called the Transit House) at the Union Stock Yards.

February, 1866, found him engaged at the Weddell House, Cleveland, then operated by Kirkwood Bros. About four months later he was employed by H. C. Brockway (a brother of H. H. Brockway of the Ashland House, N. Y.) in the City Hotel, where he remained for five years. He then started in business for himself and, with a partner, A. M. Lowe, bought the old Pritchard House, changing the

name to the Clinton House in honor of the one in which he had his first hotel experience. This hotel he continued to operate for eighteen years, in the meantime buying the City Hotel of the Brockway Estate, Mr. Brockway having died in 1874.

He sold the City Hotel to H. B. West in 1880, and in 1881 bought the furniture and leased the Striebinger House, which he operated for about nine months, and then sold it to J. B. White.

In 1882, with his brother Davis and John Langton, he planned and built the present Hawley House. Mr. Langton died in 1890, his interest being acquired by the brothers David R. and Davis Hawley who continued as partners until 1901. David R. then purchased his brother's interest and took his two sons, Charles R. and Frank M., into the business as partners. Charles R. died in 1906 and since that time Mr. Hawley and his son Frank have conducted the business under the firm name of David R. Hawley & Son.

Mr. Hawley is also the owner of the Clarendon Hotel, Cleveland, buying it in 1886, but has never been actively engaged in its management, it having been leased to various parties since he acquired it. He also owns a private home at 85 East Rosemont Roadway, East Cleveland, where he resides, and other valuable real estate in the city. He and Mrs. Hawley were both highly delighted with their trip to the west.

Marion, Ohio; Mr. Samuel R. Read, Read House, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Ben G. Vieth, Miss Vieth, Hotel Madison, Jefferson City, Mo.; Mr. Allen J. Dean, Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whyte, Hotel Savoy, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Keeley, Master Keeley, Cataract House, Sioux Falls, Iowa; Mrs. Frank P. Ewins, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Blanche Harber, Bloomington, Ill.

DEBUTANTE

Mr. Salvatore Tomaso, Chicago; Mr. C. D. Johnston, Yew Pine Inn, Richmond, W. Va.; Mr. Harold F. Van Orman, St. George Hotel, Evansville, Ind.; Mr. T. E. Fitzgerald, Clarendon Hotel, Sea Breeze, Fla.; Mr. C. O. Chamberlain, Palmetto Inn, Daytona, Fla.; Mr. William Lablin, Chicago; A. M. Cleary, Exchange Hotel, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. Charles J. Lane, Hudson House, Hudson, Mich.

Of this train, Henry J. Bohn wrote as follows in the *Hotel World*:

"This is the Chicago-Pacific special—the New York and New England special trains are beyond the eye of our camera, the former swinging along through the Lone Star State and the latter eighteen hours ahead of us westward bound by the same route that we will travel. Here we are!—in the Santa Fe Station in Chicago at 8:15 p. m., April 7, 1910, all ready for the start. The train is over seven hundred feet long, and will be drawn much of the journey by two and sometimes three locomotives. It is a train de luxe—a veritable first-class hotel on wheels. Never quite such a train has gone out of Chicago before, having in addition to regulation sectional Pullman berths twenty compartments and fourteen drawing rooms, and carrying with the utmost comfort and luxury the more than one hundred and twenty excursionists. After the locomotives follow a baggage and buffet car, from which the baggage has been eliminated and a "commissary" arrangement fills the space, where drinkables and eatables of about every name and nature are in abundant supply in charge of two faithful attendants. Next comes the barber shop, with a skilled tonsorial artist in charge; next the smoking and reading room and buffet proper. Then follow the most modern and up-to-date Pullmans in the railway service, one drawing room coach, two compartment coaches, three regulation coaches, one observation coach, and two diners, arranged in this order: Corcoran, Hutchinson, Chusca, Aliugo, Whilcaway, Tashmoo, two diners, and last the Debutante observation car.

"You see a large throng of people hurrying to and fro, the departing tourists and their hotel and other friends who have come to see us off with gifts of flowers and candy and last good wishes and fare-you-wells—and here, too, is Bilicke, Albert C. Bilicke, of the Alexandria and Hollenbeck in Los Angeles, on his way to his family in Germany, just happened here to say us bon voyage to the coast before he proceeds eastward while we go westward. All aboard! Good-bye! good-bye!—we're off for the land of roses and orange blossoms. Look at the canvas—see the long train rolling



Col. Leopold Moss, Chicago, Ill.



F. M. Ewing, Hotel Savoy, Kansas City, Mo.

out of the station into the starry night with its precious burden of humanity safe and sound in the keeping of the watchful engineers and scores of night toilers along the route. We will draw the curtains on the happy crowd."

On Friday morning, April 8th, Mr. Bolin writes:

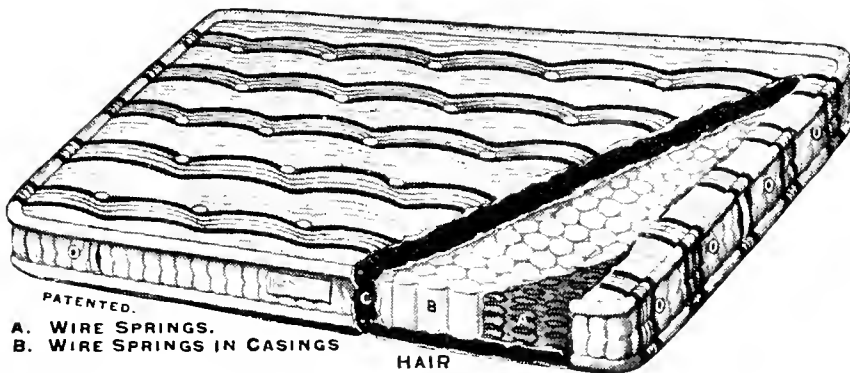
"Turn on the picture machine as we roll into the Grand Avenue Station in Kansas City, where the members who will complete our trainload join us. As the train arrives a band is playing and our German delegates ask,

Colonel Leopold Moss was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1853, but he has resided in Chicago since 1858, and is well known as one of her most active and influential citizens.

In the days when there was a strong Democratic party here he stood among the leaders, and his counsel was always desired. He was a warm friend and adviser of Governor John P. Altgeld and in 1896 the Governor named him for an important position with the National Democratic committee, and also appointed him on his staff as aide de camp with the rank and title of colonel. He was also a member of the Illinois State Militia for five years. He belongs to Chicago Lodge, B. P. O. E., and his interests in social, charitable and up-lift affairs generally are very extensive. He is president and general manager of the Marshall Ventilated Mattress Company, not only one of the largest in the country, but the finished product it turns out is the best as to quality of material and styles of make on the market.

New Southern and the Greyport of Chicago, the St. Francis and Savoy, San Francisco, the Maryland, Pasadena; the Virginia, Long Beach, and the Del Coronado, Coronado Beach, Cal.; Hotel Southland, Dallas, the new Gunter and St. Anthony, San Antonio, and the Crosby, Beaumont, all of Texas; the Golduan, Fort Smith, Ark.; the Owyhee, Boise, Idaho, the Capital, Little Rock, Ark., and the Palmer House, at Paducah, Ky. As clubs, ocean greyhounds and sleeping cars also come within the province of this corporation, it has equipped the Chicago and Illinois Athletic and the Automobile clubs, furnished the state rooms on the two great liners of the Cunard Steamship Line, "Lusitania," and "Mauretania," and "St. Thomas Lipton's yacht, with mattresses and cushions and its mattresses can be found in the lower berths of Pullman palace sleeping cars.

The Marshall Ventilated Mattresses and the Marshall Sanitary Box Bed Springs were intro-



The Marshall Ventilated Mattress

The firm makes a specialty of the hotel trade but it is a matter of some pride that President Taft during his sojourn at the Taft ranch, Gregory, Texas, slept on a Marshall ventilated mattress. Hotel Gregory is located on Charles P. Taft's big estate, which was to provide accommodations for the nation's chief executive and staff. Among other things the manager procured these mattresses for the presidential bed. He sent on to Colonel Moss and had them built especially for the occasion. The President slept on them all the time he was there and he generously stated that he never rested more comfortably on any bed he ever occupied.

Among the leading hostleries that are using the Marshall Ventilated Mattresses and Sanitary Box Springs may be mentioned the Congress Hotel and Annex, the Auditorium, the

produced in 1901. The first year only one thousand were made. Now the factories produce fifty thousand a year. Doubtless the wide acquaintance and popularity of Colonel Moss had much to do with this wonderful growth. The main plant is located at Kenosha, Wis., in a building 100 x 150 feet and four stories high, but the company also has factories in London, England, and Toronto, Canada, and is now constructing a mammoth factory in Chicago.

While Colonel Moss was on the Pacific Coast he succeeded in interesting quite a number in his mattresses, and has since made large sales, among others, to the following: The C. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, Cal.; the Clarendon, Sea Breeze, Fla.; the New Arlington, Santa Barbara, Cal.; the Grand, Salt Lake City, Utah; the El Reposo Sanitarium, Santa Anita, Cal.; the Kaspary Colm Hospital, Los Angeles, Cal.

'Was ist los?' Well! well!—look! Here is the Kansas City Hotel Association with a brass band to greet us for a ten-minute stop. A wagon stands by with two attendants in charge, with a wagon-load of fine leather auto caps for all the men and women of our delegation, the gift of Frank P. Ewins of the Hotel Savoy, one of our famous ex-presidents, who with his wife and son here joins our party; and here are passed out hundreds of little bottles from the Shawhan Distillery Co., warranted a sovereign remedy for stomach-ache; and a vast supply of souvenir postals; and no sooner does Frank Ewins board the train than he presents to everybody packs of handsome playing cards. The souvenir stunt has certainly begun—in



MR. CHARLES J. OWEN

managing director of the new Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis, well and widely known from his service with St. Louis, Memphis, and Atlanta hotels and as manager of Hotel Astor, New York.



MR. ALLEN J. DEAN

late of Dean Bros., Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, and a wealthy realty owner in that city, where he is the most influential and able member of the Park Commission; famed for his practical hotel knowledge in construction and equipment. He is a native of New York State.

fact, began last night when Maxwell M. Jones of Libby, McNeill & Libby, went as far as Joliet with us and gave everyone a beautiful bullseye clock."

This was on Friday, yet as we have seen, Mr. Ewins did the same thing for the New England Special the day before, assisted by the Kansas City Hotel and Restaurant Keepers' Association, and members of the Missouri and Kansas H. M. A. Mr. Ewins is a firm believer in these words:

"The annual reunions of the H. M. M. B. A. are redolent with fragrant memories of enjoyable things—of loving and life-long acquaintances formed—and what counts commercial success if along with it we do not make life worth living with the better and lovelier things of the world."

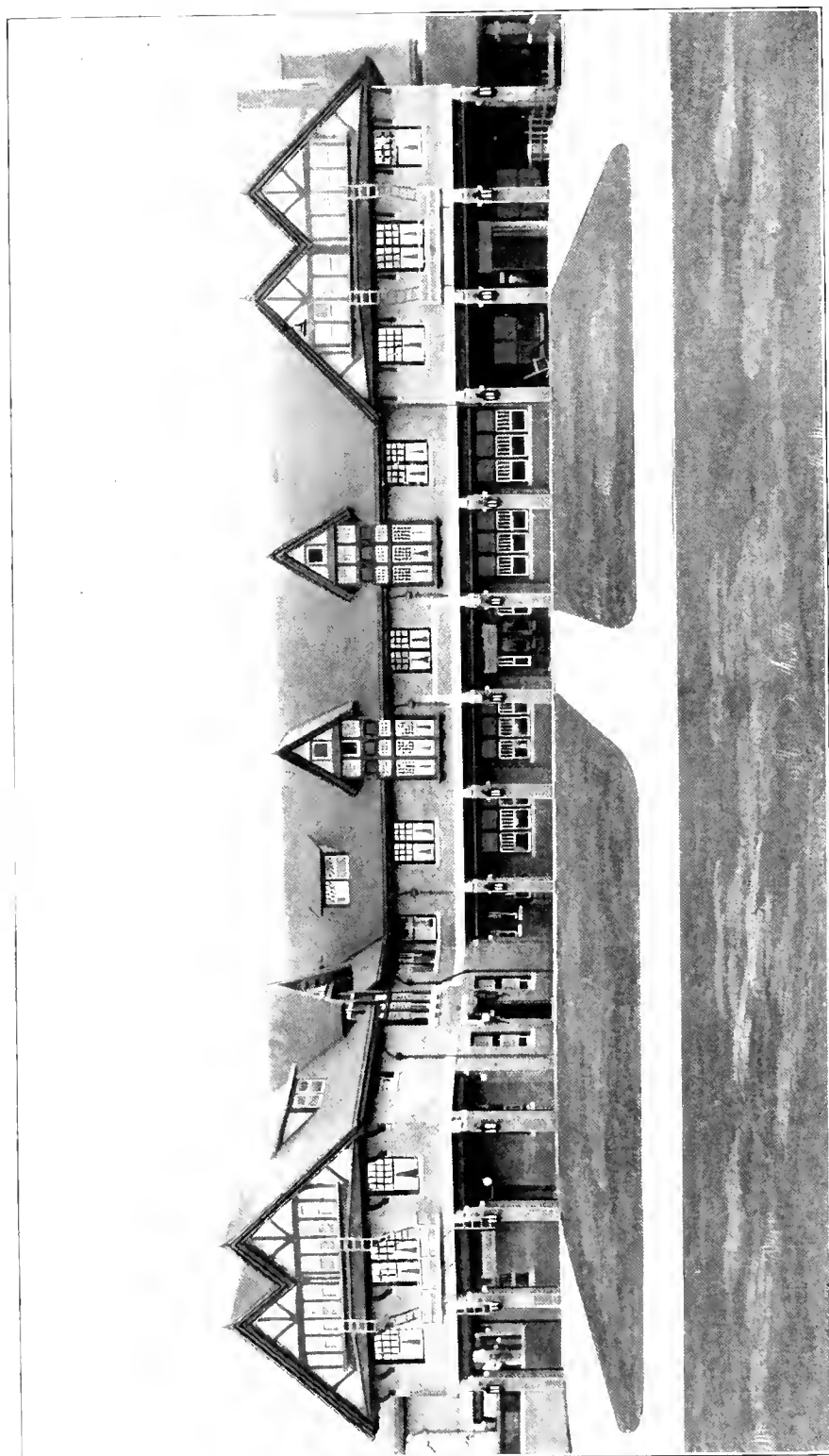
Mr. Ewins was responsible in many ways for the arrangement of details all along the trip which contributed so much to the general comfort of the party. F. P., as many call him, is truly an organizer and one who can take in things at a glance, and always does the right thing at the right time.

Mr. Ewins has been at the head of Hotel Savoy for the past fifteen years, during which time he was also interested in and opened the Baltimore Hotel, this city, also Hotel Metropole at St. Joseph, Mo., and the Illinois Hotel at Bloomington, Illinois. Having disposed of all outside interests, Mr. Ewins is now operating Hotel Savoy exclusively, and is practically the exclusive owner.

To the general hotel fraternity it is no secret that the Hotel Savoy in Kansas City is one of the most profitable hotels of its size in America. It may be termed a strictly commercial hotel conducted at popular rates. Like its management, it is solid and substantial without frills or false pretense. When the addition was erected some three or four years ago, among the attractive features created was a roof garden and a handsome cafe, the "Santa Fe Trail" frieze in which has caused widespread favorable comment as a piece of hotel decoration.

When Frank Ewins first went to Kansas City from Bloomington, Ill., near which city he was born and raised, and in which city he had been in the agriculture implement business, he engaged in real estate transactions, with the result that a panic and general depression soon laid him out cold. Then he broke into the hotel arena and leased a very small European plan hotel. He was successful and began branching out, when the Ewins-Dean Hotel Company was organized, the members of which were Mr. Ewins, D. J. Dean and later A. J. Dean. The company leased both city and country hotels, operating them with great success, and finally promoting and having constructed for them the Hotel Baltimore. Then Mr. Ewins sold his interest in the corporation to his associates and retired for a brief period, but soon negotiated and took possession of the Savoy, which he greatly improved and, as above stated, doubled in size. The property is owned by the Arbuckle Bros. of New York, the great coffee men, and they gave Mr. Ewins carte-blanche to go ahead and do in every way as he wished in the improvement and enlargement of the property.

Mr. Ewins has always believed in the policy of interesting his associates with his interests financially, conducting the business in corporation form. Therefore the Hotel Savoy Company operates the Savoy with Frank P. Ewins as president, John A. Ewins as vice-president, and Monzo B. Clark as secretary. With the management is associated Frank L. Taylor, one of the most popular hotelmen of the Middle West, who knows nearly everybody that "comes to town."



The Bisonte, or Fred Harvey Hotel, Hutchinson, Kansas.

ON AGAIN TOWARDS CALIFORNIA

"This Chicago train is said to have been the finest that ever left a railway station," states Mr. John Willey, in "The Hotel Monthly," and Mr. Willey is so wide a traveler that his word should have considerable weight. He continues:

"It was made up mostly of drawing-room and compartment cars, and was in personal charge of Geo. T. Gunnip, general agent of the Santa Fe Railroad. The train carried two new dining-cars of the latest improved type, one in charge of Steward Geo. Marlin, the other of Steward E. B. Carter. The chef was Paul A. Pomrenke. Fred Wendell, traveling superintendent of the dining-cars of the Fred Harvey system, was also along for part of the way.



Interior El Ortiz, Fred Harvey Hotel, Lamy, N. M.

Fred Harvey Meals

"The Santa Fe dining-car menus (luncheons and dinners) were printed in book form; in reality six banquets, each taking a leaf of the book. The book itself formed a souvenir of the journey.

"The hotelkeepers expressed themselves in words of highest praise for this dining-car service, the equal of which they had never seen surpassed in any hotel, restaurant or club. The quality of the foods, the perfection of the cooking, and the smoothness of the service marked the highest development of dining-car catering. The breakfasts were served *a la carte*.

"A luncheon, complimentary by Fred Harvey, was served at the Alvarado Hotel in Albuquerque, the menu for which is also reproduced on



The Alvarado, Fred Harvey hotel, Albuquerque, N. M.

In style, The Alvarado, at Albuquerque, N. M., follows closely the old Spanish Missions, with rough gray walls and a long procession of arches. The hotel proper is built around three sides of an open court. The office is furnished for comfort, though its beauty of decoration is noticeable. In the walls the predominating color is a neutral terra-cotta, with a delicate olive-green ceiling. The woodwork, upholstery and furniture are of massive black. The dining room accommodates 160 guests. The dark oak beams of its ceiling contrast sharply with a background of rich yellow. A great fireplace projects into the room and gives an atmosphere of cheer inseparable from an open hearth. The lunch room has seats for about forty. A great fireplace

Connected with the hotel is the celebrated Fred Harvey Indian and Mexican museum. This hotel was named for Capt. Fernando de Alvarado, commander of artillery under Coronado in 1540.

another page. The beautiful dining room of this hotel was profusely decorated with flowers. At the close of the luncheon addresses in praise of the Fred Harvey System were made by President Fred Van Orman and H. J. Bohn.

Fred Harvey Hotel System

"As the train crossed the continent occasional opportunity was given the excursionists to inspect the hotels of the Fred Harvey System, notably the Harvey Hotel, of Newton; the New Bisonte, of Hutchinson, Kan.; the new El Orteç, of Lamy, N. M.; the Alvarado, of Albuquerque; the new Fray Marcos, of Williams; the El Tovar, of Grand Canyon; the Escalante, of Ashfork, and the El Garces, of Needles.

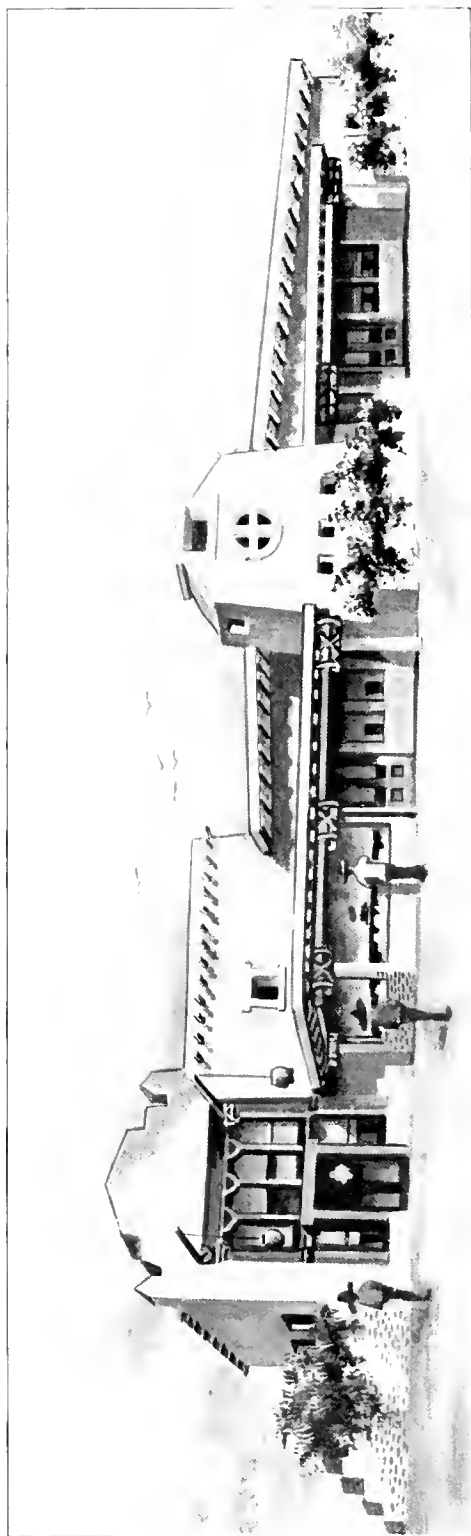


The Patio or Interior Court, El Orteç, Lamy, N. M.

"The El Orteç, of Lamy, was just about ready to open. It is of concrete in the Spanish style, all ground floor, and surrounding on open court. The doors are of wood and iron, the windows iron barred, the ceilings heavily beamed—altogether a unique establishment. It has the modern conveniences of hot and cold running water, baths and electric light."

To resume Mr. Henry J. Bohn's narrative:

"To-day, Friday, April 8, we call 'Kansas Day,' and you see on the screen our long train wending its way swiftly across the rolling prairies where fifty years ago roamed vast herds of buffaloes. To-day we distribute our delegation badges, itineraries, etc. We take all our meals on our diners, and here is where you should see a picture of these two Harvey dining-cars. They are built in the art nouveau style of architecture, in



EL ORTEIZ. LAMY, N. M.

EL ORTEIZ is the newest of the Fred Harvey system of Santa Fe Hotels. It is of concrete in the Spanish style, all ground floor, and surrounding an open court. The doors are of wood and iron, the windows iron barred, the ceilings heavily beamed. It has the modern conveniences of hot and cold running water, baths and electric light.

solid mahogany, the tables larger than in the older pattern cars, and, like the rest of this superb train, lighted with electricity. Breakfast is served us a la carte and luncheon and dinner table d'hôte. From the first meal to the last served on these cars every man and woman in the party declares no better foods, cooking, or service is found in the best hotels of New York or Chicago than is furnished on those diners out on the plains and deserts.

"The day passes as H. M. M. B. A. days always pass on special trains—all too fast—with card-playing, visiting, sight-seeing from the observation car, where the evenings are made jolly with singing and mandolin music by Prof. Tomaso, who does the instrumental stunt for our train.



Flag Marcos. Fred Harvey hotel, Williams, Arizona

"This next morning out, Saturday, April 9, we have at six reached Las Vegas in New Mexico, and snow is falling heavily. It settles the dust and alkali and promises us a very comfortable day's travel. At noon we are at Albuquerque and with the compliments of Fred Harvey we are served a splendid dinner at the beautiful Alvarado Hotel of the Harvey System. The stop and dinner at this unique and picturesque mission-style hotel is greatly enjoyed.

"All aboard! and on westward to the cactus plains of Arizona. How comfortable and contented we all are in our fast moving 'Hotel de Luxe'—the weather perfect, every wish of the traveler anticipated, food, drink, cigars, candy, gum! An itinerary in the hands of every one tells us not only the name and location of everyone on board, but the daily program in California that we are looking forward to with delightful anticipations. Yes, our train is fully equipped to meet every emergency—even to the

medicine chest. Nothing has been overlooked, and no request is left ungratified.

"An hour and a half west of Albuquerque the train stops hard by the old Indian village of Laguna and we all take an hour's stroll about this very interesting and ancient American community, climbing to the roof of the historic old church, inspecting its interior mysteries, and a dozen kodaks are busy snapping the dark-skinned 'warriors,' the squaws at their outdoor laundering and household duties, the many papposes and Indian lill'ets, and other odd scenes. And then it's 'on ag'in, off ag'in.'

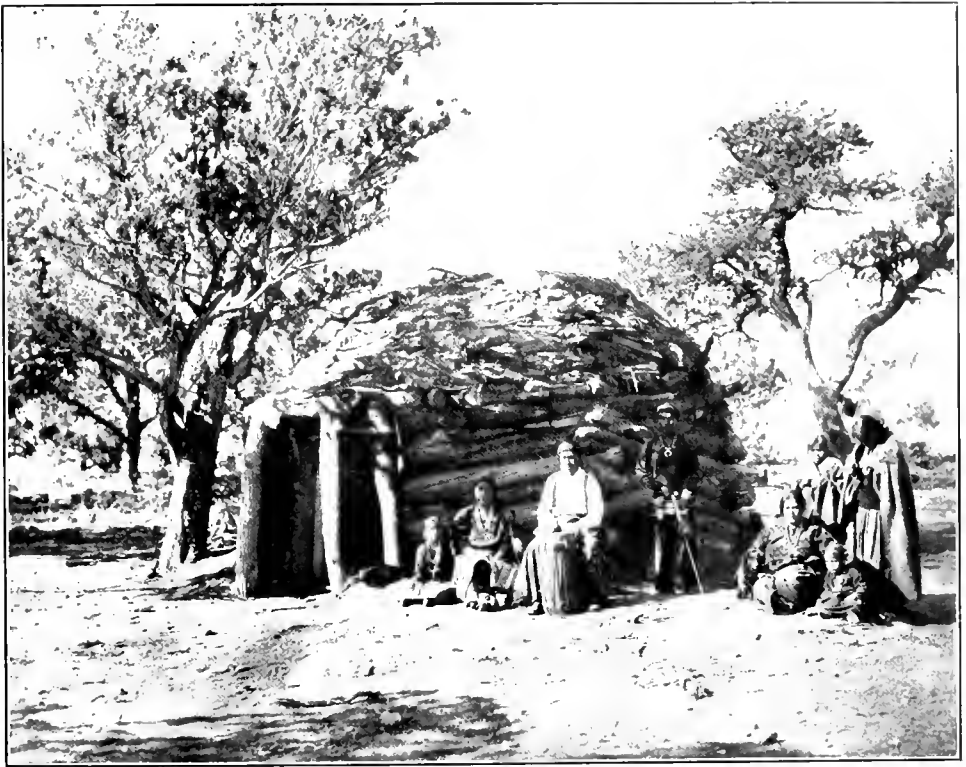


Photo by W. P. Hetherington, Belding, Michigan

Some of the Chicago party on the steps of El Tovar, Grand Canyon of Arizona. Standing, left to right, A. L. Severance, W. H. Worth, J. K. Blatchford. Seated, left to right: A. B. Brandt, Mrs. Severance, Mrs. Brandt, Mrs. Hetherington. In front, Henry J. Bohn.

"It is early Sunday morning, April 10th, after a very comfortable day and night from Albuquerque across what has been known as the 'arid plains' of New Mexico, when we are awakened by the heavy laboring of the two locomotives of our train climbing a steep ascent. We get up at six, get our breakfast in the diners early, and as the train pulls nearer the Grand Canyon we are all tip-toe and out in a jiffy, hurrying to the 'Rim,' to catch the first morning sunrise glimpse of the 'world's greatest scenic wonder.' And here for six hours we worship at the shrine of Nature, where Charles A. Brant and his charming better-half preside as chief priest and priestess at the El Tovar altar. The Fred Harvey and the Santa Fe representatives give us every courteous attention; we are driven in tally-hos to the finest point to view the 'Imperial City of Silence,' venture goodly

distances down the 'Bright Angel Trail,' visit the interesting Hopi House with its wealth of Indian curios, and finish by listening on the brink of the Canyon to a lecture of Dr. George Wharton James on the geology of the canyon, supplemented with a talk by Pioneer Bass, a 'discoverer' of the canyon country, who 'begs to differ' from the learned geologists. James was brought by the committee in charge of our train all the way from his home in Pasadena to give this 'talk' to our delegation, and it is intensely interesting and enjoyable, for Mr. James is not only the author of what is probably the most standard work on the Canyon, but has also spent seasons in the bottom of the great abyss studying its boundless detail.



A Navaho "Hogan," in the Indian Village near Hotel El Tovar, at the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

Of the Grand Canyon itself what shall be said, but that words fail to do more than merely suggest some of the wonders the eye of the onlooker may see. Here, however, is a description written by John J. Bohn, editor of the "Hotel World," and by him entitled "The Imperial City of Silence":

The eternal forces of creation in the dim ages of the past seem to have broken their silence to appear before the world and again fall in slumber. Here was the scene of their mightiest activities; here a moment of their supreme triumph. Now all is calm.



Hotel El Tovar, at the Grand Canyon of Arizona

In beholding the Imperial City of Silence, its endless avenues of vast structures, framed, formed, fashioned in overpowering majesty of beauty and grandeur in this mighty chasm, the human mind is instantly endowed with powers new in the conception of the physical world. New and heretofore unknown and unfelt standards of conception are developed on the instant, and from these spring new emotions. Memories of the common experiences of life vanish or assume the form of interest trivialities. You are uplifted, exalted, ennobled.



The "Rendezvous," Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon of Arizona

You will never know the canyon if you do not feel it, if you are not attuned to its harmony. It is not the size, not the depth and width, not its incomprehensibility; you are aided by no description, no data, no analysis, no process of study or reasoning. And when the soul is awakened by what is contemplated, you will experience that ecstasy of emotion, that exalted condition in which natural sublimity and moral sublimity unite, and then will come to you as if by magic the powers with which to comprehend the finished beauty, the majesty, the grandeur, the sublimity of what is before you. Words may fail you, but you need no words; you are not dwarfed, not depressed, not belittled; self-thought is lost and the harmony of the senses and soul brings with it a glory never before born through the contemplation of creation in any of its forms.

One must be forgiven for describing his emotions rather than the canyon. To me the canyon is a subject too sacred, too ennobling, to admit of description. Any attempt is so belittling as to be a sacrilege. Words, giving facts and figures, debase it. The canyon is a theme only for the gifted poet, and he depicts on the page only his emotions; or the painter, who must, through the imagery of the artist soul, speak of what he feels, not what he alone sees, or he is lost.

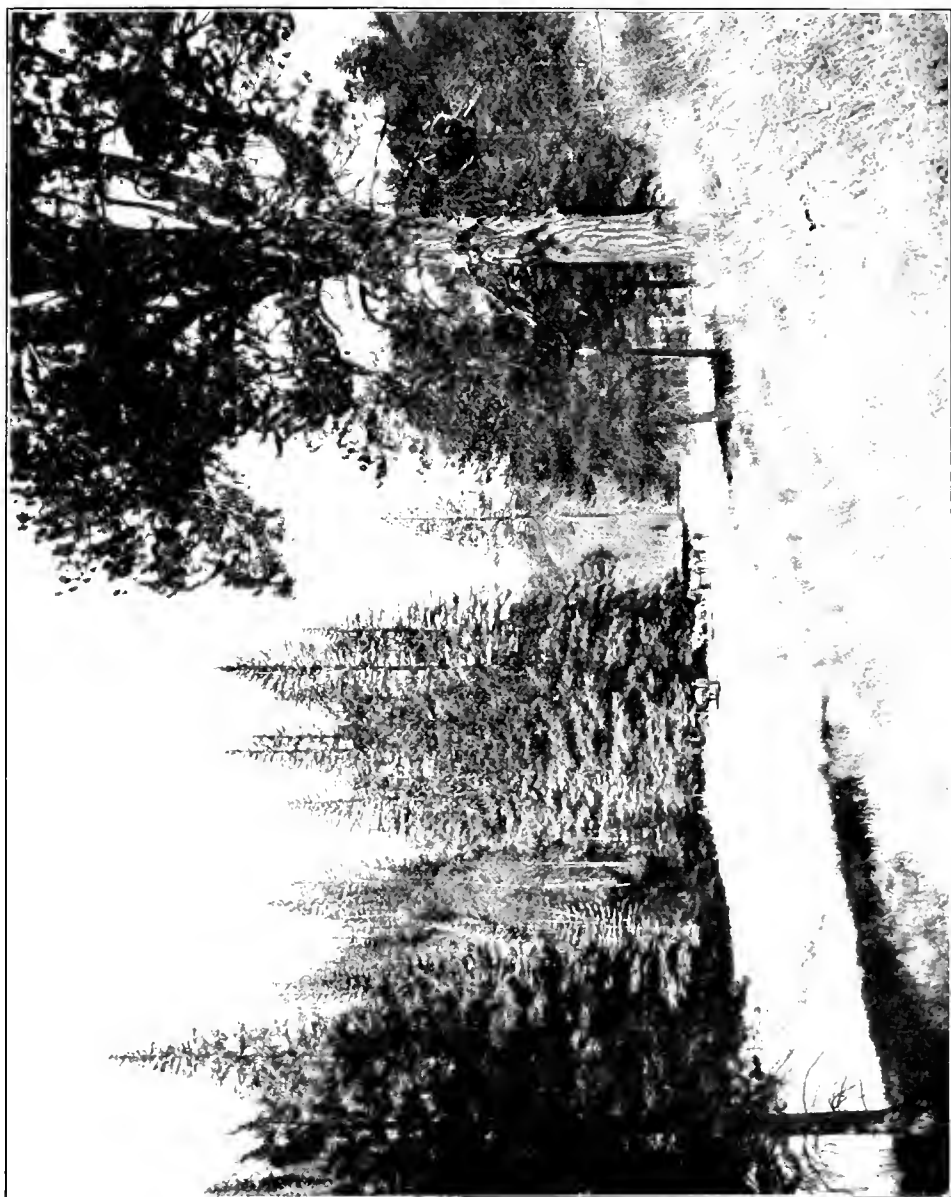
You must feel the spirit of the canyon; then you will for the first moment of your life appreciate the genius of its creation, and thereby the creator. One moment on the edge of this chasm—a fit setting for a city that makes a man-city a toy, yet elevates man to a plane where he may realize that he is a fit inhabitant—may seem the greatest of your life, and this appears possible though you may imagine you have lived since the age of Pericles. The spirit of the canyon when felt brings with it that harmony of the soul and mind in which all is at rest—a condition where strife, antagonism, undoing, retrogression, the negative forms, may not enter in. You may have contemplated the beautiful and sublime in nature a thousand times before; you may have stood entranced before a great painting, or felt the divine spark in the work of an



The snow-clad summits of the San Francisco Range near Flagstaff, Arizona, on the line of the Santa Fe, on the way to the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

orator or in that of inspired music, but the silent, mandible music that seems to come from the mysterious and unknown depths of this mighty Imperial City of Silence, unfelt to the ears, and seemingly to all the outward senses, has a meaning never felt before. Until now you have never experienced the satisfaction that comes with a state embodying perfect purity, harmony and goodness.

The canyon is a universe of peace, calmness, tranquility. Viewed from the rim, when the sun is sinking low, and the foundations, sides, towers, turrets and temples of the great structures are glowing in colors, from the fiery red of the furnace to the varying shade of mountain, valley and plain, the song of a bird disturbs the silent harmony. It is not awful nor ominous. The mind, seemingly getting a glimpse of the infinite, flies back over ages and ages into the past here revealed, and finds nothing of warfare, of upheaval, of tumult; it has been a work of time, millions upon millions



In the Coconino Forest, on the banks of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, not far from Hotel El Tovar



On the "Chol'sey" of the "High" Aug. 1, 1910, Grand Canyon of Arizona

of years, progressing silently, peacefully, unceasingly. Only gravity and chemical action have wrought out its increasing beauty during all these ages, and the countless years have not brought the wreck and ruin ascribed to the "fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!"

The edge or rim, yonder, thirteen miles distant, opposite from where you stand, is perfectly level. The foundations, the coping, cornices, and lines of these gigantic structures, miles upon miles in length, are level, true, as carefully laid as the monument at Washington. If a little piece the size of a twenty-story business block has fallen down a thousand feet it is such a trifle that it awakens no thought of great activity, of great tumult; it is a trifling detail in the silent work and finish that has been in



In the Hopi House, at Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon of Arizona

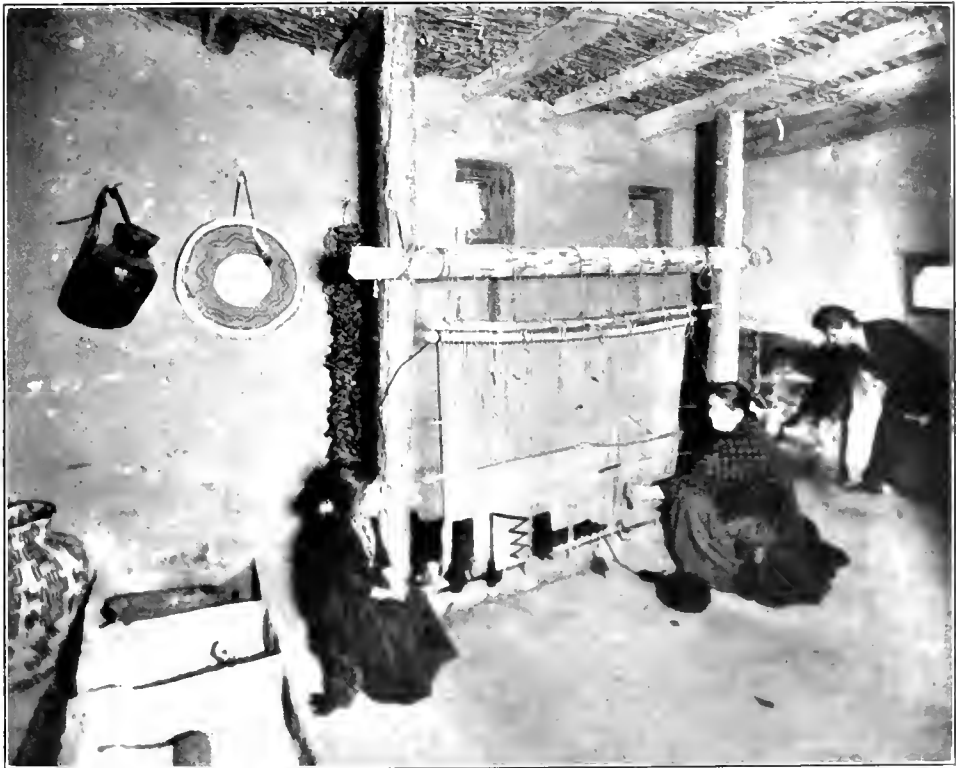
progression during aeons. You feel instinctively that nothing has happened during the age of man to cause a sudden change; nothing will transpire for ages to come to transform this overwhelming unity of the beautiful and grand. But, predominating above all else is the exquisite spirit of peace, and you would not have it changed for a world of common material. If you are at Hopi point, miles distant from the water, when all is calm, and your ear is trained, you may hear a faint, soft sighing of the river's current, not unlike a breeze playing through the needles of a pine. But that is all; not a whisper, not a note, a sound from any source breaks the reverie. Its wondrous change in color, as painted by sun, moon, cloud, sky and atmosphere, are silent transformations. The canyon breathes the spirit of eternal repose.

The phenomenon, physically, presented by the Grand Canyon of Arizona is that the mighty Colorado river, 2,000 miles long, with its head resting in faraway Utah,



The Colorado River in the heart of the Granite Gorge of the Grand Canyon of Arizona just below Hotel El Tovar

and draining 300,000 square miles of territory, in its astounding course to the ocean, the Gulf of California, in old Mexico, flows for several hundred miles through a plateau nearly 7,000 feet above sea level. What formed the chasm? How came the stream to break through a mountain plain of such extent? This you must discuss with the geologist, and his reply will be mere conjecture. On the rim of the chasm are fossils of great variety, proving clearly that the seven-thousand-foot elevation was at one time the ocean bottom. The theory is advanced that the earth's interior gases raised this plateau, even as yeast does a loaf of bread, from the ocean bottom; that in cooling and drying the rent or gap was formed, and through it came the dammed-up waters from the north.



Navaho blanket weaving in the Hopi House, Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

It is noon time. The train has been groaning up the grade and comes to the El Tovar. Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant, host and hostess, are there to greet any special guests, and all are welcomed to, not a hotel, but what, at a glance, seems a great art studio, with possibly a hotel plant attached somewhere in the rear. You are invited, first of all, to step fifty feet to the edge of the canyon and take a glance over the rim, even before venturing to your room. I am not recording any first impression; the final one is of more value and far more correct. You see the great structural masses, marvelous in size and color, and which you later learn are thousands of feet in height, but of which, at the time, you have no conception. You detect distant pinnacles and towers, varying in form, but all designed after the one architect, and far down in the bottom is a slender, tiny thread, just discernible. It is the trail or road. Beyond is a thin streak of green, of grass. It consists of willow trees along a

little stream. You make the same attempt to distinguish objects that you did in boyhood when studying the alleged mountains on the moon. The person who glances into the canyon and then leaves it, believing he has seen the canyon, is hopelessly, irretrievably deceived.

* * *

The seeming danger of the forenoon trip into the canyon kept the eyes of the inexperienced on the mule and the trail, with the knees hugging the saddle. Once at the bottom, strength, courage and daring grew rapidly, and on the homeward trip there was much turning in the saddles, with backward, side and front views taken, and the gigantic structures, the smaller canyons, the enormous towers, pinnacles, chasms, precipices, and all the features that form the great and silent city are seen and studied to better advantage. It seems less difficult, less dangerous to ride up the trail than down. And to see the riders far ahead and far above you, the ladies in costumes, was a beautiful, a charming sight, if you could for a moment forget the surroundings. All were happy; there was singing, laughing, hilarity all the way. Half-past five, and your dear, old, patient mule has safely landed you at the door of the El Tovar. How gladly would I have given Mary a tip of five dollars, could she have appreciated it!

It has been a day of supreme, of over-powering inspiration. The wonder of it all! You would not exchange it for a hundred other days, though they comprehended a tour of the world with the Grand Canyon left out! Thrilling, seemingly extremely dangerous, few ever faint or fall, or are injured, and the one regretting this daring venture is yet to be found. In our party here was a lady who had never been on a horse before! Young school teachers who had never climbed a real mountain were Napoleons on this forced march into the depths of the canyon. It requires far less courage, but more endurance, to make the journey on foot. The little hotel at the first stop on Bright Angel Trail will keep you all night, and the timid and least assured should walk and remain down all night, though some return even on foot the same day.

Before leaving, see the canyon from the rim alone, by yourself. Escape from even your best friend. As the sun is setting, when all is perfect calm, watch the changing colors passing over this Imperial City of Silence; study the outlines, the proportions; the wondrous symmetry of the gigantic structures, letting the mind expand to the plane where it seems to comprehend this unity of the beautiful and sublime. This you can do only after you have made the tour to the bottom and the mind has subjectively encompassed what it has unconsciously contemplated.

This venture into the Grand Canyon brought us all close together, and we looked upon each other with much of the respect and even admiration that ordinarily comes only with years of acquaintanceship.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.

* * * * *

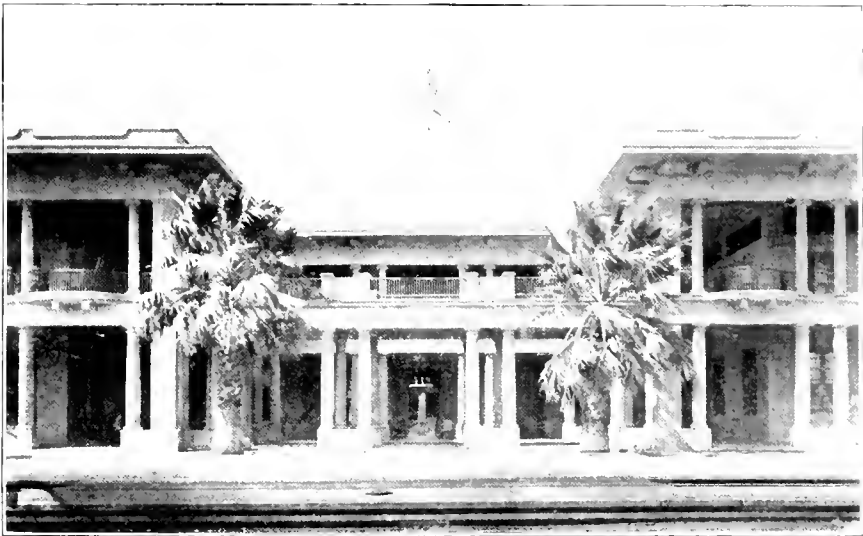
"The canyon holds its breath; no leaf
Of ah its pines is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world."

—

It may interest the members of the H. M. M. B. A. to know that I have been visiting and exploring various sections of the Grand Canyon of Arizona for upwards of twenty-five years, and that I have written two books upon the subject, one "In and Around the Grand Canyon," and the later one, which describes El Tovar and all the recent improvements for enabling the visitor to see the Canyon, "The Grand Canyon of Arizona." Both these books are published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass., or can be ordered from me, 1008 N. Raymond Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

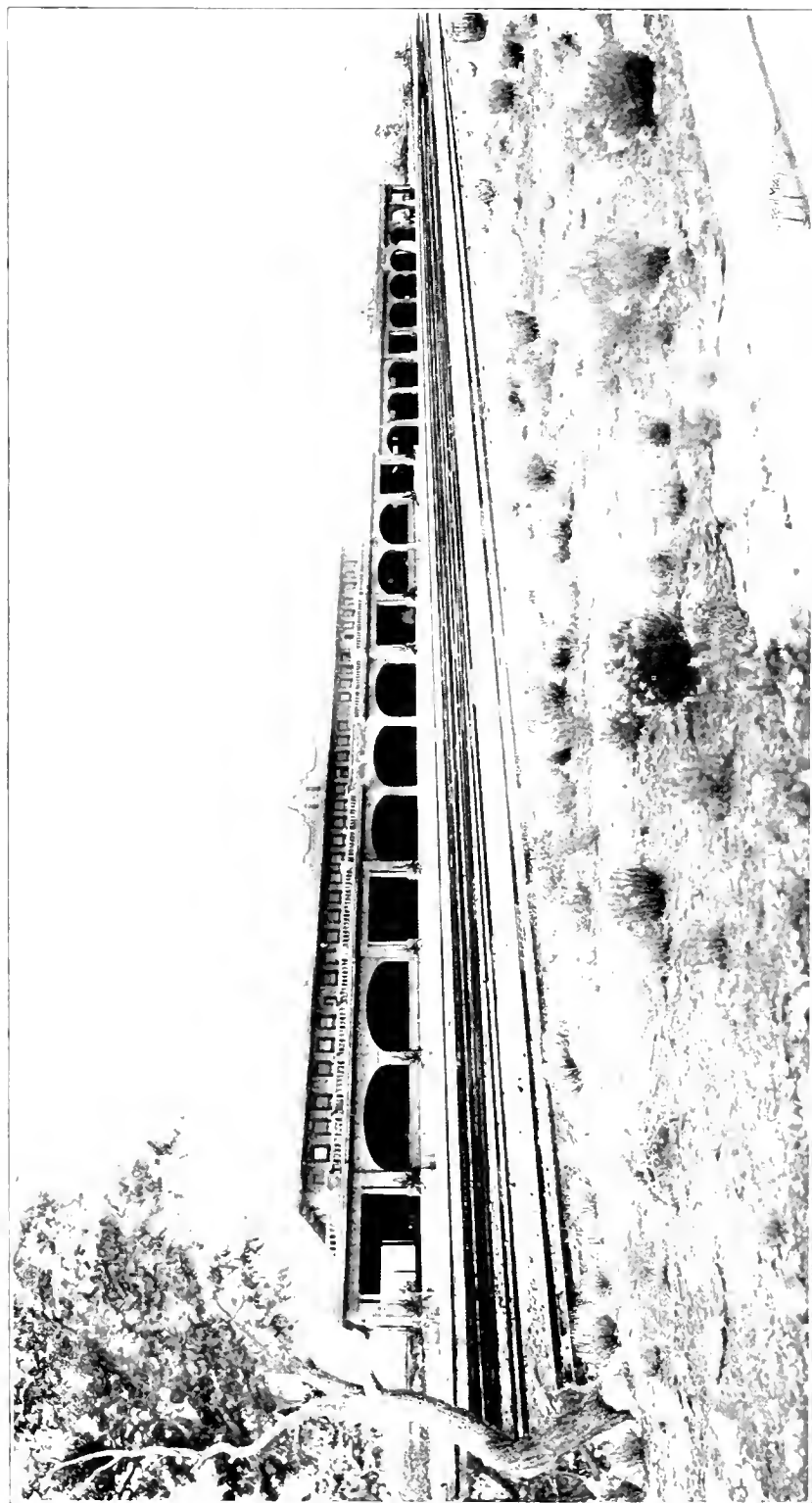
ON TO CALIFORNIA

"Alas and alack!—we can not tarry in this grand spot—on ag'in, off ag'in it is, and this will have to be the slogan all the way to and up the coast. A delightful afternoon's travel over the 'Arizona desert' that doesn't give us even a bit of alkali, but picturesque views of rolling plains covered with cacti, jack rabbits and other native things. Tiresome? I guess not—look at the picture—never saw a crowd in your life that looked or lived more happily or contented on a railway train, and so regretful that the trip across the continent is so short. And why not? With those Harvey dining-cars—such meals—such a buffet car—such compartments and drawing-rooms—such social round-ups—such music and singing on the observa-

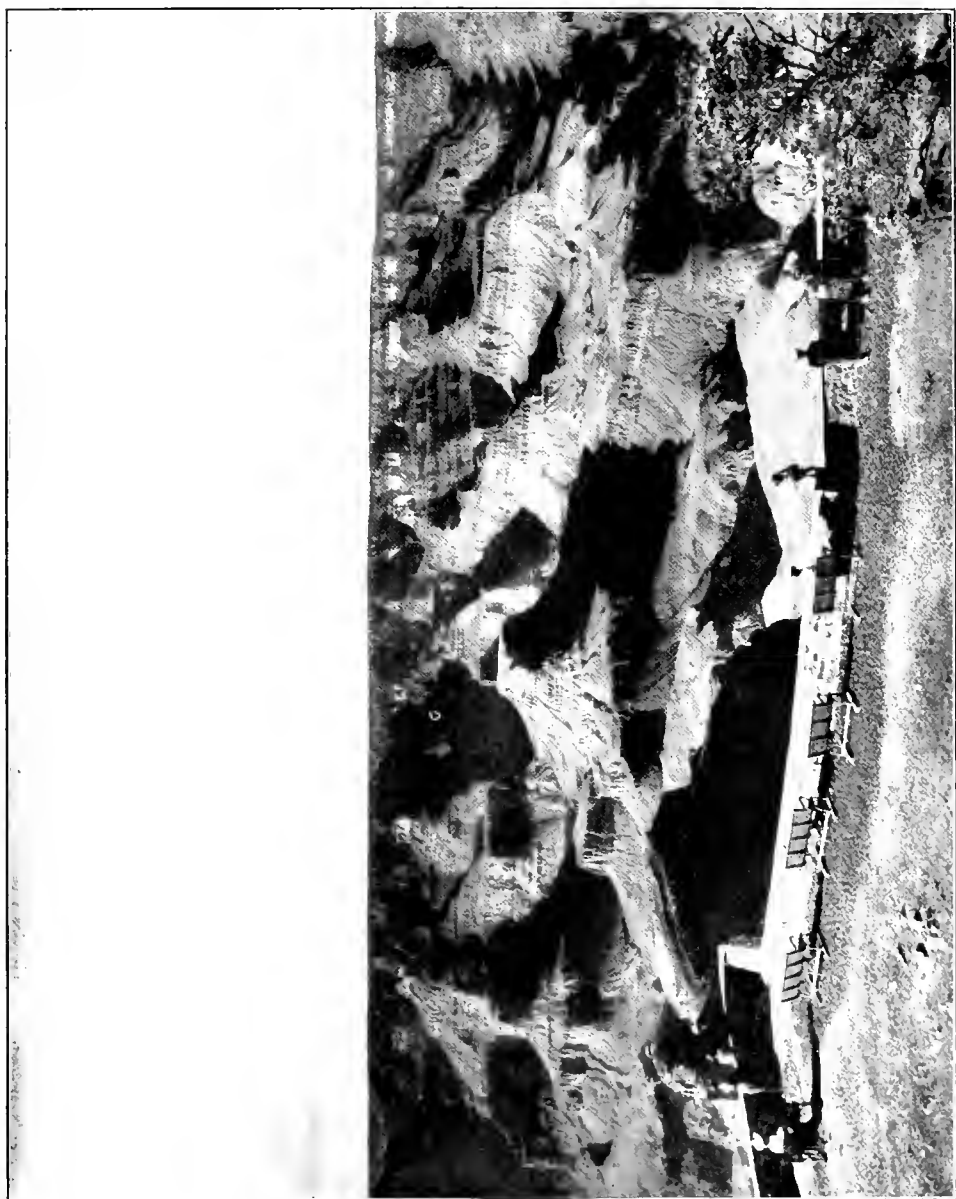


El Garces, Fred Harvey hotel, Needles, California

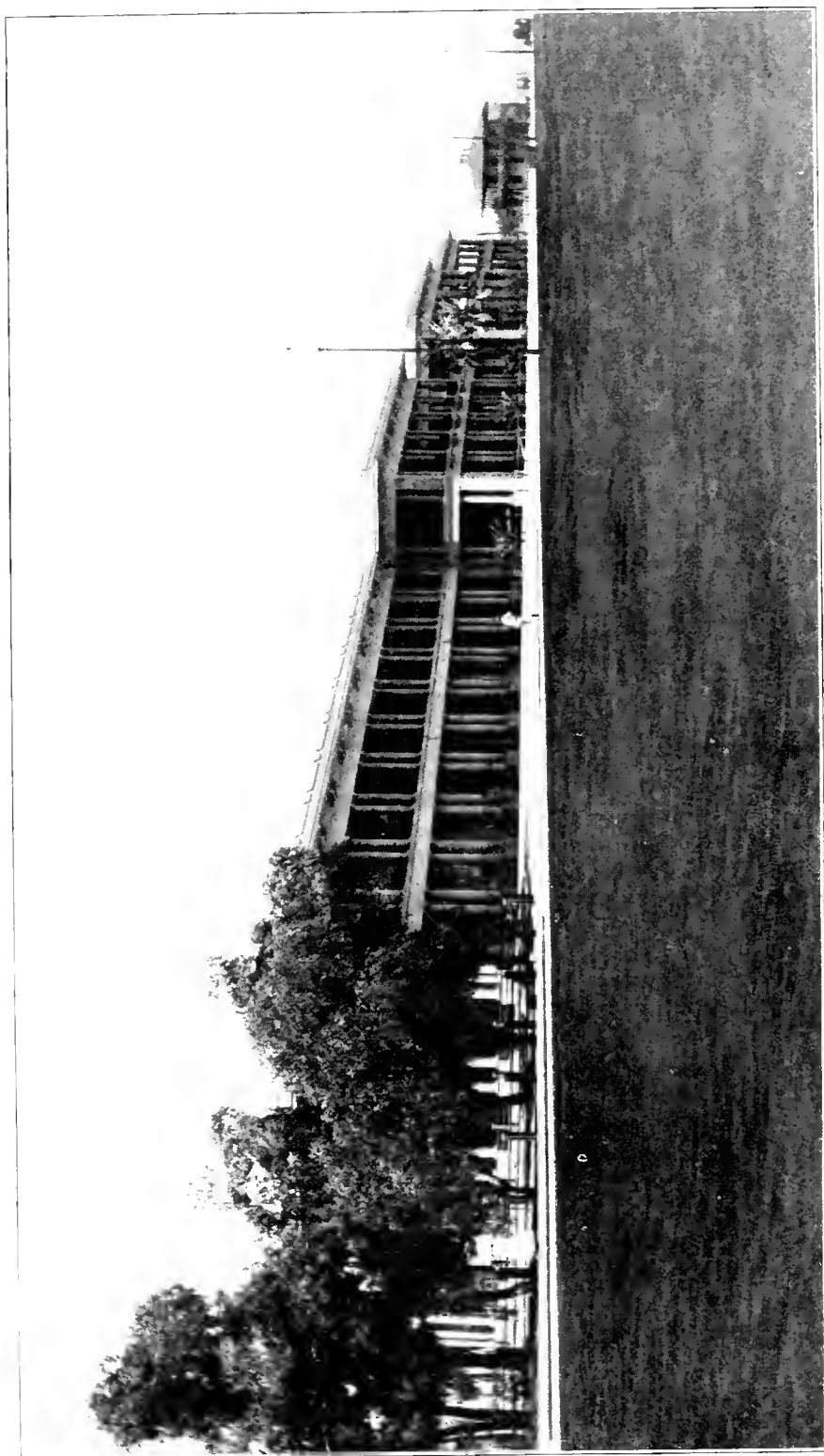
tion car! Why wouldn't we want to keep right on and on? Only one reason—expecting something still better beyond, and so one more night in 'Our Happy Home' on the train and we wake in California! On time? Guess so—been killing hours along the way not to get in ahead of time. And that reminds me, I forgot a bit ago to slip the 'Needles' into my picture machine. Last night toward midnight we stopped half an hour at Needles, Cal., where now is one of Harvey's best hotels, where fourteen years ago we found a shack. See that bunch of squaws laying for us tourists? They have 'rings on their fingers and bells on their toes,' but they are not asking 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' They see us and sell us beads galore—these Indian maidens of some sixty or seventy sunny summers and lean winters."



Escalante, Fred Harvey hotel, Ashfork, Arizona



The Grand Canyon of Arizona as seen from Hotel El Tovar



El Greco Hotel, Needles, California

CHAPTER II

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1910

SAN BERNARDINO, REDLANDS AND RIVERSIDE

The first stop in California was made in San Bernardino, one of the older towns of the southern part of the State, and one which is just arousing to a full sense of its civic importance. Within the past few years it has made great strides in material progress and population, adding many new and fine buildings and enlarging the area of its richly cultivated lands.



The City's Artesian Well, San Bernardino, Cal. This well flows three million gallons every 24 hours.

From the time of the Indians this valley has been known as Gauchama, "the place of plenty," and when Padre Dumetz of San Gabriel came over, on May 20, 1810, and founded the Chapel of San Bernardino, he unconsciously took possession of the land from the Indians for the white man. For, soon after Sloat and Fremont had planted the flag of our nation in California, the Mormons settled in Gauchama, then known as San Bernardino, and it has proven a land of plenty since. That the city itself is pushing forward is proven by the fact that over a quarter of million dollars were spent in street improvements for the year 1909-10.



Edward W. Cason, Secretary S. C. H. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

The special trains were met at the depot by electric cars kindly sent for the occasion by Mr. A. B. Merrihew, the manager of the San Bernardino Valley Traction Co. After a ride through the city the party was taken to the city's artesian well. San Bernardino is wise in that it controls its own water supply. The Eastern guests were both delighted and astonished to see such a flood of water pouring forth as this great well revealed, giving them some idea of the wealth of water underneath, and making possible the creation of these fertile valleys. Mr. A. G. Kendall, president of the Farmers' Exchange National Bank, with his associates was on hand to explain the various and different methods of using the water peculiar to California, and the visit was therefore made one of instruction and interest.

Mr. E. M. Crawford took several of the party through his hotel, the New Stewart, and they enjoyed his hospitality. The New Stewart Hotel was built some seventeen years ago, by the San Bernardino National Bank, of which E. D. Roberts is the president. It has one hundred and twenty-five rooms, half of which are provided with baths. It has electric elevator, and is lighted throughout with electricity and has steam heat in every room. While it does a fair tourist business, it is pre-eminently the headquarters for commercial travelers, and is one of the few hotels of the country that has as large, steady and paying a business as it can accommodate. This success is owing to Mr. Crawford's excellent management and fine catering. Traveling men are highly appreciative of creative comforts and these are provided for them in a way eminently satisfactory under Mr. Crawford's supervision. The New Stewart has an enviable reputation that many a more ostentatious hotel might well envy.

Edward W. Cason was born January 22, 1871, at Carthage, Ill. He practically entered business life with Bradstreet's, with whom he remained for thirteen years, working in Salt Lake City, Denver, and San Francisco. During the last eight of these thirteen years he was manager of the Salt Lake City branch. In 1901 he came to Los Angeles and entered the hotel brokerage business, in which he has continued ever since. As proprietor of the Hughes Hotel, Fresno, Cal., he is a charter member of the re-organized Southern California Hotel Association, and for the past two years has been its secretary. He is also vice-president of the Angelus Hotel Company of Los Angeles. As secretary of the S. C. H. A. he was most active in the work of arranging for the visit of the H. M. M. B. A., and few know how much they owe to the comfort and joy they had on the trip to his efficient, far-seeing and tireless efforts on their behalf.

In the hotel brokerage business the firm of E. W. Cason & Company has been eminently successful. Some of the transactions they have negotiated are as follows, thus revealing the high position they have attained

SALES

	No. Rooms
Angelus Hotel	225
Van Nuys Hotel	160
Maryland Hotel, Pasadena (partial)	280
Rosslyn Hotel (partial)	280
St. Mark Hotel, Oakland	250
Broadway Van Nuys	150
Hughes Hotel, Fresno	150
Orena Hotel, Los Angeles	100

LEASES

Lankershim Hotel	320
Hayward Hotel	225
Angelus Hotel	225
Van Nuys Hotel	160
St. Mark Hotel, Oakland	250
New Stockton, Stockton	200
San Rafael, San Rafael, Cal.	200
Broadway and Occidental	170
Chickasaw Hotel	150
Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara	200
Alvarado Hotel	100

FAMILY HOTELS, SALES

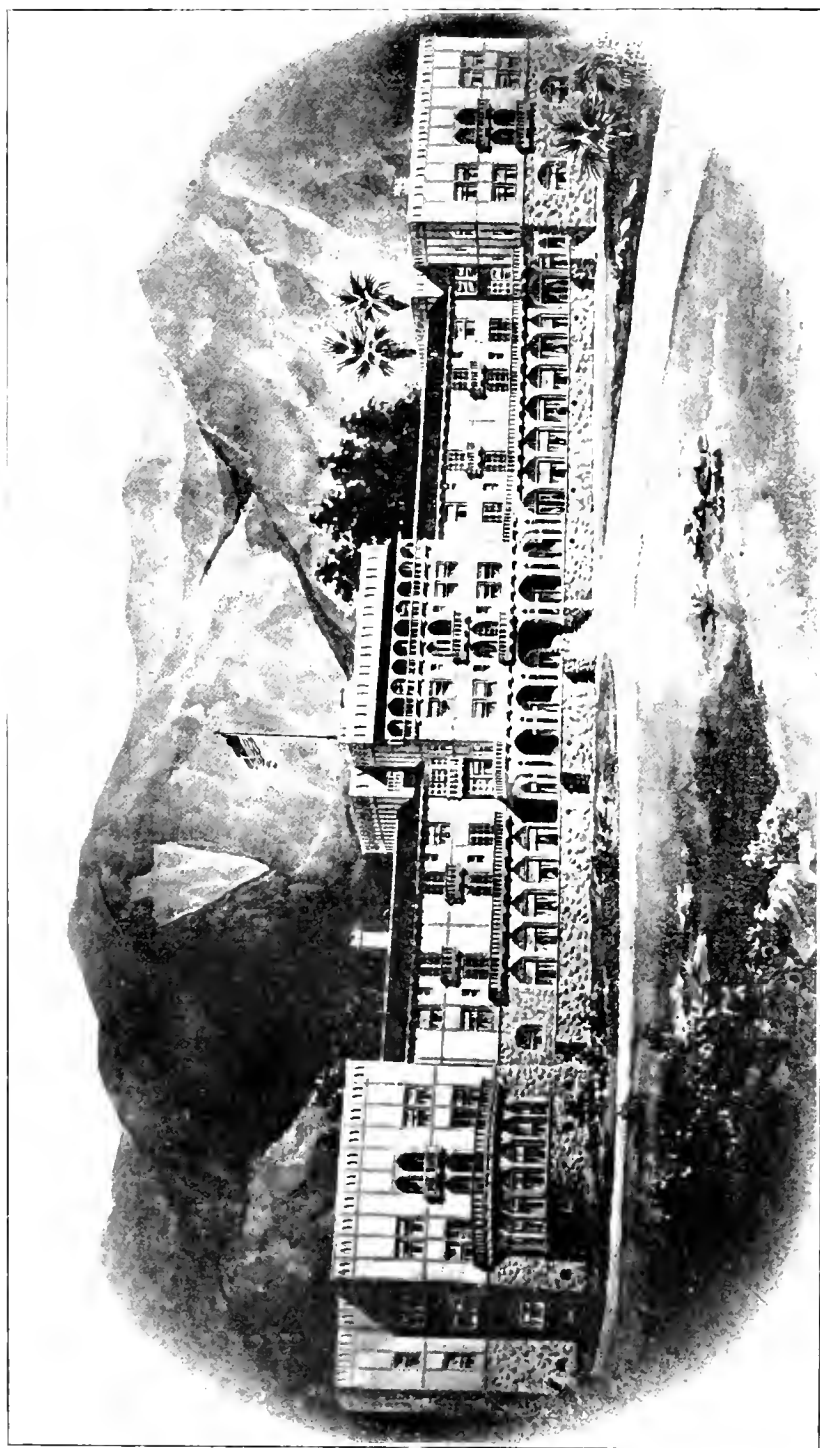
Abbotsford Inn	100
West Lake Hotel	50
Casa Grande, Pasadena	80
Decatur, Ocean Park	80
Westmore Hotel	80
La Vista Grande, Montevia	60

And many others

APARTMENT HOUSES
Sales and Leases

Cumberland Hotel	175
Astoria Hotel	230
Finis Apartments	100
Adams Apartments	100
Frontenac Apartments	120
Angelo Apartments	120
Schermerhorn Apartments	100
Lovejoy Apartments	150

In the year 1909 the firm did a business of over \$1,500,000 in business leases, among which might be mentioned the lease between Bullock's and Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck for a long term of years, amounting to \$1,000,000, on the property and six-story building at 679-81 South Broadway



Arrowhead Hotel, Arrowhead Hot Springs, California



Hotel Stewart and Van Bernardino National Bank Building, Van Bernardino, California



Amuchahu Falls, near Forest Home
San Bernardino Mountains, Cal.



A glimpse of the lake at
Cibola Hot Springs, near
San Bernardino, Cal.



E. M. Crawford, Hotel Stewart, San Bernardino, Cal.



DWIGHT H. HART.

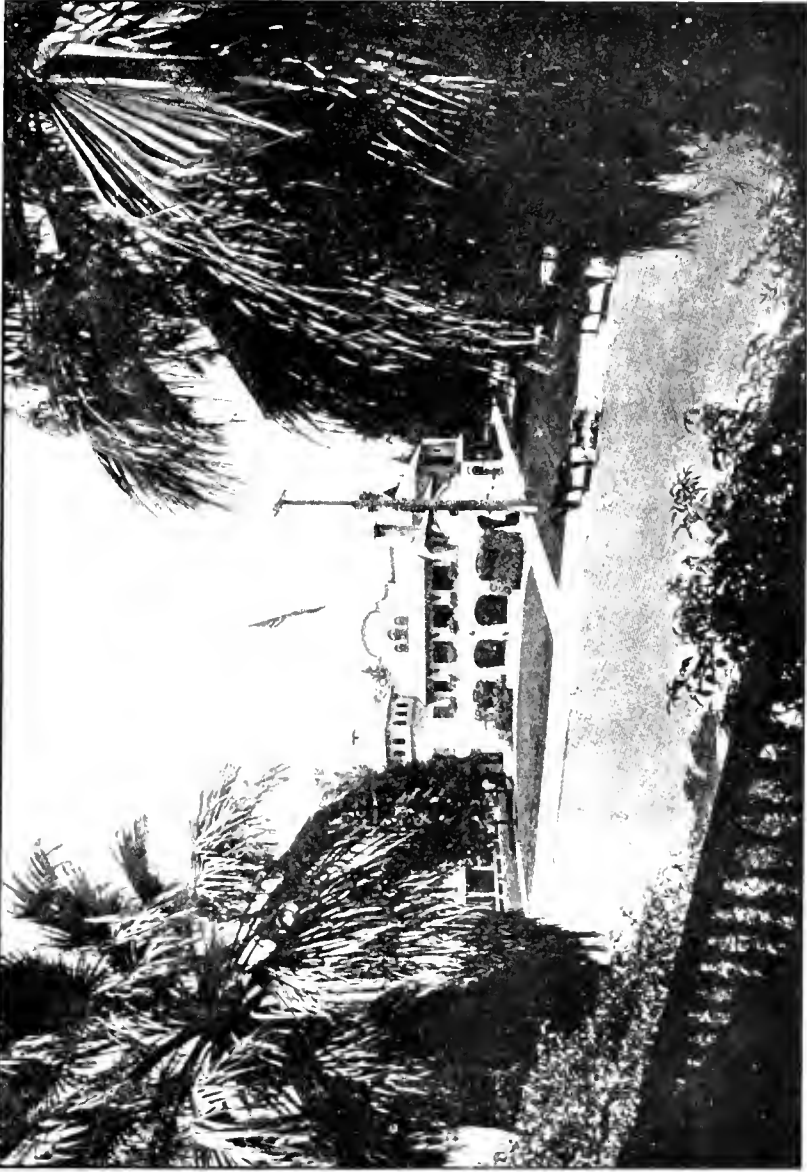
Chairman of Reception Committee who met the H. M. M. B. A. at San Bernardino.

In conjunction with his brother, George A., took full charge of the Natick House, at the death of their father in 1890. The success of the Hart boys, as they have ever since been known, is one of the pleasurable features of Los Angeles hoteldom. Dwight and his wife were most active in receiving and entertaining

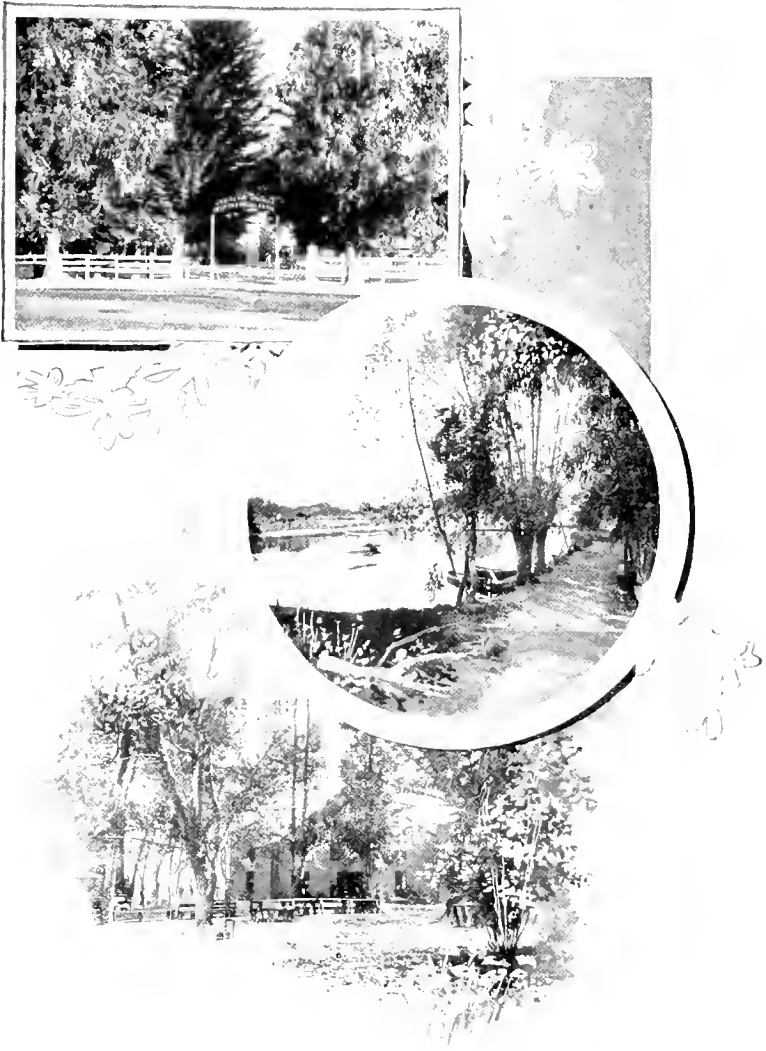
the members of the H. M. M. B. A., going out to meet and welcome them at San Bernardino. They made many warm friends for their geniality, cordiality and the sincerity of their welcome, and the evident pleasure they took in providing for the wants of our Eastern guests.



CHARLES C. LOOMIS, HOTEL ANGELUS, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA,
who was active on the Reception Committee and met the guests at San Bernardino



The Elks Clubhouse, San Bernardino, California



Scenes at Ubita Hot Springs, near San Bernardino, Cal.

The Elks' clubhouse at San Bernardino, Cal., was completed in December, 1908. It is strictly Mission in its architecture and the building was designed and erected under the supervision of Mr. Frank S. Noyes of Riverside, Cal. The building and furnishings cost about \$40,000. The lot upon which the building stands has a frontage on Fourth street of 142 feet and a depth of 300 feet. There are 625 Elks belonging to this lodge, and their influence in the city in all social, municipal and generally philanthropic affairs is marked

and potent. The present Exalted Ruler is F. C. Drew, while Col. O. P. Sloat is Secretary. He also has general supervision of the clubhouse.

As the cars rolled through the rich scenery of the San Bernardino Valley, Arrowhead was pointed out, that singular work of Nature that has never been explained,—a vast arrow clearly stamped upon the side of the mountain. Immediately beneath it are the world-famed hot springs, to enjoy the healthful benefits of which the Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel has been erected. It is a handsome, yet substantial and picturesque structure, admirably adapted for its purpose, and is owned and controlled by a board of which Mr. Seth Marshall is the principal stockholder and president.

Ages before the coming of the white man the Indians knew of the healing waters at the sign of the Arrowhead, and journeyed thousands of miles to bathe in their curative depths.



The lake at Urbita Hot Springs, near San Bernardino, Cal.

And ever since the Franciscan friars settled in the San Bernardino Valley the white man has made pilgrimages to this spot, there to regain lost health. To all the people in Southern California Arrowhead Hot Springs is a name to conjure by, and since the new magnificent hotel was erected, and the finely engineered and constructed automobile road, the patronage has largely increased.

The lobby, done after the Mission style, is the largest and most comfortable on the Pacific Coast. Great rockers, couches, settles and open fireplaces invite comfort and repose on every side.

The Mission dining-room overlooks the entire San Bernardino valley. Great fireplaces, unique furnishings and an atmosphere of refinement contributes to the comfort of the guests.

The bathhouse, spotless in marble tiling, has a capacity of 400 baths daily. Skilled attendants, for both men and women, are in charge, under the supervision of the consulting physician.



"Among the Trees, in sight of water," at Urbita Hot Springs, Cal.

There is also a concrete open-air plunge in which a hundred bathers may sport at one time. To those who love quiet mountain rambles up shaded canyons there is no place in Southern California equal to the Arrowhead.

Several visited the famous

Urbita Hot Springs,

reached by the Traction Company's electric service, and superintended by Mr. W. E. Edwin. This is the popular family picnic and pleasure grounds



Boating on the lake at Urbita Hot Springs, near San Bernardino, Cal.

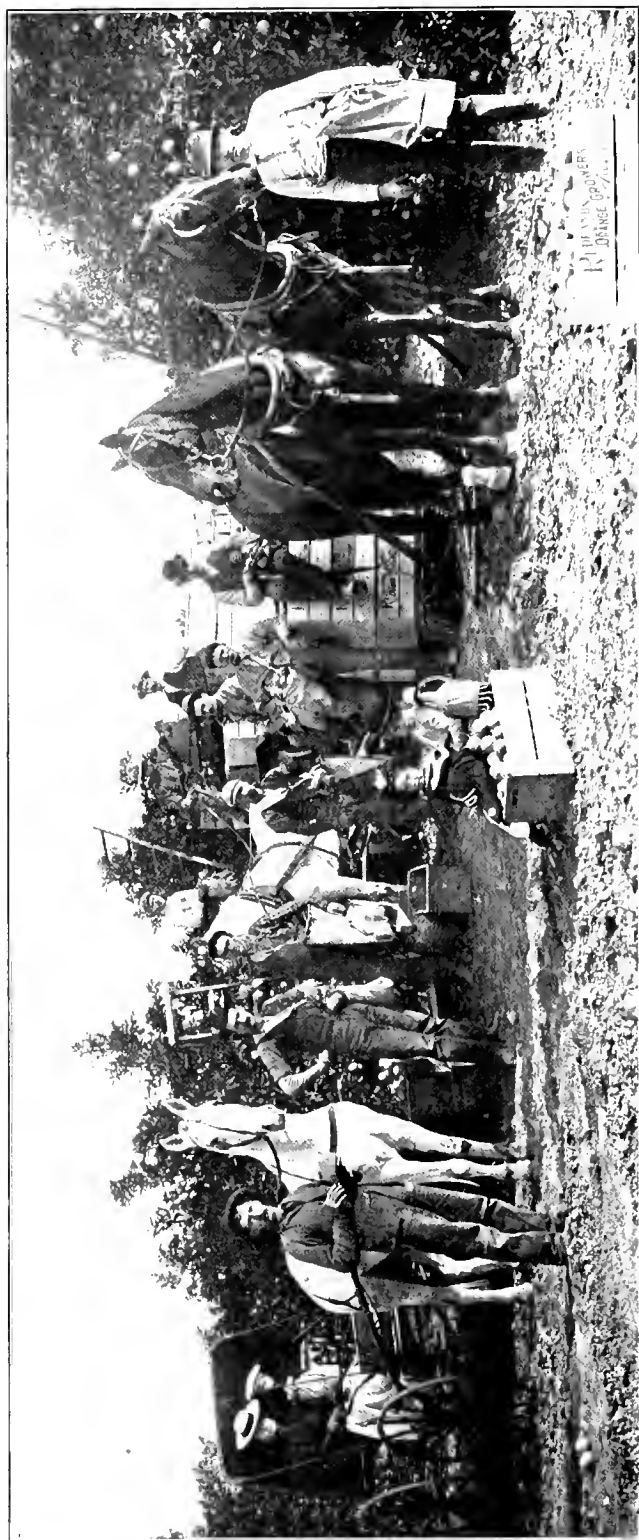
of the San Bernardino Valley. There are hot springs pouring forth an astonishing supply of water, filling a lake upon which rowboats, filled with happy pleasure seekers, row to and fro. The bathhouse is well equipped for every kind of baths, but a specialty is made of the hot sulphur baths, the water pouring out from a spring close by. The lake is surrounded by beautiful trees, which dot the ground in every direction. Large willows invite hungry picnickers to feast in the open air under their welcoming shade, and there are merry-go-rounds, swings, tecters and every kind of



The High School, Redlands, California

amusement for the little ones, baseball grounds, dance pavilion, zoological collection for those who are older, and shady walks in variety where beautiful birds in brilliant plumage sing sweet songs to the young and old lovers, who say sweet things to each other who pass along beneath.

This is a year-round resort, as the climatic conditions are such that, winter and summer, one may enjoy Urbita Hot Springs. The San Bernardino Valley Traction Company owns the grounds, and the manager, A. B. Merrihew, gives direct supervision to all its operations. This electric road, while under independent management, is yet a part of the great H. E. Huntington system, which is now reaching out all over Southern California. It is rapidly making extensions in every direction, thus making the valley more easily accessible to all.



A busy day gathering fruit in a Redlands, Cal., Orange Grove.

Redlands

Delighted with San Bernardino the happy visitors were whirled through the orange groves to Redlands, and there, for the first time this trip, all three special trains and their passengers met. There were many happy greetings, while the cornetist of the New England train made the welkin ring with his happy strains.

Here a committee from the S. C. H. A. took the party in charge, led by Mr. John S. Mitchell, of the Hollenbeck, and including Mr. C. C. Loomis, proprietor of the Angelus; Mr. E. L. Potter, of the Van Nuys; Mr. D. H.

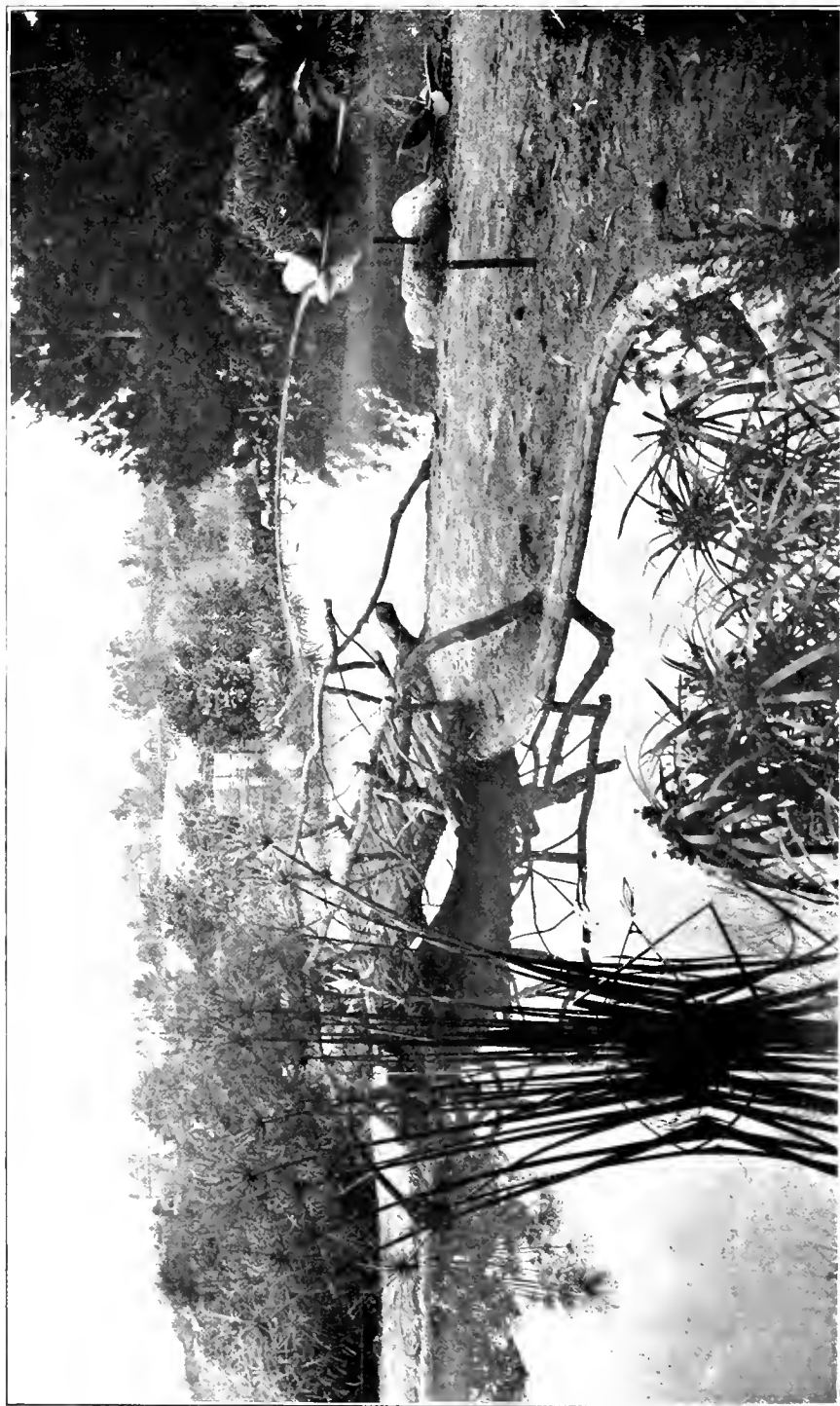


The Gateway to the E. C. Sterling Residence, Redlands, California

Hart, of the Rosslyn; Mr. Gilbert Carleton, of the Virginia, at Long Beach, and Mr. E. W. Cason, secretary of the local Hotel Men's Association.

It was rather a hurried stay the hotelmen made in Redlands, but enough to give them a taste for more. Automobiles, tally-hos and carriages met all the trains and everyone was taken out to see the sights for which Redlands is famed the world over. Packing houses were visited, for it was the height of the orange season, and of course Smiley Heights, where the pleasure was much enhanced by the cordial greeting awarded the guests by Mr. Albert K. Smiley, who, even though a slight rain was falling, came out to speak cordial words of welcome.

In describing Redlands, I can not do better than to quote C. E. Butman, from the Los Angeles Examiner:



Lake in Prospect Park, Bellows Falls, California

On a rise of land overlooking fertile San Bernardino Valley, there is a city named Redlands, for no apparent reason, unless, perhaps, it is because its twelve thousand inhabitants have in their veins rich red blood. The city is like nothing so much as a throne on a raised dais, commanding a kingdom Midas might envy. For, converging in a distant green blur, long rows of orange trees stretch away on every hand like colossal arteries, gathering from an orange heart the pulsing stream of gold—nourishment of Redlands.

At the feet of the throne are fertile acres in thousands. From them men gather annually oranges in sufficient numbers to give to each man, woman



Mirror Lake, Smiley Heights, Redlands, California

and child making the nation's total of a hundred millions, four luscious juice-full, golden rhinds.

In figures the story of this mammoth harvest is told this wise: During a season extending from November 23d to September 11th, less than eleven months, 4,721 carloads, containing 1,680,986 boxes, of oranges and lemons were shipped from Redlands packing houses.

This golden stream of wealth has increased steadily each year. In many ways its growth is shown. For instance, the assessed valuation, on a basis of one-third of the real valuation, has increased from a million and a half in 1889 to eight millions in 1910, a real valuation at the present instant of \$25,000,000.



JAMES E. AURAND

Casa Loma, Redlands, California.

James E. Aurand, began his hotel life in the Astor House, New York, where he was steward for several years. Thence he went to Baltimore. When the Ponce de Leon hotel, Florida, was built in 1877, he went there as assistant steward, remaining for eleven years. Nine years ago he came to California, and for seven years was with D. M. Lillard, when he opened the Maryland in Pasadena, and the Virginia in Long Beach. Then he assumed the management of the Casa Loma, which for two years he has directed with marked success.

HON. ALBERT K. SMILEY.
Redlands, California.

A Healthful Eden

Amid these far reaches of verdant orchard lands one finds little use for drug or doctor. Climatically the land is all one might imagine Eden.

Atlantic City, far to that other side of our continent where the sun rises out of the waters, proudly boasted a fortnight ago that it was king in matters of health.

"Why," said Atlantic City, "But eleven out of every thousand of my people die each twelve-month."



Inspiration Point on Sunset Drive, Redlands, California, overlooking San Timoteo Canyon

In Redlands NINE people out of every thousand surrender to Father Time and his death sickle.

Instead, then, of Atlantic City owning the lowest death rate in the United States, Redlands claims that honor.

And when one again looks at the records for statistics, one finds that half of those who die in Redlands have attained the allotted span of years—have lived to ripe old age in a fragrant, sunny land.

Climatically Excellent

This longevity is due first to climate, second to well-ordered living. Pure atmosphere and pure surroundings can not but result in pure lives.

Redlands has a highest maximum temperature ranging from 105 in July and August to 79 and 80 in January and February. It has a mean maximum ranging from 95 in July and August to 63 in January.

It has a mean minimum temperature ranging from 59 in July and August to 40 and 41 in January and February.

Among the many who were anxious to please and interest the visitors, it may seem invidious to pick out any one person, but I could not fail to note how assiduous was Mr. Clifton E. Sanborn, a young real estate man of the city, who has grown up with it, knows it from one end to the other, and whose automobile as well as his own services were generously placed at the



Driveway Entrance to the Casa Loma Hotel, Redlands, California.

disposal of the committee. If there are any members of the H. M. M. B. A. who wish to purchase million dollar ranches (or more) in this region they can not put themselves into safer hands than those of Mr. Sanborn.

Hill Crest Inn was visited, where all were hospitably received and refreshments served. A dainty lunch was also provided at the Casa Loma, the chief hotel of Redlands, whose manager, James S. Aurand, was tireless in his efforts to see that all were hospitably entertained. The Casa Loma is a purely California hotel both in style and surroundings. It was just completed when the H. M. M. B. A. visited California fourteen years ago, and Dan Richey's father was its owner and manager. Occupying rising ground from the heart of the city—as its name Casa Loma—the House on the Hill—implies, it commands a magnificent view of the valley and snow-capped mountains and is within easy walking distance of the shops, depots, and churches.

At an expenditure of \$40,000 during the past year, all the latest and most modern equipments, for the comfort and convenience of the guests have been introduced.

The broad veranda with easy chairs, the shady lawns and sun parlors are available to those who wish simply to rest, while 300 sunny days out of the year afford ample opportunity for all sorts of out door amusements—as automobile trips, horseback riding, coaching, tennis and golf. The trout fishing in the nearby mountain brooks is exceedingly good.

The social life is a feature that is carefully looked after, and there is nowhere a resort which offers its guests such a variety of entertainment and



County Club House, Redlands, California

wholesome amusement, and while the service is all of the very highest order, the rates are extremely moderate.

Situated at the foot of the snow-capped Mt. San Bernardino among the orange groves, Redlands is by many regarded by far the most charming and healthful spot in all Southern California. There is practically neither fog, dampness or high winds.

The encircling mountains, the rounded distant foothills, the broad valley with its distant stretches of groves where grow the famous Redlands oranges, combine to make up a picture that is worth crossing the continent to see.

In fact, there is no end to the attractions of Redlands. There are delightful drives in and around the city, among them being the famed Smiley Heights and Prospect Park drives, with their tropical luxuriance of trees and flowers.

The interior of the Casa Loma is charming. Its delightfully homey lobby, with its elegant and artistic furnishings, opens off a spacious veranda, from which a scene of semi-tropic luxuriance and harmonious beauty is obtained.

One of the latest pleasures afforded in Redlands is the "Sunset Drive." This drive is fifteen miles long, mainly over a specially graded automobile road, over private property, and made and owned by a few of the enterprising and wealthy citizens. To attempt here, to describe this drive, is impossible. Suffice it to say that it will ere long become as world famous as the Del Monte Seventeen Mile Drive. It takes one through the orange and lemon groves, gradually ascending, until on the hills overlooking the city and valley one has expansive views in every direction, and surely no fertile valley scene in the world can equal that which includes Redlands, Uplands, Highlands, Highgrove, Riverside and such noted places. But here the rugged and majestic peaks of San Bernardino and San Geronimo, towering nearly 12,000 feet into the pure blue California sky, and clad in winter with dazzling white snow add a dignity to the picture, while a little farther on one looks down into wild, rugged and uncultivated canyons and areas as different from the other view as association with a rude Chinese fisherman is different from that with a polished scholar. Yet both are equally interesting. Returning, the visitor may go through Smiley Heights, that paradise reclaimed from just such rugged and wild slopes as those we have been gazing upon, showing the marvelous resources of this soil and climate, when combined with directing brains and properly applied moisture.

Forest Home

A few miles from Redlands, in the heart of the San Bernardino mountains, is a most beautiful and restful resort, known as Forest Home. It is not a place for fashionable people, but for the sensible men and women who enjoy doing the real work of life. Nearby are the two great mountains of Southern California, San Bernardino, 10,800 feet, and San Geronimo, 11,600 feet, and on the south is the Yucaipa range, covered with a dense pine forest. There are ninety miles of mountain trail to ride and walk over, including the new Forest Reserve trail reaching from Mill Creek over the Yucaipa range, which affords a glorious sweep of view over the valley towards the Pacific and comprising many villages and towns.

At Forest Home there are excellent fishing, hunting, tennis, and a special feature is the evening campfire, where old-timers and others tell fascinating stories of the wilds, of the past pioneer days, etc. Entertainments of an elevating and intellectual order are constantly provided.

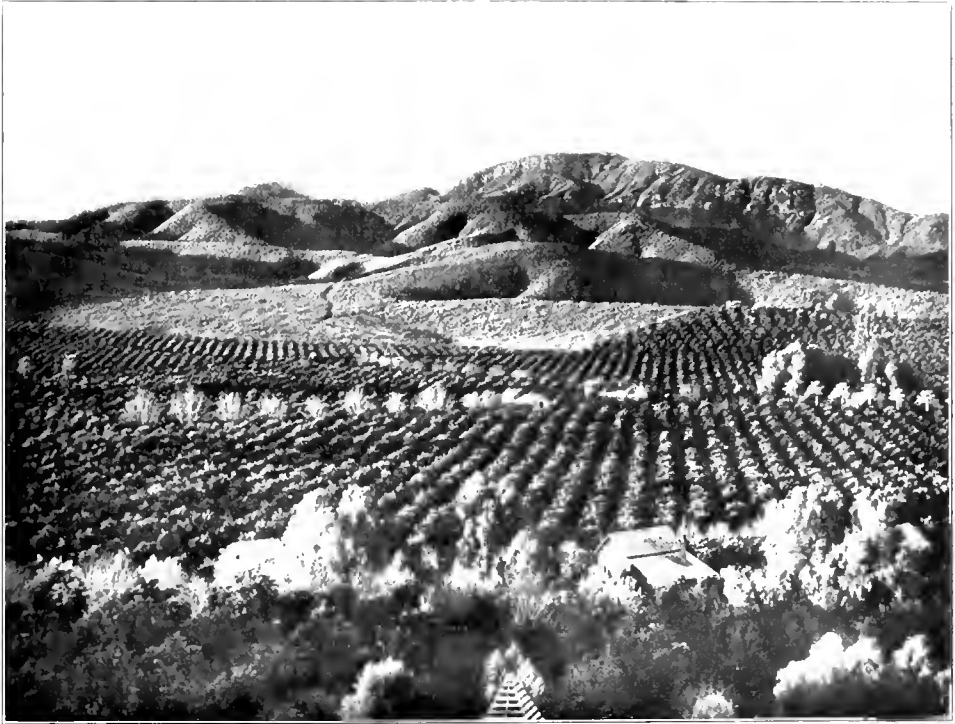
Cottages and tents are provided, so that one has his choice of method of life, and the rates are reasonable enough to accommodate all pockets. Half-furnished tents also are provided for those who wish to do light housekeeping.

The stage leaves Redlands daily, calling also at Mentone, on the Santa Fe, three-quarters of an hour later. The personnel of the Forest Home

Outing Co. is as follows: F. J. Culver, President and Manager, Forest Home; Leslie F. Gay, Vice-President, Los Angeles; F. H. Clock, Secretary, Redlands; W. B. Johnson, Treasurer, Redlands; J. F. Rockhold, Riverside. Mrs. M. C. Peck is the superintendent.

Loma Linda Sanitarium

On a hill—as its name signifies—just on the outskirts of Redlands, stands the Loma Linda Sanitarium, one of the rest and health retreats of Southern California and one of the most beautiful spots in the



The orange orchards seen from the windows of the Loma Linda Sanitarium, near Redlands, Cal.

western world. Completely surrounded by vineyards, orange and lemon groves, which carry the eye along to the foothills of the majestic mountain ranges that encircle the valley, it is one beauty feast after another, until mind and imagination are captured by the snow-clad peaks which pierce the clouds.

This sanitarium is one of the forty-two similar institutions, scattered throughout nineteen States of the United States and twelve foreign countries. All these sanitariums are conducted under the auspices of the "Sanitarium Association," whose headquarters are at Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. They are really under the control of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. This church, whose leader and prophetess is Mrs. White, holds that health



On the grounds of the Loma Linda Sanatorium, Loma Linda, in the Redlands, California

is a religious duty, and they believe that the natural methods of simple living, natural diet, abstinence from flesh meats, all peppers, sauces, condiments, etc., all alcoholic liquors is the only true method. In these sanitariums they teach those who are well how to remain so, and to assist those who have lost health to regain it. Rational measures will often accomplish much, even in extreme cases.

There are certain simple methods of living, and of treatment, which are certain of results. These are Nature's methods. If all would regard natural laws, barring possibly heredity and accident, all would be well. When health has been lost, however, it can usually be regained by following natural methods.

The proper use of pure air, light, heat, cold, electricity, water, and food, together with exercise and rest, will work wonders for the restoration of health, even after other methods fail. These should have first place in every treatment and not be left to the last.

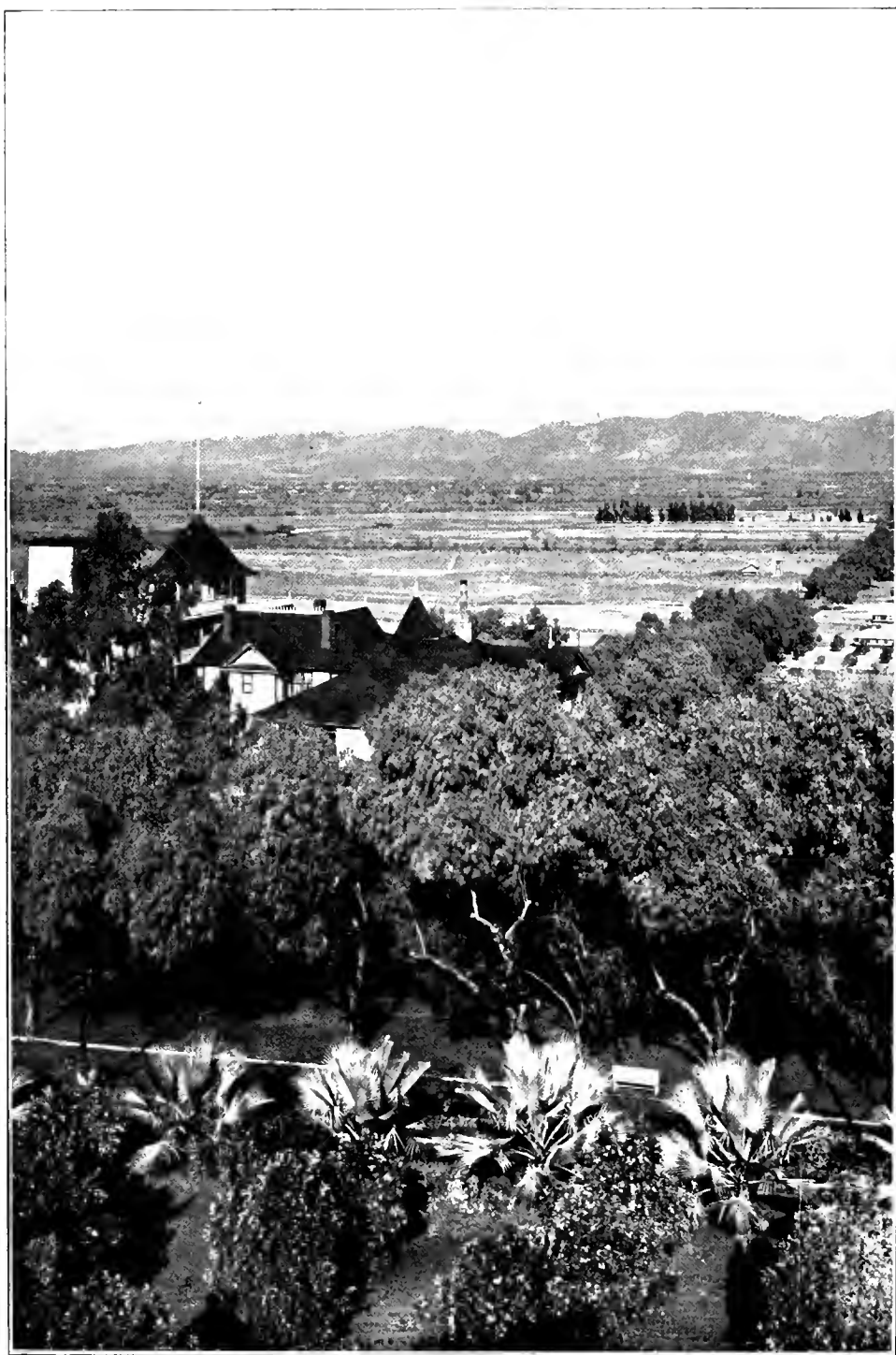
They also believe that the scientific application of heat and cold is one of the surest and quickest ways of giving relief from pain and restoring health. Heat and cold are most easily manipulated through the agency of water, hence hydrotherapy in its varied applications is extensively used in these sanitariums.

Baths of all kinds, sprays and douches, vapor and steam applications, packs and fomentations, salt rubs and friction, are a few of the means employed for their therapeutic value in treating disease.

Mechanotherapy, including massage, manual movements, rubs and vibrations is applied by trained assistants. Phototherapy, consisting of electric light baths, arc light, finzen light, ultra violet ray, solar ray, is employed.

Electricity and exercise also are constantly used. But it is more in their mental therapeutics that this institution differs from others. They believe that true mental healing comes through harmony of the mind with the Great Healer. A Christian atmosphere pervades all the work of these institutions. This is one of the greatest aids to recovery. When a person is at peace with God, he is at peace with his surroundings and with himself. A sound mind in a sound body is the end to be sought.

The sanitarium at Loma Linda is one of the best, and I have spent many happy hours there both for treatment and rest. The management is as near perfect as things human ever become, and the air of kindness and friendliness throughout from the lowest to the highest is in itself a pleasure and a comfort to meet with. We have no desire to wish that any member of the H. M. M. B. A. be ill, but we can sincerely say that should any member be so unfortunate, or any reader of these words, there is nothing better that we could commend to them than that they, at once, place themselves under the healing care of the physicians at Loma Linda.



Loma Linda Sanitarium, California, looking across the San Bernardino Valley to the San Bernardino snow-clad mountains. The city of Redlands partially in view.

Riverside

From Redlands the three trains went on to Riverside for dinner, and there, while seated in the refectory of the world-famed Glenwood Mission Inn, George Wharton James, at the request of Frank Miller, the only, the most beloved hotelman of California, gave words of greeting and hearty welcome to all the visitors. He spoke of the hospitality of the mission padres; how that in the old days their missions and simple homes were open to all who came along without money and without price, and that, while times have now changed so that there has to be a monetary return,



Under the Pergola in the Patio at Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside, Cal

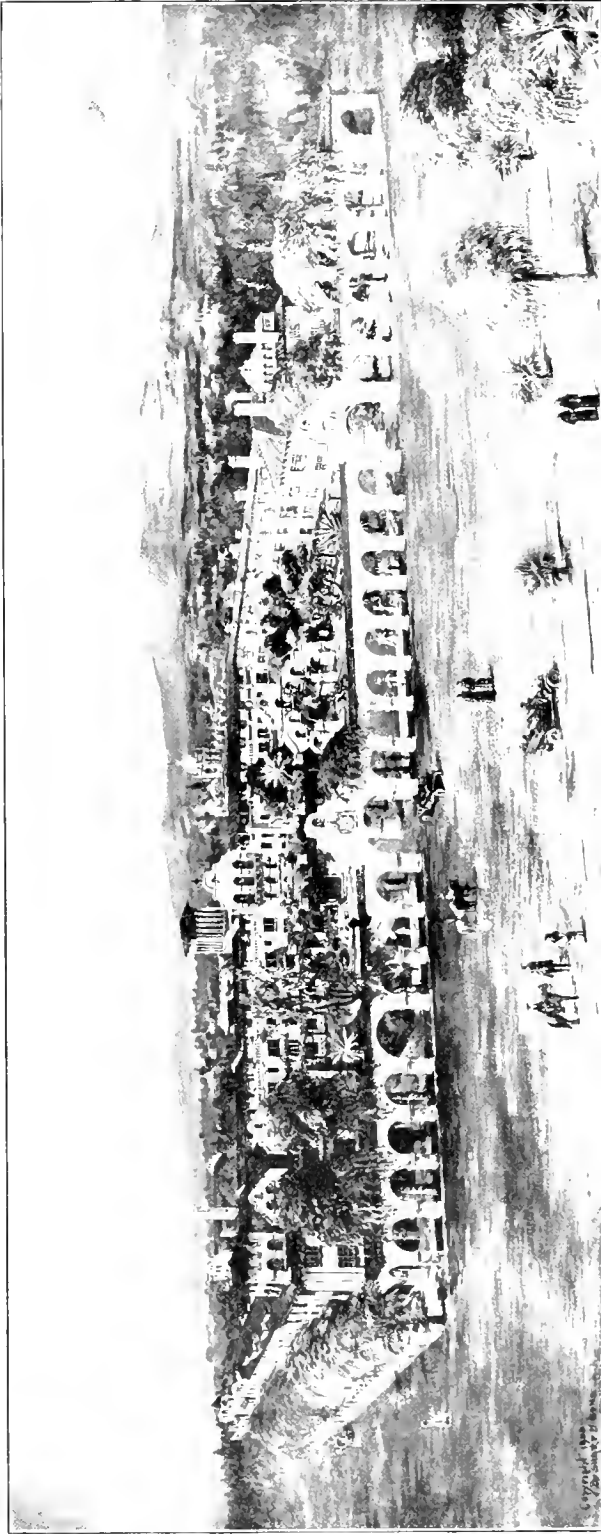
the hospitality of Frank Miller, and his estimable sister, Mrs. Alice Richardson, is just as hearty, spontaneous and sincere as that of the padres, whose spirit, if not their mantles, have assuredly fallen upon them.

To every guest at the Glenwood (and who of the H. M. M. B. A. was not a guest), an envelope was given containing a book of welcome, full of dainty pictures of the hotel and surroundings, several characteristic pieces of literature, and the following letter, printed on Glenwood Mission Inn stationery:

April 11, 1910

Dear One:

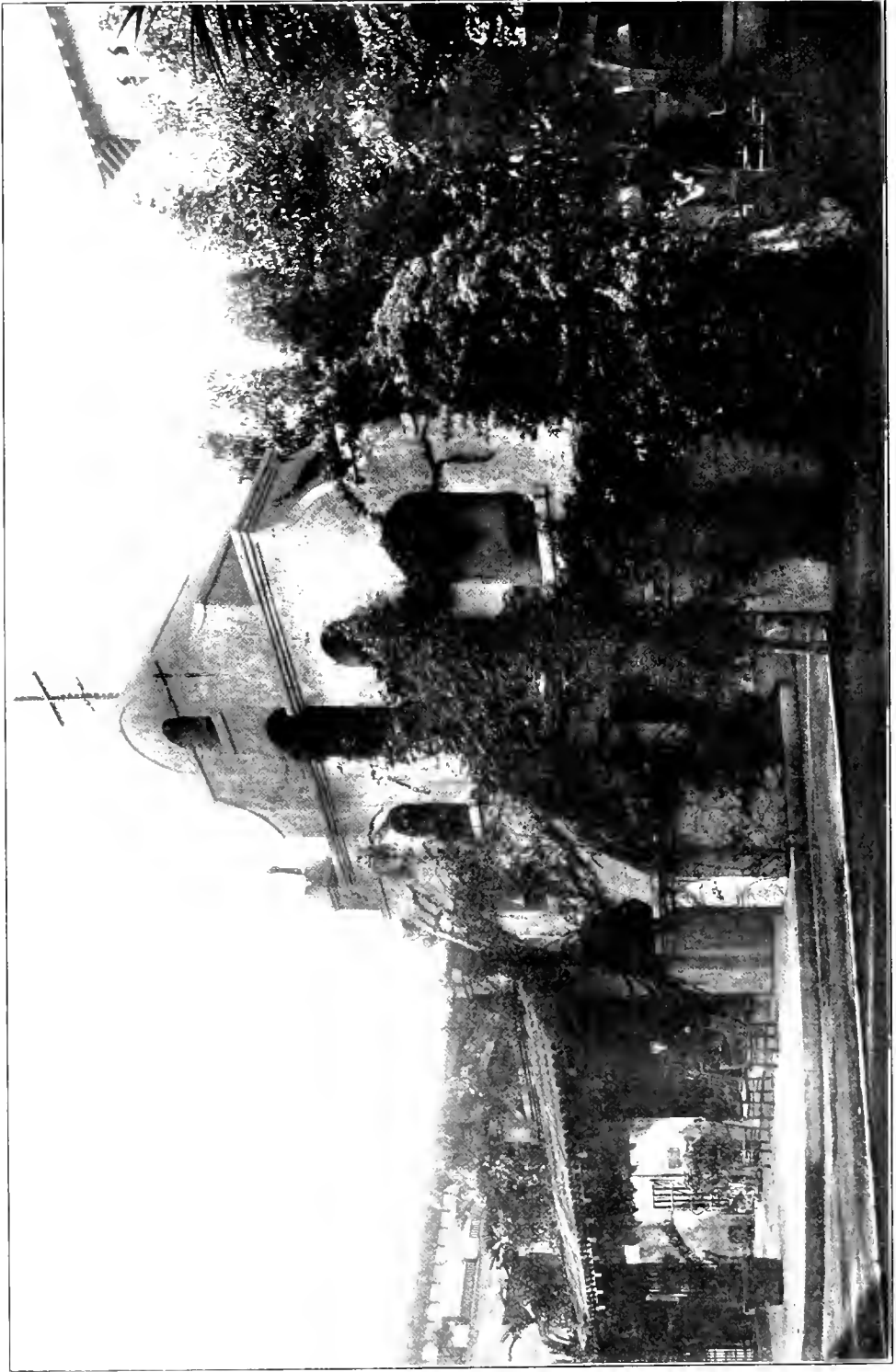
This is just to say good-bye—I mean it—Good-bye forever—Shut up the old shop for me; pull down the ancient sign; put a special delivery stamp on the baby and start



The completed Glenwood Mission Inn. Arches, Corridors, Campable and Monastery, Riverside, Cal.



Frank A. Miller, "The Master of the Inn," Glenwood Mission Inn
Riverside, Cal.



The Campanile, by the side of the old adobe the original Glenwood Canyon Riverside, Cal.

her coming this way. WE HAVE FOUND THE GARDEN OF EDEN. Under the revised spelling it is pronounced "RIVERSIDE." The grapevines have oozed for us; orange blossoms have shed their fragrance over us; flowers are nodding to us; California skies smile down upon us. WE ARE LOST TO THE EAST FOREVER!

Whew! If Wash. Irving were alive he would have the plates of "The Alhambra" destroyed, and, coming here, would see a building affording material for a REAL BOOK. This is IT. The chimes of the Campanile (notice the word!) have pealed their welcome, the harp notes float gently on the air, the colors of the roses and parrots enrich the "Patio," a Spanish meal is before us. Let Teddy have his visit with Wilhelm—we don't care—we are with Frank Miller, Master of the MISSION INN. He and every Californian seems glad to see us.



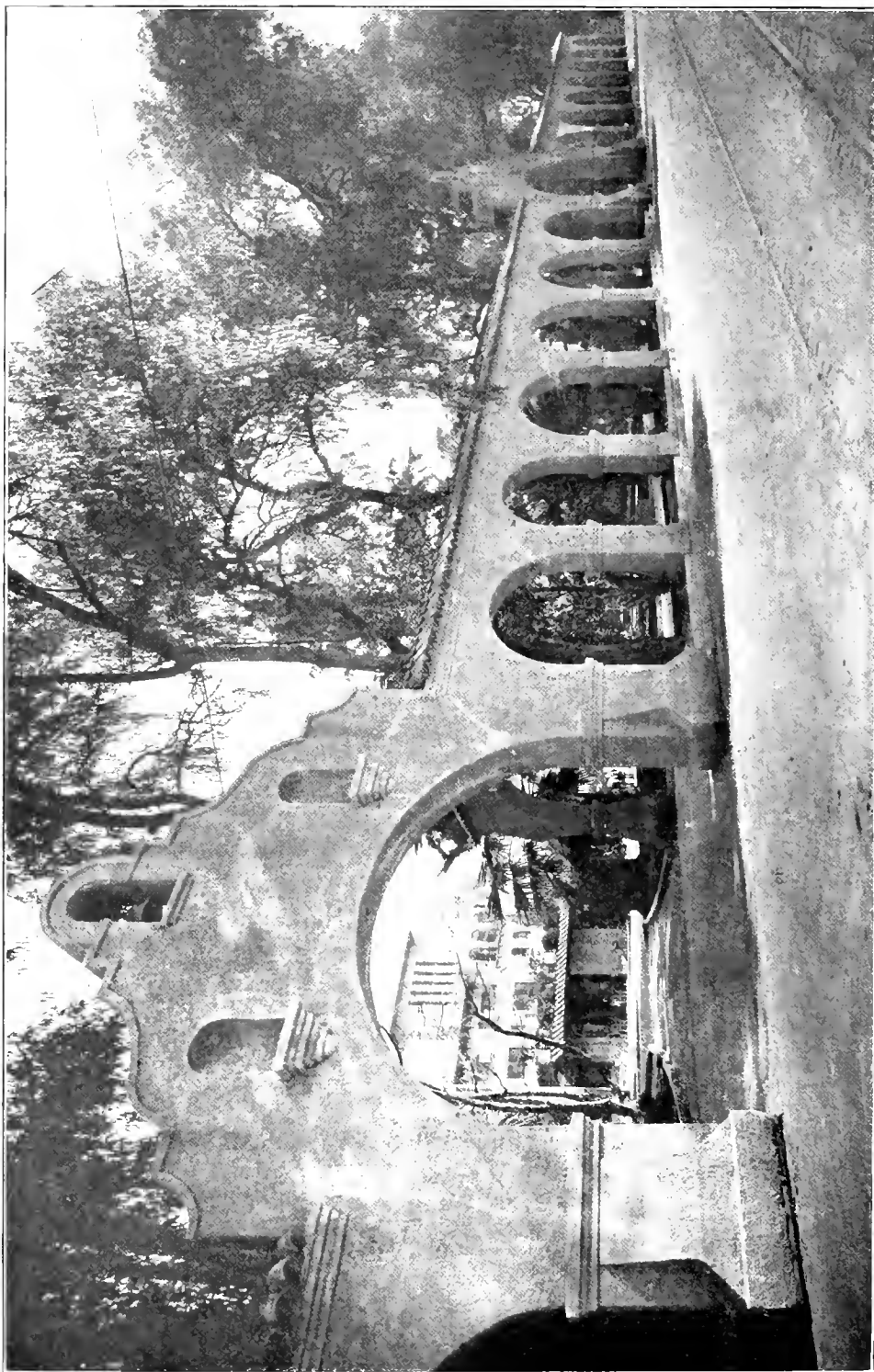
The Sherman Institute—Indian School, Riverside, Cal. E. M. Conser, Superintendent

OUR EDDIE has just telegraphed to burn down the Marlborough. Fred Reed took one look, got New York on the 'phone and has just announced joyously that he could hear the walls of the Park View fall. Sh! He has just risen to express appreciation. I doubt if even his oratory can do justice. He will be partly in his element though—"You can't tell the truth about California unless you lie about it."

Lovingly yours,

P. S.—Tell all the youngsters to come here for their nuptials. This combination of wedding bells and orange blossoms should be required for every service. It was the Covert of the Mission Inn the Prophet spoke of when he said "Marriages are made in Heaven."

Then followed an automobile ride down Magnolia and Victoria Avenues to the Sherman Institute—the architecturally beautiful school and home for Indians, now superintended by Mr. E. W. Conser, who has been in the



Entrance to Potto, Glenwood Mission Inn, with China Tower in distance. Riverside, Cal.

Indian service, in honored and responsible positions, for many years. Many orange groves were visited and some of the guests had the privilege afforded them for the first time in their history of picking oranges direct from the trees. The crowning delight was the ride through Huntington Park to the summit of Mount Rubidoux, upon which Host Miller has had erected a Mission Cross and a tablet in honor of Fra Junipero Serra, the founder of the California Missions. Here is what Fra Elbertus says of Serra:

Among the world's great workers—and in the front rank there have been only a scant half-dozen—stands Fra Junipero Serra. This is the man who made the California Missions possible.

In artistic genius, as a teacher of handicrafts, and as an industrial leader, he performed a feat unprecedented, and which probably will never again be equaled by a single man.

In a few short years he caused a great burst of beauty to bloom and blossom, where before was only a desert waste.

The personality of a man who could not only convert to Christianity three thousand Indians, but who could set them to work, must surely be sublimely great. Not only did they labor, but they produced art of a high order.

These missions which lined the coast from San Francisco to San Diego, every forty miles, were manual-training schools, founded on a religious concept.

Junipero taught that, unless you backed up your prayer with work, God would never answer your petitions. And the wonderful transformations which this man worked in characters turned on the fact that he made them acceptable and beautiful. Here is a lesson for us!

Fra Junipero Serra ranks with Saint Benedict, who rescued classic art from the dust of time and gave it to the world. Junipero is one with Albrecht Durer, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Friedrich Froebel, John Ruskin and William Morris. These men all taught the Gospel of Work, and the Sacredness of Beauty and Use.

Junipero was without question the greatest teacher of manual training which this continent has so far seen. Without tools, apparatus or books, save as he created them, he evolved an architecture and an art, utilizing the services of savages, and transforming these savages in the process, for the time at least, into men of taste, industry and economy.

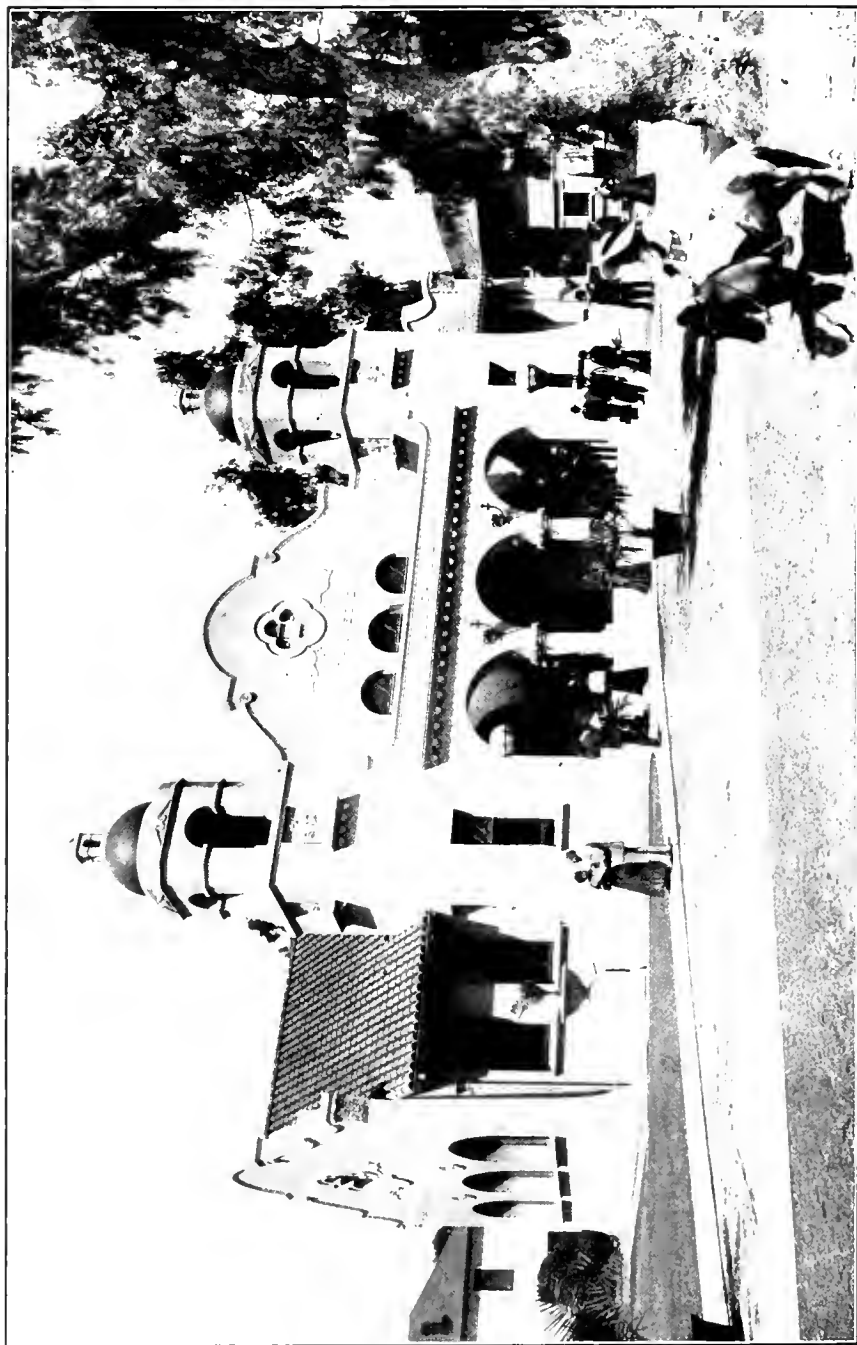
That this miracle of human energy and love could not endure, and that after Fra Junipero had passed out, there being none to take his place, the Indians relapsed into their racial ways, was to be expected.

When Junipero reached California he was fifty-three years old. He died at seventy-one, so his life's work was compressed into the short space of eighteen years, or from seventeen hundred sixty-nine to seventeen hundred eighty-seven.

On Mount Rubidoux, at Riverside, there has been erected a giant cross, eighteen feet high, in commemoration of Fra Junipero. Here he often used to come and pray when the sun went down. This heroic cross outlined against the sky, with its setting amid the mighty rocks, is a most impressive sight, symboling to us the seeming barrenness and sorrow of the man's life. Yet down below, stretching away on every hand, are smiling, peaceful orange-groves, from which, blown, on the night breeze, comes to us the sweet perfume of perpetual blossoms.

Thus, with the life of this unselfish soul, in spite of seeming failure, his prayer for beauty has been answered.

The little city of Riverside, with its world-famous Mission Inn, perpetuates the life of Fra Junipero in fragrant remembrance.



The Carnegie Public Library, Riverside, Cal

In the great "Sunset Cross" has been set a bronze tablet, and upon it are these words:

The Beginning of Civilization in California

FRA JUNIPERO SERRA

Apostle

Legislator

Builder

To Commemorate His Good Works This Tablet Is Hereby Placed
Unveiled by William Howard Taft, 27th President of the United States,
October 12, A. D. 1909

The guiding spirit in this good work of keeping alive the best in the mission spirit is Frank A. Miller, Master of the Mission Inn.

No visitor to California should fail to visit beautiful Riverside and see with what lavish love the Millers have expressed, without being slavish imitators, this passion for beauty that once filled the heart of Junipero.

The new monastery that Host Miller has just completed was pronounced a wonder, and with its crypt banquet rooms, organ, assembly-room, underground corridors with exquisite paintings of the Missions, roof gardens and open-air sleeping-rooms, is indeed one of the most unique and interesting hotel annexes in the world.

One of the best descriptions ever written of the Glenwood Mission Inn is the following by John Willey of the "Hotel Monthly," Chicago:

"Here is surely something out of the ordinary; a place the like of which we had never seen. A medley of old times; a fantastic architectural dream; an old curiosity shop transformed into a house of commercial hospitality; a lazy man's paradise.

"We enter the courtyard under an old mission arch with bells in its belfry; fronting us is an adobe structure in the center of the court, and circling it the quaint rambling inn, with wide stone porches, pergolas, gabled windows, balconies, tiled roof; shade trees in the foreground; shrubs, flowers, vines in riotous profusion; here and there time-battered directing posts with inscriptions in the lettering of a hundred years ago; a stone fountain flowing cool, clear water; parrots calling from the trees; rustic seats of wood and stone with comfortable cushions inviting to rest at every hand.

"Inside, the odd effect is intensified. Curious pieces of bric-a-brac, collected from all over the world, decorate the walls and ceilings. At the dining-room door you hang your hat upon a saber point. The lights gleam from iron bells. Old settles, mantels, sideboards, window seats, desks, cabinets, pictures, tapestries, spinning wheels, conceits in wrought iron; Japanese, Chinese and Roycroft goods—there is no enumerating the oddities that meet the eye. In the bedrooms it is much the same. A heathen god looked down upon our bed from a niche in the mantel; and Stephenson's prayer, in odd frame, spoke eloquently from the wall. We were awakened in the morning by the music of a hundred song birds caged in a large

enclosure over the main entrance. Chimes played in the belfry. Another day had followed refreshing sleep.

"Glenwood Inn has about 300 rooms. The atmosphere is that of rest. 'Next to love, quietness,' is one of the many mottoes posted about the house. The service is quiet, and so near perfect as we have found it anywhere. In the dining-room there are conceits in the service that please the fastidious. Old blue china is used. The chairs are as you like them, with or without arms. At the door are baskets of oranges with 'help yourself' invitation. The waitresses are summoned by bell signal. Quaint sideboards line the brick-pointed walls around the room; and the tray rests are covered with linen cloths. Japanese boys do the carrying and cleaning. The billiard room and lounge are located in the adobe."

Leaving Riverside, the three specials went on to Los Angeles, where the guests were allowed to rest, preparatory to the annual meeting on the morrow.

CHAPTER III

TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1910: THE ANNUAL MEETING IN LOS ANGELES

The thirty-first annual meeting of the H. M. M. B. A. was held in the Convention Hall of the Westminster Hotel, on Tuesday, April 12, 1910, there being about seventy members present. President Fred Van Orman in the chair.

Before the official proceedings commenced, Henry J. Bohn, of Chicago, presented President Van Orman with a fine gavel, with the compliments of the Nelson-Matter Furniture Company.

The hotelmen were warmly welcomed, first by John S. Mitchell, president of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, whose excellent speech opened the way for Mayor George Alexander, of Los Angeles. In his address of welcome his honor expatiated on the growth and development of the city, and what was in store for the visiting hotelmen and ladies.

In order to gain time, the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting was omitted, and President Van Orman gave his address, which was well received:

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

We are thirty-one years old; nearly one-third of a century. That is the best period of any man's life. Take from it thirty-one years, there are twenty-five years of immaturity left on one side, and twenty-five years of decline on the other. These thirty-one years have been the most significant from the standpoint of travel and hotel interests in the history of the human race. In this time the railroads of our country have been doubled in their extent and influence; the hotels have increased in even a greater ratio, and commercial development has marked the period beyond the conception and comprehension of the human mind. During this time have come into practical use the hotel elevator, steam heat, the electric light, mechanical refrigeration, telephone, vacuum cleaner, the electric railroad, the phonograph, the automobile, and now the flying machine. It has been a wonderful, a marvelous age of material and commercial progress, and with it has grown the enormous system of hotels. To the greatest credit of the men who build and construct hotels, hotel construction, hotel equipment and hotel operation has more than kept pace with all the other industries of the country.

Here in this land of sunshine, of flowers, of blossoms, of semi-tropical fragrance; under these genial skies, where nature and man join in a lavish hospitality unknown to other climes and regions, many of us far from home, we once more hold our convention. And yet, my friends, it is not a convention, but a family reunion, a reunion of the Boniface family. We have met each year for thirty-five years. Thirty-one times have we been reunited. Looking back, what a vista of years! What memories are awakened of former reunions, former entertainment, former hospitality! And these memories become tempered with a feeling of sweetest sadness as we recall the founders and leaders of the organization of former years, who, one by one, have dropped from the list, who have passed into the shadows of the beyond, remaining with us only in fondest memory, which these yearly associations serve to recall.

With some of us these reunions have been life events, life experiences, deep,

impressive, lasting. These H. M. M. B. A. conventions have served many times to develop in us the elevating tendencies and emotions; we have been taught the gentlest consideration and friendship, and "The place where two friends first meet is sacred to them all through their friendship, and is all the more sacred as their friendship deepens and grows old," while Dr. Samuel Johnson has said that "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone."

The H. M. M. B. A. has made us a fraternity; it has created us into a brotherhood, and to meet and mingle each year, to note the changes, the progress or decline of those with us in the organization is to broaden our conceptions of life, bury rivalry and jealousy, bid care and worry begone, and refresh the fountain of life. Who can estimate the result!



The Westminster Hotel, Los Angeles, where the annual meeting was held

How strange, how inconsiderate, how unworthy in many of us that at the end of the year we examine only the trial balance which shows our loss and profits; our liabilities and assets in material things, while we make no inventory of the loss or growth in our stock of kindness, well doing, generosity, helpfulness to others, or note the increase or decline in those things that mean the most in this life? The crowning feature of our association is that its only business element partakes of the highest attributes of the human soul—that of giving to the needy; it is a union founded for the purpose of providing for those who may be left in unfortunate circumstances through the inevitable law of death. The H. M. M. B. A. has indeed made us better men, better hotelmen, and we have only to remember that the beneficiaries of our efforts rejoice because we exist, and that in giving it is not the one who receives, but the giver, who experiences the greatest benefit or pleasure from the act.

Many of us who pay our little assessments seldom remember that we are conducting a business involving thousands upon thousands of dollars annually, that the machinery of the organization is ever in motion, and that it must be watched, must be cared for, must have a guiding power. This management, as you all know, is vested in the board of directors, which for thirty-one years has met so faithfully monthly in Chicago. Since you have elected me to the presidency I have made some little study of organizations of this kind, only to find that my estimate and esteem of the H. M. M. B. A. and its workings are even higher than before. Age considered, the H. M. M. B. A. is certainly a young and strong organization, which seems, to a degree at least, to avoid the fate marked for older, larger and stronger organizations of a like character. Having no salaried officers, except a secretary and treasurer; conducted on lines economical and conservative to the last degree, with a board of directors who give it their time and thought absolutely free of cost, the H. M. M. B. A. stands alone among the mutual organizations in America. Nothing can bring out more strongly this fact than to make a comparison of our organization with some of the older and larger mutual life insurance associations.

The cost for membership for the past five years in the H. M. M. B. A. has been as follows: For members between the ages of 21 and 30 years, only \$15.50 per thousand; members from 30 to 40 years of age, \$21.00 per thousand; members from 40 to 50 years of age, \$28.00 per thousand; members 50 to 60 years of age, \$29.00; members over 60 years of age, only \$30.00 per thousand. Let us take the cost to a member who joined in 1893 at the age of 31 and has therefore been a member seventeen years. The average cost for that period for \$1,000.00 insurance has been only \$25.00 per annum. Take my own case: I joined in 1889, and have therefore been a member twenty-one years, and am proud to state I have attended twenty annual meetings. The average cost during that period has been only \$26.50 per annum for \$1,000.00 worth of insurance.

One of our brothers, who had been a member for twenty-nine years, died March 4th, and his average annual dues had been only \$25.70. For a part of that period he had an insurance of \$1,800.00, \$1,500.00, and more recently of \$1,200.00. No insurance company or fraternal organization on earth can make a better showing. This member died March 4, 1910, and on April 6th the board of directors ordered the amount of the policy paid the beneficiary.

I have in mind a member who told me the other day that his insurance for the last year in the National Union cost him \$42.00, as against a cost of \$29.00 in the H. M. M. B. A.

I have here a report that is still more significant. It shows that from January 1, 1897, to January 1, 1909, two of the leaders among fraternal organizations yield the following figures:

Royal Arcanum			
Deaths in 1897	Average cost 1897 per member	Deaths in 1908	Average cost 1908 per member
1,812	\$28.05	3,210	\$34.93
Knights of Honor			
2,233	\$41.82	1,044	\$75.97

The continued success of our association depends upon individual co-operation. I shall always remember the address delivered by ex-President Davis of Boston at Palm Beach, Fla., in which he referred to the question of employing paid solicitors. As I remember it, Mr. Davis stated that such solicitation was contrary to the spirit of fraternity, and if allowed, would result in the members themselves losing interest in the association and that it would soon decay. This address was delivered eight years ago, when the association had a membership of just over one thousand. Our member-

ship to-day bears out the assertion made by Mr. Davis in his address that members of mutual interest should realize the true brotherhood that binds them together, and that each should know that success depends upon new members to replace those who are taken away.

No one but an ex-president realizes what it means to secure new members, young members, desirable risks. This is the only difficulty that confronts our organization; it is the only one the neglect of which will mean sure decline and a fate similar to that of scores of other mutual associations, or its solution a continued growth, strength



Mr. W. H. Worth, Hotel Albany, Chicago, who has been on the Board of Directors of the H. M. M. B. A. for many years

and prosperity unknown almost in mutual life insurance fraternities. Full credit should be given any president, officer or member who succeeds in adding new members. Gentlemen, new members are worth just so much in dollars and cents; this is not a question of sentiment, but purely a business proposition. New, young members have a money value; they mean a lower cost of insurance and a positive sum is assured the beneficiaries. New and young members are our assets.

Gentlemen, we meet for the second time in California. Those of us who were here in 1896 recall the magnificent reception, the boundless hospitality that marked our sojourn then; it is as fresh in our memories as if it had happened yesterday. We who have met year after year, with each returning reunion seemingly surpassing the one preceding it, all realize that in no other country, under no other skies in this wonderful nation, is it possible to unite where there is so much of health, so much of beauty, so much of pleasure, enjoyment and true hospitality as in the great Golden State of California.

The Secretary-Treasurer, J. K. Blatchford, then read his report, showing a present membership of one thousand four hundred and eighty-seven, and that \$744,946 had been paid to beneficiaries up to date, and that the Association now has \$49,015 in the reserve fund.

The reports of the Finance Committee and the chairman of the Board of Directors (Mr. A. L. Severance) were read and all were adopted. Other reports were received from H. L. Brown for New England, Fred A. Reed for New York, W. A. Reist for the Middle States, and A. L. Severance for the Northwestern States, all auxiliary directors.

After a short recess the election of officers was in order, and H. L. Brown of Boston placed in nomination John S. Mitchell, proprietor of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, and president of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association. The mere mention of Mr. Mitchell's name aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and a unanimous acclamation proclaimed him as the man for the place of honor. Mr. Mitchell made an appropriate reply for the honor thus conferred. Harry L. Brown, Victoria Hotel, Boston, was now nominated for First Vice-President by E. L. Tierney, and he was unanimously elected, and on motion of W. W. Davis of Boston, J. K. Blatchford was unanimously re-elected to the position of Secretary and Treasurer.

The old Board of Directors was re-elected, which is as follows:

John C. Roth, resident manager Great Northern Hotel, and assistant manager Congress Hotel, Chicago; George W. Reynolds, Chicago; George A. Lougee, proprietor Park Hotel, Madison, Wis., and New Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga.; E. S. Pinney, Chicago; Frank Upman, Chicago; William H. Worth, proprietor Hotel Albany, Chicago; F. W. Rice, Chicago; Henry J. Bohm, publisher the "Hotel World," Chicago; John S. Mitchell, ex-officio, Los Angeles, Cal.; J. K. Blatchford, ex-officio, Chicago.

That the H. M. M. B. A. is far from being homeless was shown by invitations extended the hotelmen for the next annual meeting, received from Atlantic City, Boston and St. Louis. The one from Boston was emphasized by the fact that Harry L. Brown, auxiliary director, was backed by the New England Hotel Men's Association, the Massachusetts Hotel Men's Association, the Boston Hotel Men's Association, and by the mayor of Boston. Not following the usual custom, it was decided, then and there, that Boston be accepted as the place for the next meeting.



Harry Loomis, Hotel Angelus, Los Angeles, Cal.

CHAPTER IV

LOS ANGELES, THE CITY OF THE QUEEN OF THE ANGELS

While the Association was in annual convention, the ladies of the H. M. M. B. A. met at Hotel Rosslyn, and were shown about the shopping district in automobiles and in small walking parties under the guidance of a committee of local women, of whom the chairman was Mrs. Dwight Hart. All seemed surprised with the size and excellence of the Los Angeles stores and shops, and were unstinted in their praise of them.

During the afternoon a tour of the residence districts was made by the whole party in automobiles. Starting from the Lankershim Hotel, at Seventh and Broadway, they were taken back through the business section and to Elysian Park, from there on through the park and along the northwestern border of the city to Westlake Park, then through the Wilshire boulevard tract and West Adams street district back to their hotels.

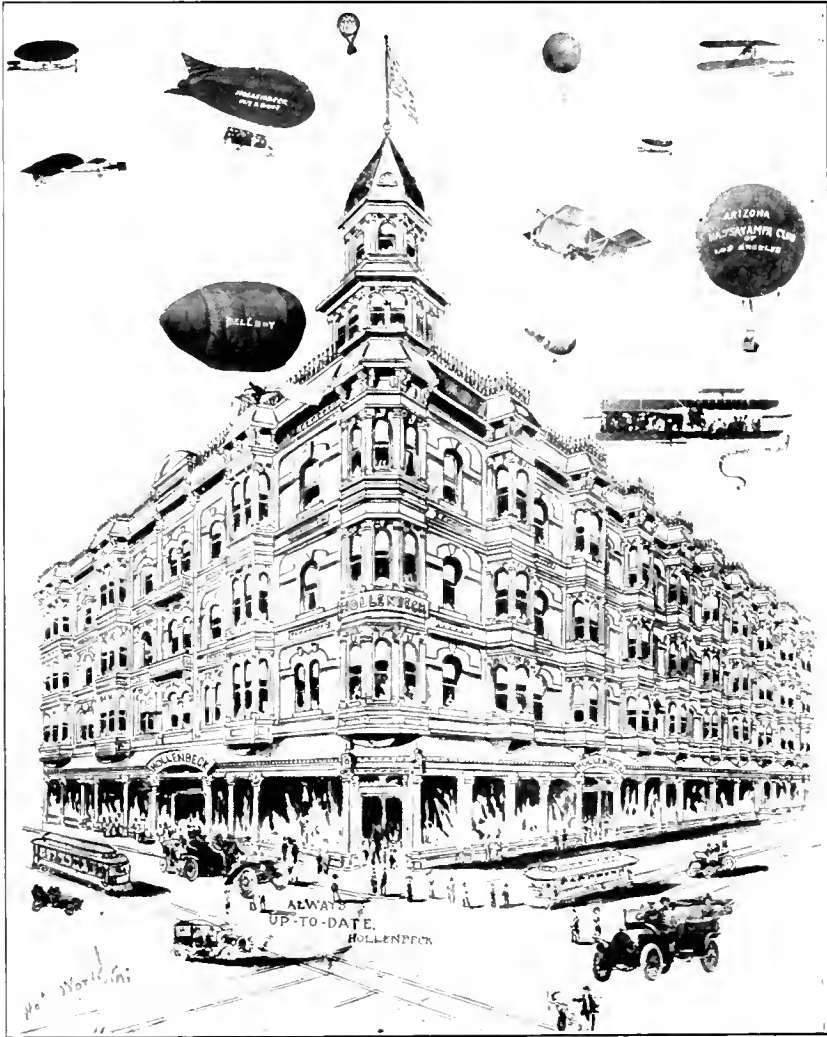
Without exception the visitors were entranced with the beauties of Los Angeles, its fruits and flowers, and the beautiful view of the surrounding country from Elysian Park. All along the way the motor cars were stopped to allow the visitors to alight and take pictures of the beautiful homes and scenes.

Naturally, those who were here fourteen years ago expressed their great surprise at the wonderful changes that have taken place—changes that make Los Angeles unique in the history of American cities—for no city in the country has shown so rapid an increase in population as has Los Angeles in these fourteen years. A study of the hotels alone showed the marvelous change, and the visitors went from one to another, more and more impressed with the possibilities of this wonderful western city by the Sundown Sea.

Hollenbeck Hotel

As the Hollenbeck was the H. M. M. B. A. headquarters fourteen years ago, many wished to visit that first. At that time it was the largest and finest hotel in the city. At the head of it was Albert C. Bilicke, then, as now, the leading hotelman of Southern California. In the past fourteen years Mr. Bilicke has moved forward with rapid strides. He invested largely in local real estate, all of which doubled and tripled in value. His holdings were in the center of the city, and among these holdings was the present site of the Hotel Alexandria.

But he kept his eyes on the Hollenbeck, and when his rapidly increasing responsibilities took his personal attention he associated with himself John S. Mitchell, a wealthy and able business man, who, as vice-president and manager of the hotel company, devotes all his energy and time to the



The Hollenbeck Hotel, Second and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

Hollenbeck. In fact, Mr. Bilicke's interests have grown so great that he devotes very little personal attention to the details of his two large hotels, leaving these to his able associates.

The Hollenbeck Hotel is located in the very heart of the city, at Spring and Second streets, and while it is usually considered the commercial hotel of the city, it has done, and is still doing, a very large tourist business. It is familiarly called "the Astor House of the West."

There has recently been expended upon this hotel about \$50,000 in improvements, which has placed it in perfect condition and up-to-date in every respect. The Hollenbeck has long had the reputation of being the best paying hotel in California and therewith enjoys the greatest popularity. The house has 500 rooms, with five annexes facing Spring, Second and Broadway.

The Hollenbeck cafe is the most popular restaurant of Southern California, patronized alike by citizen and stranger, as it has achieved a wide reputation for cuisine and service.

It is the scene both in the large dining-room and in the private dining-room of many notable banquets, many clubs making this their home because of the excellent provision and service afforded. Mr. Mitchell, the vice-president and manager, was president of the Southern California Hotel Association at the time of the visit of the H. M. M. B. A. He is also a director of the Chamber of Commerce, and known to every one in the city as one of the leading business men.

Henry J. Bohn, of the Hotel World, thus writes of the accompanying engraving of the Hollenbeck Hotel:

The illustration of the Hollenbeck presents a scene which the H. M. M. B. A. did not behold, because the great aviation meeting was over. Whether these balloons and flying machines hovered over the Hollenbeck during that meeting the reader is left to judge for himself! Certainly they look like the real thing in action. It is not too much to expect that fourteen years hence, when the H. M. M. B. A. goes to California for the third time, they will go in ships something like the one seen hovering at the edge of the roof line of the Hollenbeck, which is carrying a big bunch of people, and the streamer flying at the stern might readily bear the legend: "Chicago-California H. M. M. B. A. Special, 1924. The Lowe Planet Air-ship." Of course, Mr. Mitchell will be right there on the roof to welcome the hotel people who attend the forty-fifth annual meeting! He and Mr. Bilicke will probably look a trifle more mature than now, just as we fellows who went out there fourteen years ago are now riper than we were then. One thing seems assured, and that is that no matter how many new hotels will be built in Los Angeles the next fourteen years, the Hollenbeck will be right at the old stand doing the biggest business in the bunch. The name Hollenbeck and Los Angeles are inseparably linked in the magical development of the great Southern California metropolis.



Thomas Pascoe, Hotel Fremont, Los Angeles.

Thomas Pascoe was born in England in the year 1853. For seven years he was a steward in the British Navy, serving on some of the largest men-of-war. In 1870, when the clash occurred between the monarchical and papal powers in Italy the man-of-war on which he served was sent to Naples for the protection of British subjects. It then went to Athens, where Pascoe saw the execution of twelve notorious brigands. In 1871 he was present at the opening of the Suez Canal by Napoleon, and on that trip, as well as others, he catered for many of the world's great men. When 25 years of age he came to the United States, and was engaged in New York and in Montana.

In 1875 he opened Pascoe's Hotel and Restaurant in Colorado Springs, which he ran for six years, then removing to California, he conducted the Grand Hotel in Ukiah, and the Rose at Pleasanton. In 1884 he reached Los Angeles, where the Clifton was built for him. Then he took the Lincoln and ran it for several years until he organized the Hotel Fremont Co., which built the magnificent Hotel Fremont in 1903, which he opened and furnished and has conducted ever since. He is a director of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and was police commissioner for a term. For two years he was president of the Southern California Hotel Association.

Fremont Hotel

One of the most prominent entertainers fourteen years ago was Thomas Pascoe, then of Hotel Lincoln, now of the Fremont Hotel, so many went to visit him there. The Fremont Hotel is located on the corner of Fourth and Olive streets, Los Angeles.

It is one block from the center of business, on a prominent corner away from noise and dust, and one block from street cars, but close to all the public places of amusement, theaters, churches, etc.

It is a magnificent structure of six stories, constructed of brick, steel lath and cement, built after the California style of Mission renaissance. The ground plan of the building is in the shape of a huge letter L; the windows to the west look toward the ocean and gardens, while the windows of the north, east and south embrace all the city and mountains.



Hotel Fremont, Los Angeles.

The structure looks like a mighty castle crowning the most conspicuous hill in the city.

The Fremont, owing to its elevated position, commands a fine panorama of the city and surrounding country from its large square windows. Each one frames a perfect and unrivaled picture of mountain and at the same time invites floods of healthful and invigorating California sunshine into its apartments, which are particularly designed for light and pleasant outlook.

The interior is well arranged in suites of rooms with private baths and single rooms. It is the only hotel in the city with every room facing the sun.

The chambers are beautifully and tastefully furnished in the latest styles

and of the best materials. Each one has hot and cold running water, large closets, electric lights, gas and telephone. Steam heated throughout.

The halls are wide, with large windows, giving plenty of light and air, and are fitted with fire escapes and protection of the latest design.

The office is on the ground floor—also the billiard room, writing rooms, electric elevator, etc. The ladies' parlor and receptions rooms are on the first floor, which leads out onto a broad veranda facing the street and city park.

The dining-room is a large room, well ventilated, with open windows on each side, the northeast facing the street and the southwest facing a flower garden, which is tastefully laid out, thus affording an attractive view while at meals.

The hotel was opened on September 9, 1902 (admission day of the State), and was named after the pathfinder, General John C. Fremont, the man that saved California to the nation.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, his widow, was the first to place her name on its register. Her autograph reads thus: "Jessie Benton Fremont. With best wishes for success."

The crest of the hotel was executed and designed by her. The double F of Louis XIV was adopted by the head of the Fremont family, who was of distinguished French origin, while the Mariposa Butterfly typifies the grant of the Mariposa Rancho in Northern California to General John C. Fremont.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety" was his motto in all his expeditions across the deserts and mountains, and that has been adopted as the motto of the hotel, paraphrasing it in actual life into "Eternal vigilance is the price of success in the hotel business."

Haywards Hotel

The Haywards Hotel is one of the latest additions to hoteldom in Los Angeles. It was built in 1906 by Mr. H. C. Fryman, and is one of the few absolutely fireproof hotels in the State. The floors are of cement and the walls of cement and fireproof brick, unburnable and strong. There is no wood whatever used in the construction save for the doorways and windows. Originally with 230 rooms, it was soon necessary to add twenty more, and now a new annex is being completed with fifty more rooms.

The Haywards is unique in the fact that from the start it has been crowded every day with scarce a line of advertising, for Mr. Fryman had already achieved such a reputation with the commercial fraternity that they at once flocked to his new standard, and have stayed steadily with him, crowding his hotel three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.



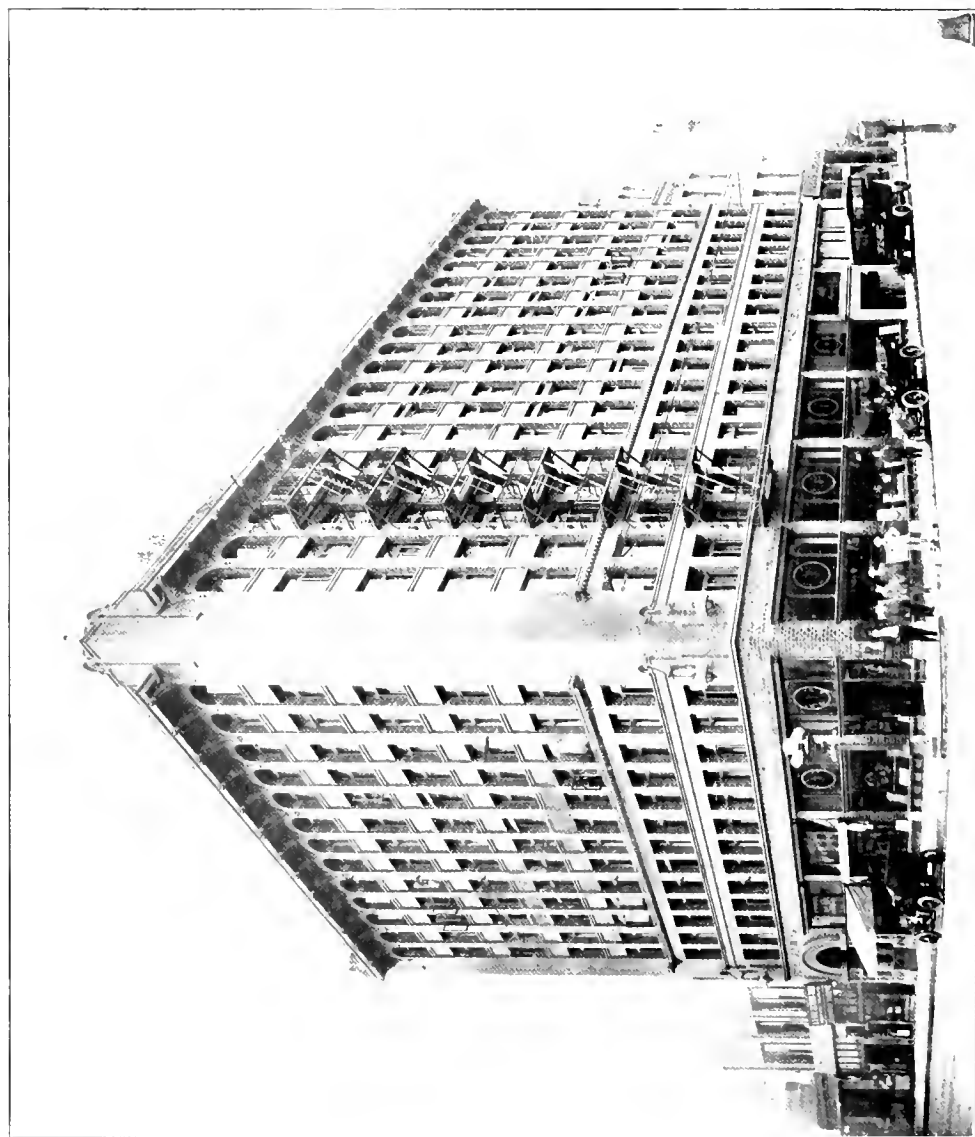
H. C. FRYMAN.

Harry C. Fryman was a New Year's Day gift to his father and mother in the year 1876, at Wapakonetta, Anglaize county, Ohio. In 1893 he came to California and at once entered into hotel life at Echo Mountain House on the Mount Lowe Railway. His advancement was marked and rapid, his next work being assistant to Manager H. R. Warner, at the San Gabriel Hotel. Then for a year he was assistant manager at the Hollenbeck Cafe, after which he became manager of Echo Mountain House, owner of Palms Hotel, Broadway, Los Angeles, which he sold out to Hervey Bros., and then opened the Brighton Beach Hotel on Terminal Island, which he owned and managed for three years. Returning to Los Angeles he managed the Van Nuys, Broadway,

for two years, and the Linkershim for one year, when the Haywards Hotel was built for him. He equipped it throughout and has been its sole and only proprietor for the four years of its existence.

August 6, 1900, he was married to Miss May Felt of Los Angeles. He has received many honors from the hotelmen of California, being now the president of the Southern California Hotel Association, treasurer of the Los Angeles Restaurant Men's Association, and vice-president of the American Protective Association.

Genial, courteous, enterprising, hard-working, gifted with foresight and full of magnetic energy, there is nothing ahead of him in the hotel world to which he may not aspire and attain.



Hotel Haywards, Fifth and Spring Sts., Los Angeles



GARRISON VON ACHE

Garrison Von Ache was born at Pittsburg, Pa., May 19, 1881, and has had a thoroughly practical hotel education. Desiring to enter that career his father showed him the advantage to be gained from a thorough and complete knowledge of the business, so he entered the Angeles Hotel, under the friendly guidance of the Loomis Bros., and began work in the kitchen, where he remained for three years, working up from stockkeeper to checker. May 4, 1908, he returned home to become a partner with his father and brother and was at once made assistant manager of the Occidental, while in position he is eminently qualified to fill.



GEORGE W. VON ACHE.

Proprietors of the Occidental Hotel, Los Angeles

George W. Von Ache, after being in the manufacturing business in Pittsburg, Pa., for thirty years, came to Los Angeles, eleven years ago, and at once entered into the hotel business, taking the Champion Hotel. He did not readily settle down, however, until after several expeditions of the old-fashioned, but which became the proprietor of the hotel, which was built for him, and which he equipped and furnished throughout. In 1908 his business had so grown that he annexed the Hotel in Broadway, that called the Occidental, so that now his hotel extends from Hill street to Broadway, and is one of the most profitable in the city.



"NARD" VON ACHE

Nard Von Ache was born at Pittsburg, Pa., October 12, 1883, so he is now in his 27th year. Like his brother Garrison, he early determined to be a hotelman, while it was Hotel Van Noy's Broadway, which it was owned by the Loomis Brothers. Then for one season he was chief clerk at the Lake House in Yellowstone Park, returning to the Loomis in Los Angeles as stockkeeper. When Mr. Fryman opened the Haywards Nard went with him as his steward. May 4, 1908, he returned home to enter into partnership with his father and brother and is now actively engaged in the management of the Occidental Hotel.

The Occidental Hotel

The Occidental Hotel is one of those quiet, unostentatious and practical hotels that, apparently without effort, captures a large and profitable business. This means the most thorough and capable management, and no hotel has any better than the Occidental under Mr. E. H. Hess, and the direct control of the three partners, Mr. George W. Von Ache and his two sons. Built and opened in 1895, it has so grown that the Broadway was annexed to it in 1908, so that now it reaches through from block to block, from Hill street to Broadway, and covers 120x350, more ground space than any other hotel in Los Angeles.

It has 200 rooms, 75 of which have private baths, and runs its own bus to all the depots. With four expert and trained hotelmen controlling its destinies, it is sure that so long as business is to be had they will be able to demand their full share.

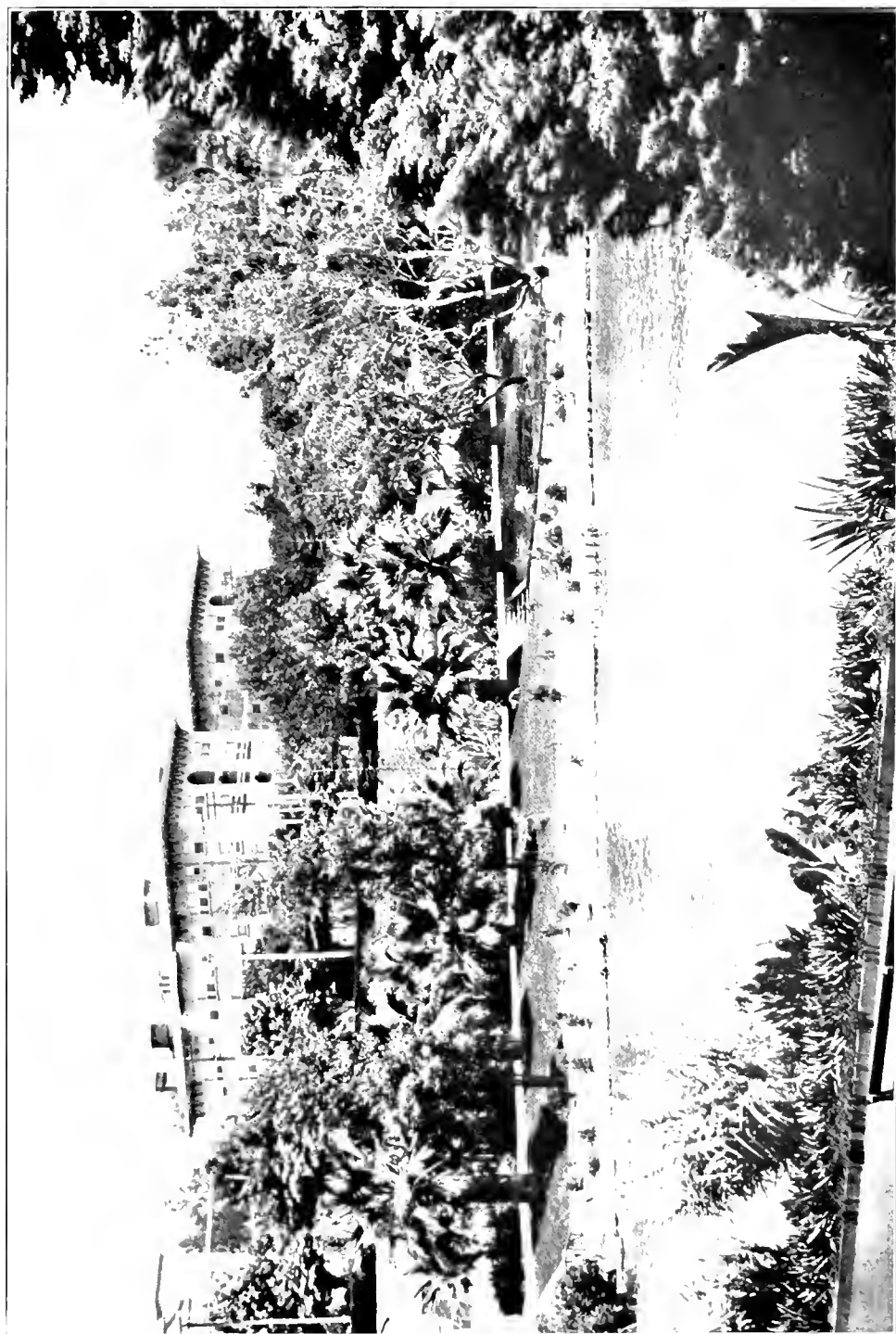


The Alvarado Hotel, Westlake Park, Los Angeles, Cal

The Alvarado Hotel

The Alvarado Hotel, Sixth and Alvarado streets, is situated in the most slightly and exclusive residence district of Los Angeles, overlooking beautiful West Lake Park, yet at less than ten minutes' distance by street car from the business center of the city. It is one of the newest and most charming of Southern California's Mission Hotels.

The Alvarado is of a type by itself—a tourist and family hotel. Every luxury of urban life is afforded by its management, every convenience that the most fastidious taste could desire is provided. It is exclusive, high class



Hotel Leighton, Manager C. W. Parker overlooking Westfield Park, Los Angeles, Cal.

in every way. There is an atmosphere of comfort and quiet good taste about the place that appeals to people of refinement in search of a permanent or temporary abiding place.

The Alvarado is a Mission hotel; its architecture reproduces perfectly this style of construction so appropriate to Southern California, allowing a flood of warm sunshine to brighten every room and affording a delightful outlook.

It is specially equipped for caring for automobile parties, and being under the direct management of its owner, Mr. Wm. B. Corwin, every department is kept up to the highest degree of efficiency.

Another residential hotel, out in the exclusive Westlake District, is



C. W. Barker, Hotel Leighton, Los Angeles, Cal.

C. W. Barker as a hotel manager has an enviable reputation. The fact that for many years he was in the employ of the Florida East Coast Railway Company, as manager of their hotels, at Kenilworth Inn, Asheville, North Carolina, is proof that he understands fully the art of catering to the most exacting class of patrons. For it is a significant fact that only the man who understands the high art of providing a table above criticism can long satisfy

this class of travelers. Mr. Barker's name has become almost a synonym for the best class of food, prepared in the most perfect manner and served in excellent style. His entree into California was fortunate in that he had just assumed the management of Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel when Admiral Evans arrived to take a course of treatment there. His wonderful recovery at once brought the Paso Robles Hot Springs and also Mr. Barker into great prominence.

The Leighton

The Leighton Hotel, for a city hotel, has a location seldom equaled. It stands on a high hill, immediately opposite and overlooking beautiful West-lake Park, with its placid lake on which swans, geese, ducks and many gorgeous-plumaged water-fowl play and bask in the sun, and where trees, palms, shrubs, flowers of a thousand hues, colors and tones give a semi-tropic gayety to the surroundings and afford that charm to the eye that is one of the delights of Southern California. Yet it is right in the heart of the fashionable and exclusive "wilshire" district, also within a few minutes' ride by direct carlines to all the railway depots and the heart of the shopping districts. Thus the Leighton has all the advantages of the very best of the city with the beauty and quietude of the country, and, as the dining-room and catering are under the direct and personal supervision of Mr. Barber, it is pre-eminently a family home, where the most exclusive and particular may find all their hearts can desire.

Hotel Angelus

There are two great tourist and residential hotels in Los Angeles, that cater solely to the first-class and exclusive elements, and one of these is the Angelus, conducted by the Loomis Bros. It is one of the finest hotel build-



The Angelus, by Millet.

This is an excellent copy of Millet's masterpiece made by a celebrated European artist, and now occupies an honored place in The Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.



The Angelus Hotel, Loomis Bros., Los Angeles, Cal.

Charles C. Loomis was born in Weaverville, Trinity county, Cal., November 14, 1860. When twenty-one years old he entered the Horton House in San Diego with W. E. Hadley. Just before the boom he bought out Mr. Hadley, and in 1886 sold the hotel back, again purchasing it in 1888. In 1889 he started the Albermarle, in San Diego, the leading family hotel of the city, which he retained until 1892, when he left the hotel business and went into contracting for street paving. But hotel life had got into his blood, so in 1900 he became manager of the Van Nuys Broadway, Los Angeles, for Milo M. Potter, which position he occupied for two and a half years, when he and his brother bought the house, ran it most successfully for three years, then sold out and bought the Angelus, which they now conduct with honor and profit.

Harry Loomis was born October 14, 1862, at Weaverville, Trinity county, Cal., of parents who were practically pioneers of "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49." Weaverville was one of the early-day mining camps, but in Harry's youthful days the chief industry had become the cattle business, in which he engaged. To this day he bears the reputation of being one of the finest riders in the West. He entered the hotel business with his brother Charles at the old Horton House, San Diego. They have practically remained together for the past twenty-five years.

While both are competent hotelmen in all departments, Harry is more often seen outside than his brother. His genial and open-handed style readily makes friends, and he is the beau ideal of a host for a first-class tourist, family and transient hotel. The Angelus has a higher reputation to-day than ever, and this, better than words, speaks of the success of the brothers Loomis.

ings in the Southwest, and possesses a most striking and commanding appearance. The cost of the buildings and furnishings was over \$800,000, the equipment being of an especially choice and expensive character. The Turkish rugs alone cost a small fortune, one in front of the elevator in the ladies' parlor being over 700 years old. It is one of the show places of Los Angeles in this regard, and many visitors come to see the expensive and beautiful rugs and the elegant furniture of some of the rooms. There are 300 of these, about 175 with bath, and when the furniture was bought and placed in position it was deemed a lavish extravagance that could never be made to pay. For instance there is the "Empire Room." Here is a solid mahogany suite, in pure Empire style, of double bed, massive dressers, table, chairs, etc., surpassing in grandeur and style anything that Napoleon—the creator of the style—ever dreamed of. In the "Colonial Room" is a fine rare old "four-poster," and a carved dresser that would drive a collector crazy. These are the Louis Quatorze and Louis Seize, and people of exclusive taste wire ahead of their visit engaging these rooms. There are chairs that cost over \$100 each, and everything is in harmony with this expenditure. Each of these suites has its own private dining-room fully equipped. Every room in the hotel has outside windows, every suite has bath and every bathroom has an outside window. In the open court there is a sun parlor, and this is a feature not found in many city hotels, and possible only in such a sunny climate as that of Southern California.

There is a fine private dining-room, completely equipped with the most modern appliances for perfect service. It is finished in fumed oak, Craftsman style, and with massive sideboards. This room is open to the sunlight and air, so is as fresh and sweet as though in the open air.

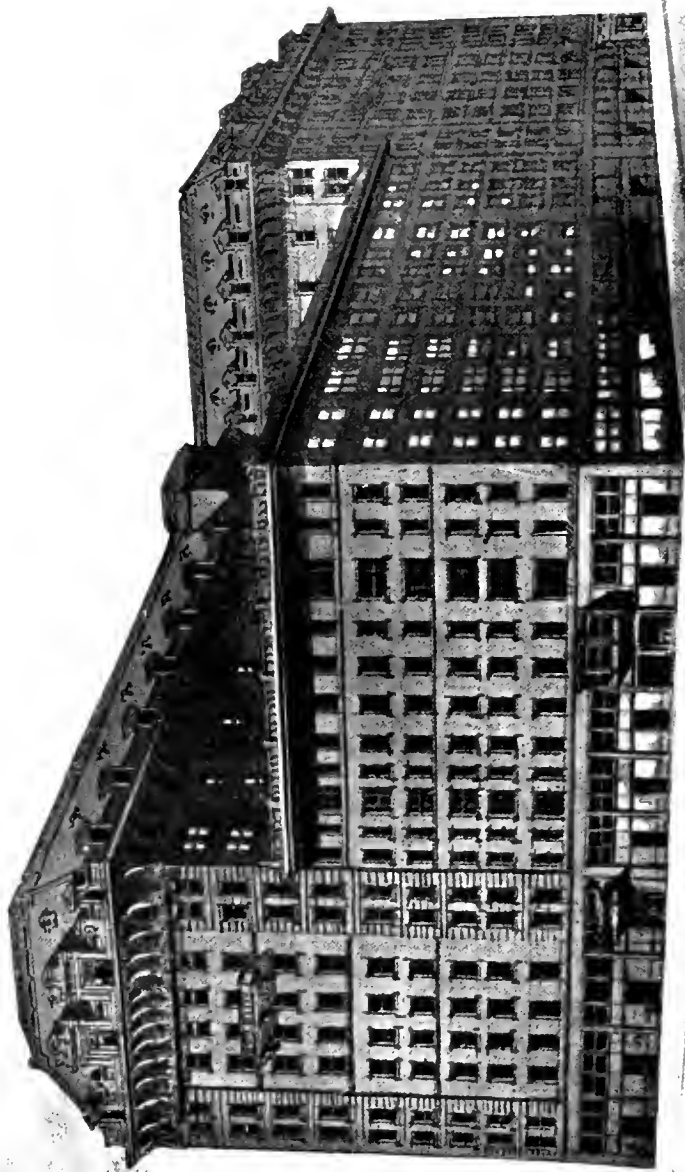
The private banquet room, where the ladies of the H. M. M. B. A. held their banquet, will seat about 200 diners, and it was about this number of gaily dressed ladies that enjoyed themselves while the annual banquet was in progress at the Alexandria.

On the marble stairway to the mezzanine floor are quiet writing places, where one may be within immediate reach of the office and yet entirely secluded from its noise and bustle.

Naturally such a hotel possesses its own ice and refrigeration plant, engine room and all the modern equipment that goes with a strictly first-class hotel.

The name of a hotel often has much to do with its success and popularity. It does not make a bad hotel good nor assist in the management, but it does often assist in the publicity end of the proposition. When the builders of this hotel selected the name Angelus and purchased a copy of the world-famed picture of the world-famed artist, Millet, as a trade-mark, they did a very clever thing, for not only was the idea original but the subject harmonized with the name of the city and lent a new quality of interest and inquiry to hotel names.

The copy itself is as perfect as the original, and is by J. F. Goldstein, a man whose work is highly esteemed by experts.



Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, Cal., showing the new addition now in course of construction

Hotel Alexandria

The headquarters for the great festivities were at the Hotel Alexandria, where registration took place and the programs, banquet tickets, etc., were given out. The cover of the program bears a map of the coast line from San Diego to Eureka, California, and is engraved and printed in gold and black, the ocean in blue. The first page of the program reads: "Mr. H. M. M. B. A.—Here's Southern California—It's yours—Accept it with compliments of your host, the Southern California Hotel Men's Association." Along with this program was handed a book of some thirty coupon tickets giving admission to all the festivities of the week, each coupon being headed with "H. M. M. B. A." and at foot the name of the entertaining association, while inside was given the day's or hour's program with time and all necessary instructions. Here also was distributed the very handsome badge presented by the hosts. This "official" badge was the real thing. It is made in three parts fastened together with links, the first section being the H. M. M. B. A. badge in gold bronze, the second being the cloisonné reproduction in color of the State flower, the flaming poinsettia. The third section is the coat-of-arms of the city of Los Angeles chased in three colors and reads: "City of Los Angeles, founded 1781."

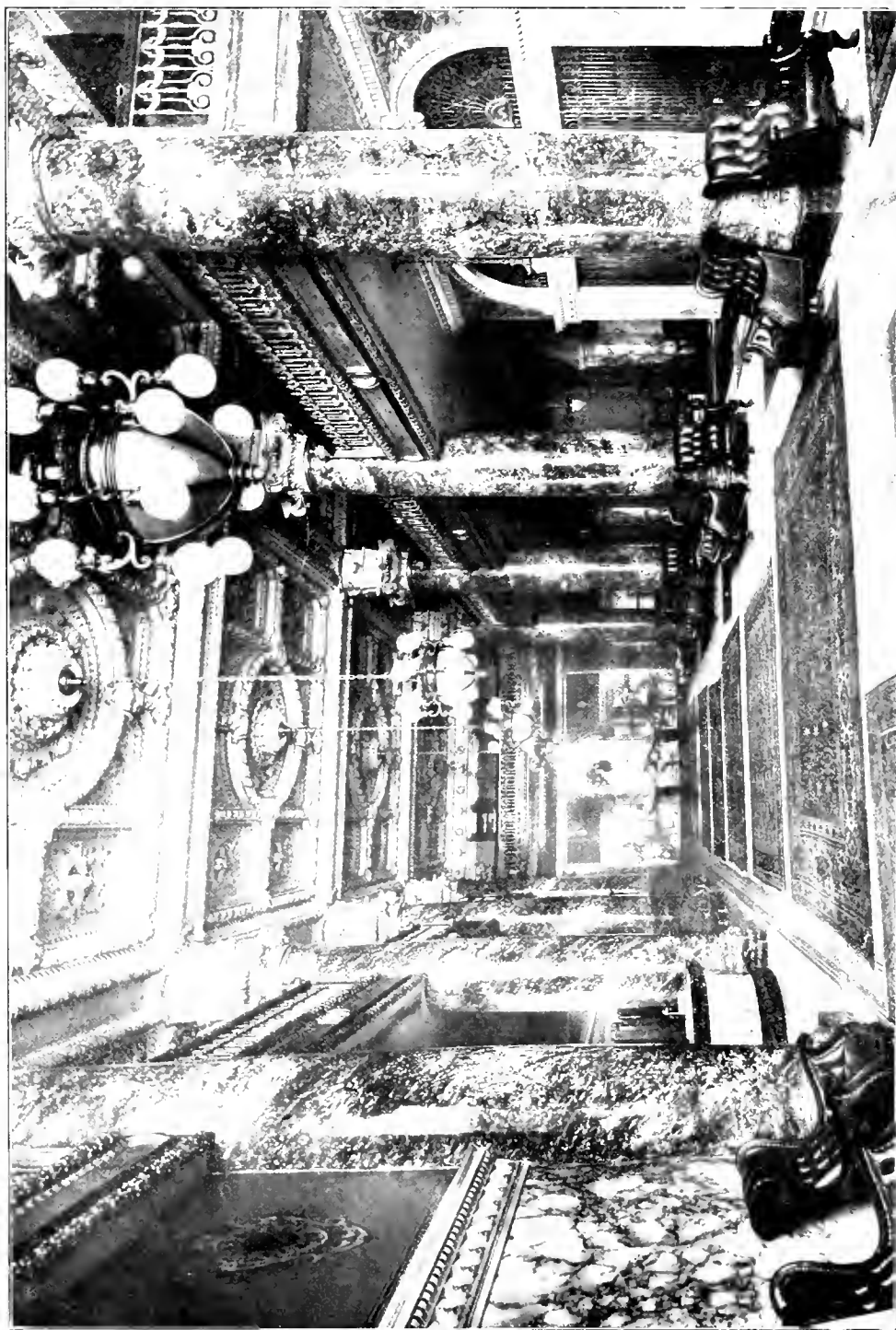
The Alexandria is the latest word in hotel erection in Los Angeles, indeed one might say in all Southern California. As elsewhere stated, Mr. A. C. Bilicke, whose experience in the Hollenbeck, and whose real estate ventures had been so profitable, associated with him Mr. J. S. Whitmore, Mr. J. S. Mitchell and others, and the Alexandria was planned.

February 12, 1906, the Bilicke-Rowan Fireproof Building Company completed and turned over to the Alexandria Hotel Company the palatial Hotel Alexandria, which was thrown open to guests on that date. It was generally known that the hotel completed and equipped represented an investment of two million dollars. A reasonable interest return on this enormous sum called for a rental which, together with operating expenses, established a new mark in Southern California hoteldom.

Those whose fingers were upon the financial pulse at the time will recall conditions existant in 1906 and 1907, conditions which made for discouragement among capitalists and investors.

The success of the promoters of the Alexandria project is strikingly evidenced by their next step which was to acquire in October, 1909, ninety-six feet of Spring street frontage south of the existing hotel and extending to a depth of 165 feet, upon which it was decided to invest another million dollars in the erection of an annex to Hotel Alexandria. Plans were drawn by Messrs. Parkinson & Bergstrom for the addition, which is now in process of construction, and it is estimated that the new addition will be opened October, 1911, although necessity demands a part of the new capacity by January 15, 1911, or in time for the season's business.

The new addition will start on its lowermost footings 40 feet below the street level and will rise from the street to a height of twelve or fourteen



The Grand Marble Lobby, Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, Cal.

stories, and will contain 325 rooms with bath, making in all a total of nearly 700 rooms in Hotel Alexandria.

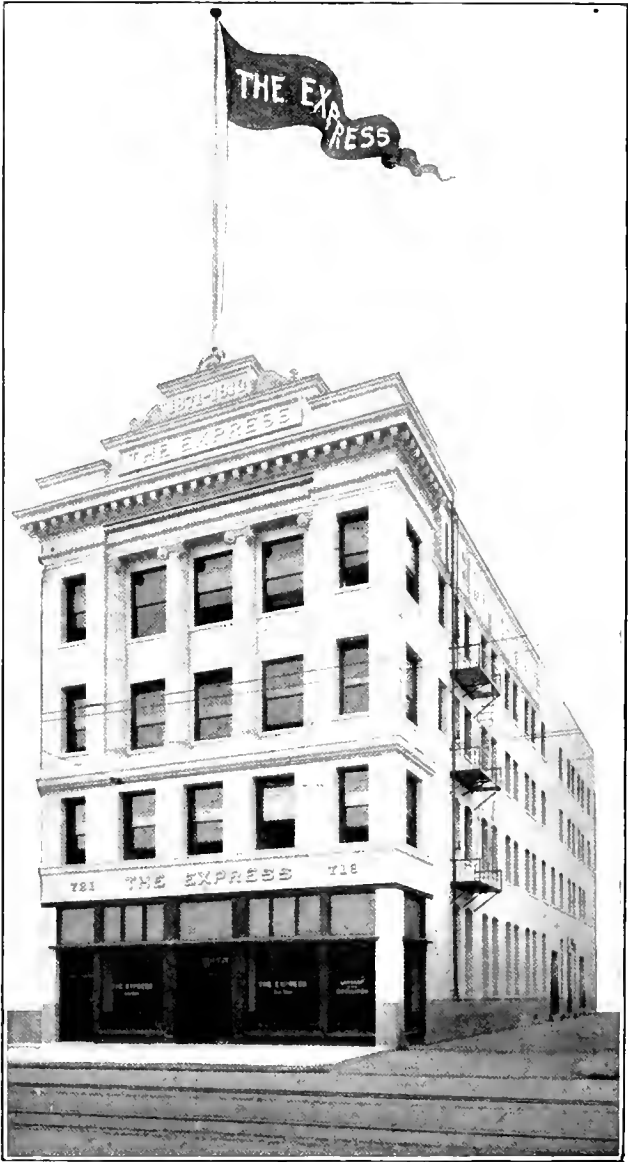
The plans have been most carefully studied and the construction of the rooms will be such as to meet every possible demand that can be made of a hotel. The addition will be divided into three wings with two large open courts, and each wing will be carried out in an entirely different character and design.

Wing "A" will be equipped in a most elaborate way. There will be one suite of two, three or four rooms on every corner of this wing, which will contain the best, the newest, and the most novel equipment and appointments that are known to hotel furnishing. It will also contain the state suite on the corner of each floor. Will contain a novelty in design of parlor, bedroom, wardrobe and bathroom that is not shown on the plans of any other hotel in the world. In connection with the beautifully appointed parlor of these suites there will be a handsomely decorated and appointed dining-room, opening off of which will be a commodious and elaborate butler's pantry and serving-room with small steam table and regular culinary equipment so that a dinner can be served in the dining-room of this suite on any floor of the building as conveniently as if it connected with the main kitchen.

The sketches and designs for these apartments are being made by local, New York, Chicago and Boston artists. There will probably be a greater departure in the equipment, draperies, floor and wall coverings in these rooms than has ever been undertaken before by a hotel. A number of these rooms will have the effect that is only to be found in the most luxurious residences. While these extremes are not favored as a rule by hotel operators, the management of Hotel Alexandria believes it has demonstrated to a certainty that this class of accommodations will be in demand.

Before getting into the public rooms we must mention the fact that a very extensive and elaborate plan is being matured for a winter or roof garden with pergola effects, many sun parlor nooks, presenting a most attractive day garden in the winter and evening garden in summer.

On wing "A," facing on Spring street, with an elevation of 25 feet or extending from the mezzanine floor to the fourth story will be the ballroom without a pillar or post 196 feet long by 50 feet wide. Off this ball and banquet room will be a service kitchen which will have direct communication with the kitchen in the basement and affording facilities for serving a banquet of 500 plates without any interruption to the house service, or really without the knowledge of the house guests. Above the service room and overlooking the ball and banquet room, with balcony effect, will be the assembly room, which will be 60 feet by 60 feet. In case of a ball or banquet, three large plunger elevators will land the guests upon their arrival in this assembly room in connection with which there will be ladies' and gentlemen's restrooms and coatrooms. A wide commodious stairway will extend from the assembly room to the ballroom floor, so that the conduct of a function will be absolutely private—guests not having to cross any



The "Express" Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

public corridors whatever after they once arrive. There will be located also on this mezzanine or ballroom floor a conservatory opening off the balcony of the mezzanine, a large commodious clubroom for gentlemen, a children's and nursery dining-room and several private dining-rooms.

On the street elevation, which will be reached from Spring street by a ladies' entrance leading into three large elevators, will be located a new cafe, 28-foot ceiling and 96 feet long by 50 feet wide, beautifully decorated and with exquisite French window and drapery effect, and beautifully upholstered chairs. Opening off of this cafe, at the rear of the elevators, connected by two large French doors, will be the Roman room in entirely different effect.

Underneath this entire floor, in the first basement with a 14-foot ceiling and 96 by 165, will be located the kitchen, one of the largest and most elaborate kitchens which has yet been designed.

Underneath this will be an especially designed wine cellar, and reserved storeroom.

Underneath this will be the mechanical plant.

Messrs. Parkinson & Bergstrom will ask for sketches from the principal artists of this country and will unquestionably present something new in the effect of these rooms that is entirely different from anything yet executed. The whole scheme will seek to affect something new, something that has not yet been done. The operators and architects of this addition to the Hotel Alexandria have not been governed in the least by what has been done elsewhere. They have simply worked out a scheme to be effective, harmonious and to please the most artistic sense, to meet a demand for something different, something new, and something unique.

Many of the great buildings of Los Angeles were visited and examined, amongst others that of the

Los Angeles Express

As befitted the oldest daily newspaper in Los Angeles—oldest in point of years, but still the most youthful in respect of vigor, The Express took a leading and conspicuous part in the welcome Los Angeles gave to the H. M. M. B. A. Its accurate reports of the proceedings of the convention, of the many and delightful informal events associated with it, and of the numerous gayeties in which the delegates individually and collectively participated, were received with an appreciation that generously rewarded The Express for all its effort to meet the requirements of that memorable occasion.

Few who come to Los Angeles fail to make favorable acquaintance with The Express, for it is one of the few newspapers of the country that is truly self-respecting, honorable, unpurchasable, and written with the real good of the mass of the people at heart.

Los Angeles is rightly regarded as a winter resort of great attractiveness. When the East and North are wrapped in ice, here the fields are green, the trees in leaf and flowers in blossom. Earth, air and sky combine

to create a paradise. All know how delightful Los Angeles is in the winter season, but relatively few know of its incomparable summers.

When in other climes the blizzards blow and the very pavements crack with cold, it is yet possible to guard against the blast behind double windows in an atmosphere fed with a furnace or warmed by radiators. When summer comes with its high temperatures and steamy humidities, there is no avoidance of discomfort. Cold can be shut out, but not the heat, and often the hot, humid nights, succeeding the hot, saturated days, occasion prolonged suffering from which there is no refuge either in the mountains or by the sea.

The rainless summers in Los Angeles are cool seasons of superb exhilaration. Rarely comes a day that gives discomfort, never a night when a blanket is not a desirable addition to the coverings of the bed. When the Los Angeles summers come to be known for what they are as widely as are the winters of Los Angeles, then the number of winter visitors will be multiplied many times in the hosts that will come for the summer months. The strip of land that runs in Southern California between the mountains and the sea is an earthly paradise in winter, but in the long cool summer season, with its pleasant days and delightful nights, it is a paradise.

The Natick House

The Natick House, located on the corner of First and Main streets, and extending considerably on each street, is one of the older hotels of Los Angeles. It is one of the less pretentious, but eminently comfortable, well-conducted, and high-class family, commercial, and transient hotels. When Mr. Hart, Senior, died in 1890, the business was taken by his two sons, George A. (then 21 years old) and Dwight H. (17 years old), and in a few years, such was their energy, push, and ability that the business far outgrew its capacity. A new story was added to the hotel, and it was otherwise enlarged and improved, many thousands of dollars being expended upon it. And yet it was not large enough. The Hart Bros. had struck the secret of successful hotel conducting. Their rooms were clean, light, airy and well cared for, their lobby bright, cheerful and busy, but to their dining-room they gave the chief thought and care. They were indefatigable and assiduous in their care for the gastronomic needs of their guests. Personally making their morning purchases from the best markets, sparing no pains or expense always to get the best there was, and then personally seeing that it was cooked, dished up and served in the most pleasing manner, commensurate with the very reasonable charge made, they soon gained a reputation that has extended across the Sierras into every town, city, ranch and mining camp of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada and Southern California.

The Natick is run on both the American and European plans, and the rates are, American, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, European, 50c to \$2.00.

They have also always run a free bus to and from all the railway depots, and now as their business has so much increased they have added a large and speedy automobile bus.

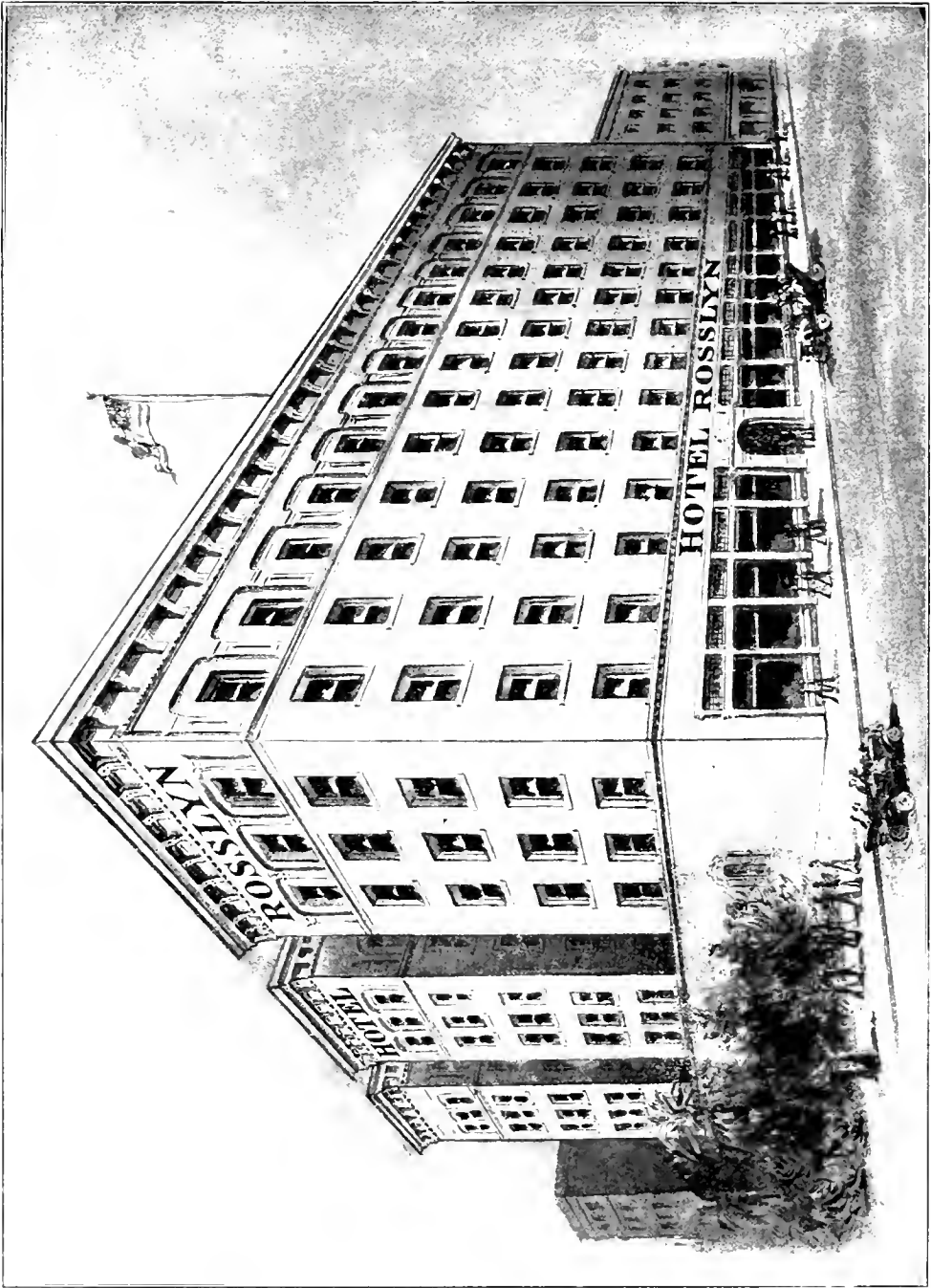


GEORGE A. HART.

Of Hart Bros. Proprietors The Natick and The Rosslyn, Los Angeles, California.

George A. Hart is one of the phenomenal successes in the hotel world of Los Angeles. On the 5th of April, 1890, his father died. He was then 21 years of age. He and his brother Dwight took charge of the Natick and for over twenty years have conducted it, adding a new story to it, and enlarging and improving constantly to meet the ever-increasing trade. Several years ago, their business at the Natick

having "overflowed," they purchased the Rosslyn, later adding to it the Lexington, and are doing the best general business in the city. The dining service of the Natick and the Rosslyn are Mr. Hart's chief pride. He says: "We do not need to advertise ordinarily. Our 25-cent meals at the Natick are the constant advertisement of our hotels."



Hotel Rosslyn, Ent. Bros., Proprietors, Los Angeles

Hotel Rosslyn

As soon as their business so increased that the Natick was altogether inadequate to their necessities they purchased the Rosslyn. This hotel is at 443 South Main street, and a newer and more modern structure than the Natick. With that enlarged sense of what a good hotel needs, Mr. George Hart began at once to make the changes and improvements that he saw the Rosslyn required, and to give personal attention to its management. In a few months it rewarded his supervision so materially that it was necessary to purchase an adjoining hotel, the Lexington, merge it into the Rosslyn, and now the combined hotels have two hundred and eighty-five rooms, of which one hundred and twenty-five have their own private bath. Flowing hot and cold water, telephone service, and all other modern conveniences in each room, give an adequate idea of the progressive management of this first-class hotel, and the prices are within the reach of all. The Rosslyn is conducted on both the American and European plans, and its rates are: European, 75c to \$2.50, American, \$1.75 to \$3.00.

So well have the Hart Bros. earned their success, that no one envies them their good fortune, and their names have long been the stimuli to the youth of the city, when an example of thrift, industry, sticking to business and energy was required.

The Van Nuys Hotel, Los Angeles

The Van Nuys is one of the most exclusive of the hotels of Southern California. Its patrons are of the permanent kind who, knowing that they are getting the very best that hoteldom can provide them, prefer to keep their patronage constant.

It is one of the absolutely fireproof structures of Los Angeles, having been built a few years ago by I. N. Van Nuys, one of the city's retired capitalists. Such special attention has always been paid to the cuisine and service that it is safe to say that no hotel in California, save the Palace and Fairmont in San Francisco, has as wide a reputation among epicures. Its present proprietors and managers, Messrs. Potter and Knapp, have had no difficulty in sustaining the enviable reputation the Van Nuys has always enjoyed. Its capacious dining-room is daily filled to its utmost capacity and a large proportion of the most refined of tourist trade that visits Los Angeles may always be found hospitably housed under its roof.

The Sierra Madre Club

While in Los Angeles a number of the members of the H. M. M. B. A. visited the Sierra Madre Club, one of the newer organizations of the city—for the purpose of learning something about the wonderful "Lake View gusher," which has been astonishing the old world for so long. The Pennsylvania contingent especially were interested. This "gusher" is the greatest oil well the world has ever known. It is situated in the "Midway" District, in the San Joaquin Valley, and "came in" on March 15, 1910. In a moment the workmen knew something wonderful had happened. The heavy tools were blown up against the crown block and after being held



The Van Nuys Hotel, Fourth St. Elevation and Entrance, Los Angeles, Cal

there for a day by the sheer force of the stream gradually wore down the derrick until, on the second day, a fiercer gust broke down all obstacles and demolished the entire structure. Then began the terrific fight against great odds, a fight that is still being waged, wrote the editor of the Los Angeles "Mining Review" on May 28, on this—the seventy-fifth day of the geyser's life. All sorts of efforts have been made. A few weeks ago cribbing of 12x12 solid timbers were erected around the mouth of the well and a raft of similar timbers held over the mouth in an effort to hold the jet down and thus save the excessive waste. For a few days the contrivance held its own, but on the fifty-seventh day the moorings gave way and once more the stream mounted several hundred feet in the air and daubed the country black. Through the courtesy of Mr. Harry Weir, we are permitted to reproduce the original picture taken a few hours after these obstacles were blown away and it is reproduced on another page. It will be noticed that a portion of the cribbing is still standing, thus giving our readers an excellent idea of the work accomplished by man after strenuous effort and carried away by Nature in the twinkling of an eye.

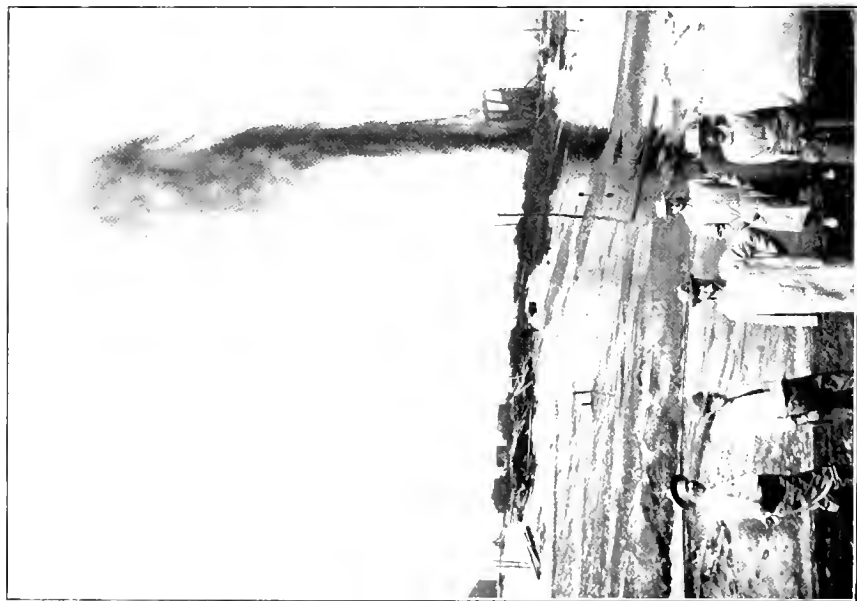
Prior to May of 1908, the ground made famous by the great Lakeview gusher was merely desert land, distinguished in no way from the other thousands of acres that have since felt the resurrecting touch of natural wealth. In the first sixty days of its existence it added practically a million and a half dollars to the new wealth of the world.

After months of struggle against lack of capital and the conspirations of Nature, four men, three of them under forty years of age, were lifted to financial safety by the great upheaval that sent thousands of barrels of crude oil scattering to the four winds and which has since poured out wealth at the rate of 50,000 barrels a day. All records of production have been surpassed by the giant geyser that still spouts its black fluid with terrific strength, and all the ingenuity of man has been called into futile play in an effort to control it and save the immense output that is of necessity in some measure lost.

For many acres around, the absorbent sands have been saturated, and day and night the struggle for supremacy has been carried on with puny man and all his ingenuity pitted against a genuine freak of Nature that laughs at his futile efforts and still coughs up its treasure with a noise that resembles the hiss and roar of some subterranean Inferno. Time and again devices have been used to control the flow, but in each case the force of the updrive from the bowels of the earth has torn down all contrivances and, as if in devilish glee, the tremendous flow spouted up again towards the heavens with a deafening roar heard for miles.

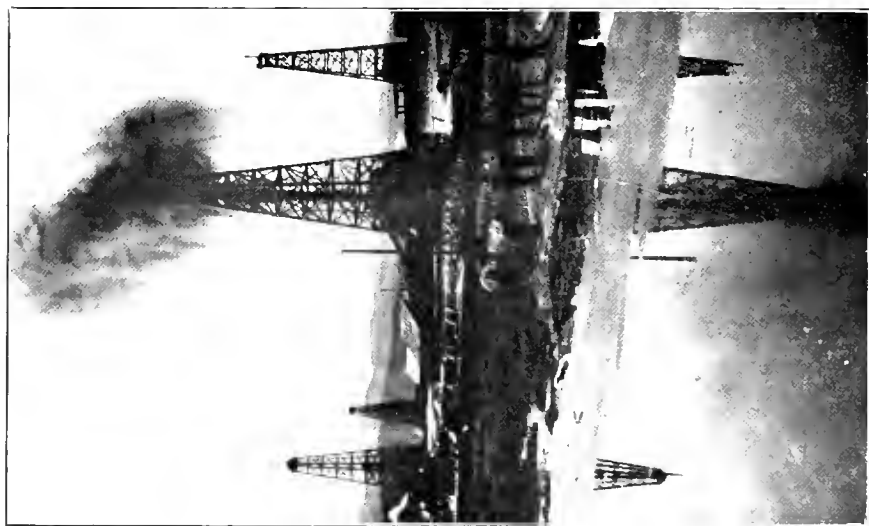
The owners of this wonderful well are John M. Dunn, Parker Barrett, Julius Fried and A. E. Hodgkinson, all of Los Angeles.

Another of the prominent mining men of Los Angeles is E. A. Montgomery, known to his friends and the mining world as "Bob." Mr. Montgomery is the president of the Sierra Madre Club, of which Mr. Sidney



The Lakeview Gusher.

The Lakeview Gusher, taken on the fifty-seventh day of its life and showing the condition of the geyser had again broken loose. Figures in the picture, pending from left to right, are: Mr. O. O. McReynolds, in charge of the Dummit-Barrett interests in the field, Mr. Matthews, chauffeur to Parker Barrett; Mr. E. H. Wilson, part owner of the Sixteen to One Mine, Allegheny County, Cal.; Mr. Harry Weir, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Parker Barrett, part owner of the Lakeview ground.



The Lakeview Gusher

Norman, the editor of the Los Angeles "Mining Review," is secretary. It was this club that planned and successfully carried out the National Mining Congress' Thirteenth Annual Convention in Los Angeles, September 26, to October 1, 1910. This club, the first mining club ever organized in any first-class city of the United States, was started in May, 1909. It was designed to make a meeting place for the mining men of the Southwest, and to provide a home of welcome for visiting operators from the surrounding mineral country. It now has upwards of 300 members, and is contemplating the erection of a million-dollar clubhouse of its own, which will doubtless come to fruition in due time.



SIDNEY NORMAN.

Sidney Norman came to Los Angeles a few years ago to become Mining Editor of the Los Angeles "Times." After successfully conducting this work for some time he became the editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles "Mining Review," now in its 27th volume. He was the chief mover in the organization of the Sierra Madre Club, has been its secretary since its inception, and is especially active in pro-

moting its welfare and everything that seeks the interests of the mining men of the Southwest. He was the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the thirteenth convention of the National Mining Congress, and to him more than to any other one man was owing the great success of that important and influential meeting.



E. A. ("Bob") MONTGOMERY

Mr. E. A. ("Bob") Montgomery, one of the most popular and widely known mining men of the Southwest who now makes his headquarters in Los Angeles. He located the Montgomery-Shoshone mines at Rhyolite in September, 1904, and, after developing the property to the 300-foot level, sold it for a large sum to Mr. Charles M. Schwab and his associates. With the capital so derived he purchased the Skidoo mines in the Panamint Range, in May, 1906, and has spent several hundred thousand dollars in providing the property with a ten-stamp mill and in bringing water from Telescope Peak. The mine is now producing at the rate of \$25,000

a month and plans for the enlargement of the plant are under way. Mr. Montgomery first visited Los Angeles in 1891, when he was called upon to examine the Silverado mines, in Orange county, and since that time has been a frequent visitor until last year, when he decided to remove to the city permanently. He has been engaged in practical mining since 1885, and a great portion of that time has been spent in Nevada and the desert portion of California. Mr. Montgomery maintains offices in the Security Building and is foremost in all public movements designed for the benefit of the mining industry. He is the president of the Sierra Madre Club.



F. G. Howland, late Proprietor La Pintoresca, Pasadena, Cal

F. G. Howland, late proprietor of the Pintoresca Hotel, is pretty nearly a native Californian, having arrived here thirty-five years ago. At that time he devoted himself to ranching, making horticulture his chief suit, and gaining such a reputation in and around Los Angeles that he was appointed Quarantine Guardian of Horticulture for the State, which important office he held for twelve or fourteen years. In 1908 he bought Hotel La Pintoresca, but while he gave large attention to the hotel, it can be seen that his chief interest was in the out-door life. In 1909 he was sent by the Mexican Government to make a study of the conditions and report upon the horticultural

and agricultural resources of the country, and as the result he has just concluded negotiations with the sister republic whereby they give him control of an immense ranch, 97,000 acres in extent, with nine miles of frontage on the coast of Sonora. This land has so favorable a location that 10,000 acres of it can at once be planted out for alfalfa, which grows profitably without irrigation. Mr. Howland has already made such a pronounced success with large undertakings that there is no doubt but that this will be another of those fortunate enterprises that will bring him, and those who are wise enough to associate with him, large financial returns.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

A visit was made to the Chamber of Commerce, and there, Frank Wiggins, the most active and well-known civic promoter of California, presented each of the guests with a beautiful souvenir booklet, full of exquisite pictures of Los Angeles and containing the following:

"Front!"

By Paul Gyllstrom

Front, Los Angeles, front! They're here—
 Hosts of the land are your guests for to-day.
 Come to this valley of mellow cheer,
 Where fairest sunshine and breezes play.

Front, Los Angeles, front! Well, well,
 Here's Jim and Harry, Bill, Dick and Fred.
 Many a yarn they will have to tell
 Of folks and things long out of my head.

Front, Los Angeles, front! Just show
 Them the room Golden—next to the sky.
 Fellows, none better, want 'em to know
 That hospitality's ever our cry.

Front, Los Angeles, front! Take that call;
 Do it in the good old Los Angeles way.
 Show that you're King Boniface of them all—
 Hosts of the land are your guests for to-day.

"Front!"

"Front" is the word of electric energy which animates Los Angeles in hospitality, in industry, in commerce, in banking, in building by the mile from the mountains to the sea, and in providing princely welcome to all visitors in the Key City of the Sunny Southland.

Los Angeles, with present population of 350,000 to 400,000, is at the Front as the most comfortable and enchanting summer resort in the whole world, and it is in Los Angeles that the people of the frigid regions of all countries find greatest delight in sojourning during the winter months.

"Front"—

In Los Angeles sunstroke is unknown.
 There are no hot nights.
 In the shade it is always cool.

On the sunny side of the street it is summer; on the shady side will be found the temperature of the spring and fall seasons.

A blanket or equal covering is necessary every night in summer.

"Front"—

Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, is the center of greatest variety of pleasures to be found in the world.

From the center of the city it is less than 40 minutes' ride in elegant electric cars to the Pacific Ocean and a dozen splendid seaside resorts, or to the foothills and the mountains and at all points ample provision is made for the entertainment of the people.

Surf bathing, fishing, baseball, tennis, golf, polo, marathon contests, and all descriptions of out door sports and pleasures are indulged in the year around.

Trips to Catalina Island, the coast, the canyons and mountains woo and charm tourists and residents alike at all seasons.

"Front"—

Truly, Los Angeles is a wonderful city, unparalleled in growth and energy—not only a summer and winter resort, but one of the most enterprising industrial and commercial centers of the entire Pacific Slope region.

"Front"—

Los Angeles is distinguished as the first city in America to hold an Aviation Meet, where the world's record for high flying was broken, with the great events witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people in the month of January under perfect conditions.

"Front"—

Jot these facts down in your memory, good friends, and welcome visitors to the land of sunshine and flowers:

Los Angeles has one of the most influential and hospitable business men's organizations in the land in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, with its representative membership of three thousand active boosters. This organization is the "Glad Hand" club of Los Angeles and Southern California. It maintains a permanent exhibit of the products of the Southland in its own building, besides keeping up a similar exhibit on a smaller scale at Atlantic City, and making known the fact that California is on the map at all national and at many of the international expositions. In the parlors of the Chamber all of the distinguished men of the nation and foreign countries who have visited Los Angeles have been given the "Glad Hand" of welcome and addresses of national interest have been delivered.

Los Angeles justly prides herself on the size and magnificence of her splendid hotels and other facilities of entertainment. Despite the rapid growth of the city, successful efforts have been made in building hotels for the crowds. Even now expenditure of nearly \$3,000,000 is being made for the enlargement of present hotels and for the erection of new hotels.

Theaters and other places of entertainment day and night abound, and provision is made for trips to the mountains and the sea at all hours, while the allurements of auto journeys over solid roads are irresistible.

Two important pages of this booklet read as follows:

A Few Things We Want You to Know

That the city of Los Angeles is the most comfortable summer resort in the whole world. Sunstroke is unknown. There are no hot nights. In the shade it is always cool. A blanket or equal covering is necessary every night in summer. From the center of the city it is less than 40 minutes ride to the Pacific Ocean and a dozen splendid seaside resorts, or to the mountains and an equal number of mountain hotels. There are 13 large theaters open every night in the year that among them give at least three matinees daily. There are 30 moving picture shows, and two amusement parks open all the time. There are thirty different trolley trips and a hundred different automobile drives.

That Los Angeles is spending \$23,000,000 (voted 10 to 1) to bring an abundant supply of pure water 220 miles to the city, and that more and better water, in less time and at less expense than was estimated will be the result about June 1, 1912. Los Angeles will spend from three to five millions in power plants along this great aqueduct, and from the sale of electric power generated will not only pay for all power expenditures, but will also in a very few years (probably by 1925) pay off the entire debt of \$23,000,000 and interest authorized to bring the water.

That Los Angeles Harbor at San Pedro, recently (by a vote of 70 to 1) made a part of the city of Los Angeles, is absolutely safe for the largest sea-going vessels and can be entered safely in any kind of weather. That it is the logical harbor for the trade of the Orient, when the Panama canal shall have been completed. The city of Los Angeles has promised to spend \$10,000,000 in the next ten years on the further improvement of this great harbor.

That Los Angeles County voted (3 to 1) and is now spending \$3,500,000 for a permanent system of good roads connecting the city with every part of the county.

In Los Angeles County at Los Angeles, San Gabriel and San Fernando, are three Old Franciscan Missions. At Santa Barbara, San Buena Ventura, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano, San Diego, San Luis Rey (all in Southern California) are other equally ancient, historical and interesting missions, each deserving of a special visit.

All over Southern California are hundreds of Orange and Lemon groves, in some of which the golden yellow fruit can be seen each and every month of the year. Ripe Figs, Pomegranates, Loquats, Guavas, Bananas and Pine-apples can be pulled from growing trees or plants in proper season.

Within two hours' ride from Los Angeles there are more than 60 towns and cities having from 500 to 35,000 population. All are worth visiting. Many are unique and historically attractive; others are far famed because of their beautiful homes, orange orchards, ocean bathing and fishing and splendid tourist hotels. Among them are San Gabriel and San Fernando, Pasadena, Hollywood, Covina, Long Beach, Venice, Ocean Park, Redlands, Riverside and Catalina.

That Los Angeles has the best hotel accommodations in the United States. First-class and family hotels, advantageously located throughout the city, can care for 100,000 guests. Now building a \$2,000,000 addition to one of the largest hotels in the city.

That Los Angeles is immediately surrounded by an exceptionally fertile and productive country. Products for the last 12 months are as follows: Citrus fruits, 38,000 carloads; vegetables, carloads—celery, 2,000; cabbage, 500; tomatoes, 125; potatoes, 250; onions, 150; cauliflower, 300; nuts, 8,000 tons; cantaloupes, 1,400 carloads; raisins and dried fruits, 9,000 tons; butter, 6,000,000 lbs.; cheese, 950,000 lbs.; eggs, 100,000 cases; canned goods, 500,000 cases; olives, pickled 1,000,000 gals., olive oil, 500,000 gals.; beet sugar, 135,000,000 lbs.; wine and brandy, 7,500,000 gals.; petroleum, 53,000,000 bbls.; beans, 44,000 tons.

That Southern California has an unlimited supply of cheap fuel oil and electrical power, which together with its all-the-year-around "out of doors" climate, its three transcontinental railroads and its splendid harbor (within the city limits) makes Los Angeles and vicinity ideal locations for all kinds of manufactories.

That Los Angeles has the best Electric (urban and interurban) railroad system in the world, and that it has 50 per cent more interurban electric train departures each day, than there is from Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, Dayton, Indianapolis, Ft. Wayne and Springfield combined.

How We Grow

Population of Los Angeles, 1900, 102,000; 1909, 350,000.

Postage Stamps Sold, 1900, \$245,000; 1909, \$1,250,000.

Bank Clearings, 1900, \$115,000,000; 1909, \$675,000,000.

Building Permits, 1900, \$2,517,996; 1901, \$4,381,855; 1902, \$9,612,331; 1903, \$13,046,438; 1904, \$13,409,062; 1905, \$15,482,067; 1906, \$18,158,497; 1907, \$13,275,943; 1908, \$9,934,298; 1909, \$12,700,000; an average of over \$1,300,000 per month for the last eight years.

Building Permits for March, 1910, \$1,716,921.

Bank Clearings for March, 1910, \$73,350,265.90.

That Los Angeles has:

Banks—Commercial and savings, 33; total capital and surplus, \$20,000,000; deposits, \$110,000,000; clearances for 1909, \$675,000,000; an increase of \$150,000,000 over 1908.

Schools—Public school buildings, including State Normal, 113; teachers, 1,275; school children enrolled, 50,000; miscellaneous private schools and colleges, 40.

Parks—Public parks, 22. One of which, containing over 3,000 acres, is the largest municipal park in the world.

Churches—All denominations, 225.

That Southern California has one of the largest oil deposits in the world. The output for the past year was upwards of 53,000,000 barrels crude oil.

That every year Los Angeles is adding big industrial plants. One company during the past year expended \$1,000,000 for buildings and modern machinery.

Los Angeles city and county has hundreds of miles of asphalted streets and oiled roads for automobiling.

That Los Angeles has two telephone companies serving over 68,000 subscribers: equivalent to a telephone for each family.

That Los Angeles is the best all-the-year-around convention city in the United States.

That Los Angeles has no equal as a winter resort and entertains more tourists than any other city, anywhere.

That the summer climate of Los Angeles is no less admirable than its winter climate.

That it costs no more—perhaps not as much—to live in Los Angeles as in other American cities.

That Los Angeles is the greatest shipping point in the world for oranges, beans and olive oil, and the greatest lumber port in the United States.

That Los Angeles supports more automobiles than any other city of its size.

That Los Angeles manufactories number over 1,500 and employ over 12,000 men.

That Los Angeles will be a city of 1,000,000 population in 10 to 15 years.

The Benham Indian Trading Co.

There were several members of the party while in Los Angeles expressed their desire to purchase Navaho blankets, Indian baskets and other similar curios. Knowing my interest in such things, they naturally appealed to me, and several blankets and baskets were taken home by happy collectors as a consequence. Not keeping a stock of these things myself, I took them to the Benham Company, which, to me, is doing one of the most interesting branches of business in the West. This house, which is the largest in the country, is located at 514 South Hill street, Los Angeles. It is the whole sale depot from which the collectors and museums of this country and Europe are supplied.

The company is interested in twelve trading posts on the different Indian reservations, and can offer their customers an assortment of personally selected Navaho rugs which can not be seen elsewhere. If you buy of them you are sure to get the genuine Navaho weave with best patterns and staple colors, transplanted from the squaw's desert home to yours, and rich with interesting traditions.

It is a pleasure for me to refer to the work of this company, for it is one of the few companies that has traded with the Indians of America without exploiting them. On the other hand, they have striven for their benefit. They have long realized that the time has come when radical steps must be taken in order to maintain the weaving of the Navaho blanket in

its truest significance, and to do this the Indians must be discouraged in the use of the many lined commercial dyes so prevalent in the past few years and gradually be brought back to the old style colors and designs, that were so full of meaning. With this end in view they have had a New York chemist experimenting with dyes, the object being to reproduce the old colors in dyes that were absolutely fast. They have also loaned several of their best blankets to the weavers to be used for patterns. With endless perseverance they have fully instilled the idea into the heads of the weavers adjacent to their trading posts and as a result their blankets are entirely free from objectionable features.



Fine Indian Baskets, in the collection of the Benham Indian Trading Co., Los Angeles

Specimens of these fine weave blankets were exhibited in the Anthropology Building at the World's Fair in St. Louis, and a grand prize was awarded the Benham Company by the superior jury of scientists for their beautiful blankets. As they deal direct with the Indians their facilities are unrivaled and they can offer their customers the best inducements as to price, variety and quality. The modern fine weave and modern Bayetta blankets can only be had at one of their stores. Their assortment of the coarser Navaho rugs such as are sold in other stores is very large and in a great variety of patterns. They are all personally selected of stable colors only and are the best products of Indian art in weaving. They also carry a varied assortment of old Bayettas, chiefs' robes, squaw dresses and Chimallo Indian blankets.

In addition they have one of the finest stocks in existence of Indian baskets, which, to select customers, they will send out on approval. I will personally guarantee that whatever they send, be it blanket, basket, rug or beadwork, it will be genuine Indian, and the price will be as reasonable as any in the trade.



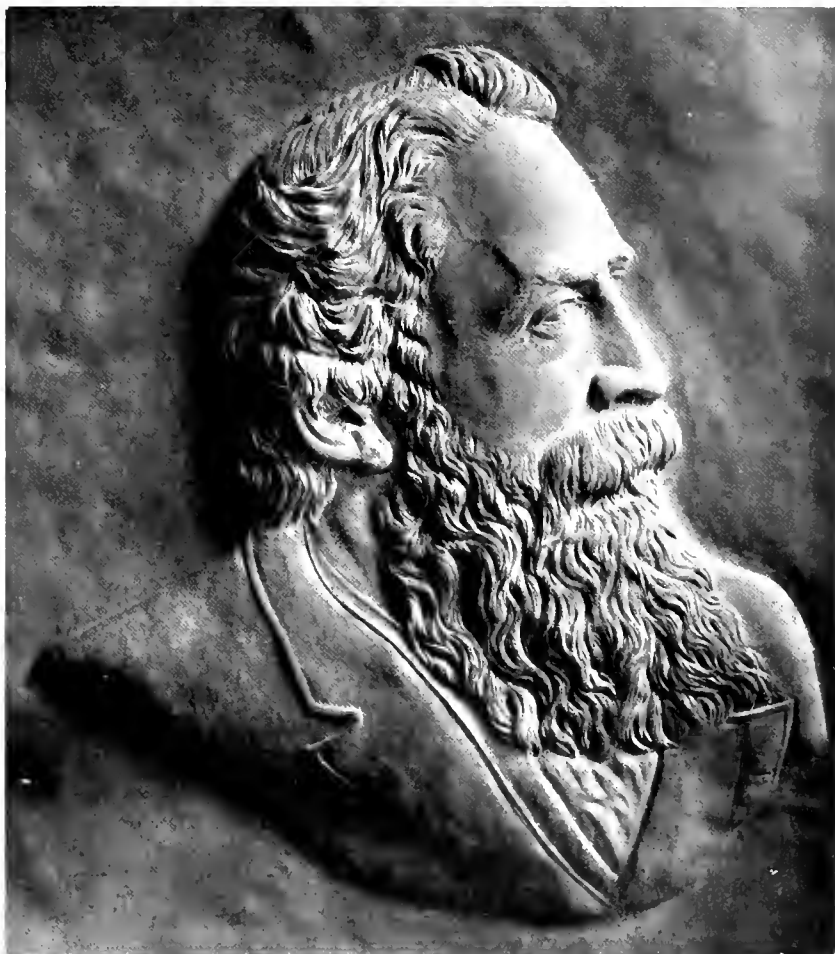
Extraordinary Design on a fine Yokut Basket, in Collection of Benham Indian Trading Co., Los Angeles.

An Extraordinary Repousse Artist

Mankind has always desired to perpetuate in some permanent form the facial and other characteristics of those it has delighted to honor. To this we owe the vast number of statues, paintings, bas-reliefs, bronzes and the like that belong to every progressive country from the earliest times down to the present day. It is the secret of the rock-hewn temples found on the banks of the Upper Nile, and one of the strong motives that led to the erection of the magnificent temples on the Lower Nile. Sculptured bas-reliefs of the great Pharaohs and kings of Egypt are found in large number together with tablets representing distinct historic scenes, in which these great monarchs of antiquity took important parts. This desire to perpetuate one's facial characteristics was one of the strongest motives in the embalming of the bodies of the dead of Egypt's great men, and in it is the ulterior motive of the erection of the vast pyramids.

In China and Japan the casting of bronzes, and the carving of wood, stone, ivory, etc., have been carried on as a high art for many centuries. The chief motive for this has been that there might be preserved a perma-

nent memorial of the great ones who have passed away. In the jungles of India, in the sandy wastes of Asia Minor, where ancient temples have been found and explored, scores of carvings of human features have been found, and in Rome, the triumphal arches bore carefully sculptured bas reliefs, giving pictorial representation of the Cæsars and generals in whose honor



Bas Relief in Copper, of George Wharton James, made by A. de Wolffers, Los Angeles, Cal.

they were erected, and important scenes in their triumphant careers. The sculptured statues of Greece and Rome are all that remain to us to suggest the appearance of Homer, Demosthenes, Aeschylus, Virgil and other of the notables—statesmen, warriors, poets, philosophers—of those earlier days, and even when painting on wood and canvas became common, so that portraits could be preserved with reasonable fidelity, the ease with which canvas could be destroyed still led men to prefer the more indestructible

media, when they wished to preserve their features for the benefit and instruction of posterity.

Only to the extremely wealthy, however, are sculptures, bronzes, marble bas-reliefs, etc., possible, and yet there are many who laudably desire either for themselves, or for others, the opportunity for the transmission to future generations of their facial characteristics. Of all methods, none has proven so successful as that of repoussé work. This is the art of hammering out, in brass, copper or other metal, a relief of the object to be pictured and preserved. It was brought to the highest state of perfection by the Italian, Benvenuto Cellini, who was born in 1500 and lived for seventy years. His choice work is preserved in the royal treasuries of Italy, Portugal, Spain, France and Russia. Specimens are to be found, here and there, scattered throughout Europe. He combined artistic genius in conception with artistic skill and genius in execution, and the result is he placed upon the highest pedestal of the arts in metals his own great achievements.

To reproduce a portrait, a true facial presentment, however, requires a peculiar genius. Many excellent workers in repoussé who are able to make excellent landscapes or general representations of animals and the like utterly fail when they endeavor to make a portrait. Now and again an artist is found who possesses this usual gift to a greater or lesser degree.

Los Angeles is fortunate in the possession, at the present time, of such an artist. He is Alfred de Wolffers, a refined and cultured Frenchman of good family, who, in one of his exuberant feelings of democracy, cast loose from his titled associations in France and came and settled in this New World, where he felt that every man would be required to make his own way regardless of all adventitious facts of birth and so-called position. During his hours of idleness he had acquired this art of repoussé work, and now turned to it with serious earnestness as the means of his livelihood. In Washington, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and later, in San Francisco, he achieved considerable fame and success. The accompanying portrait, done in hammered copper, of George Wharton James, the well-known explorer, author, and lecturer, is the product of his skill, and to those who need such a portrait, a memorial tablet, or anything of the kind that must endure exposure to the weather, withstand fire, and be of an enduring nature (without incurring the great expense of bronze casting), his work is especially commended.

Commissions are respectfully solicited, and orders will be given personal and prompt attention.

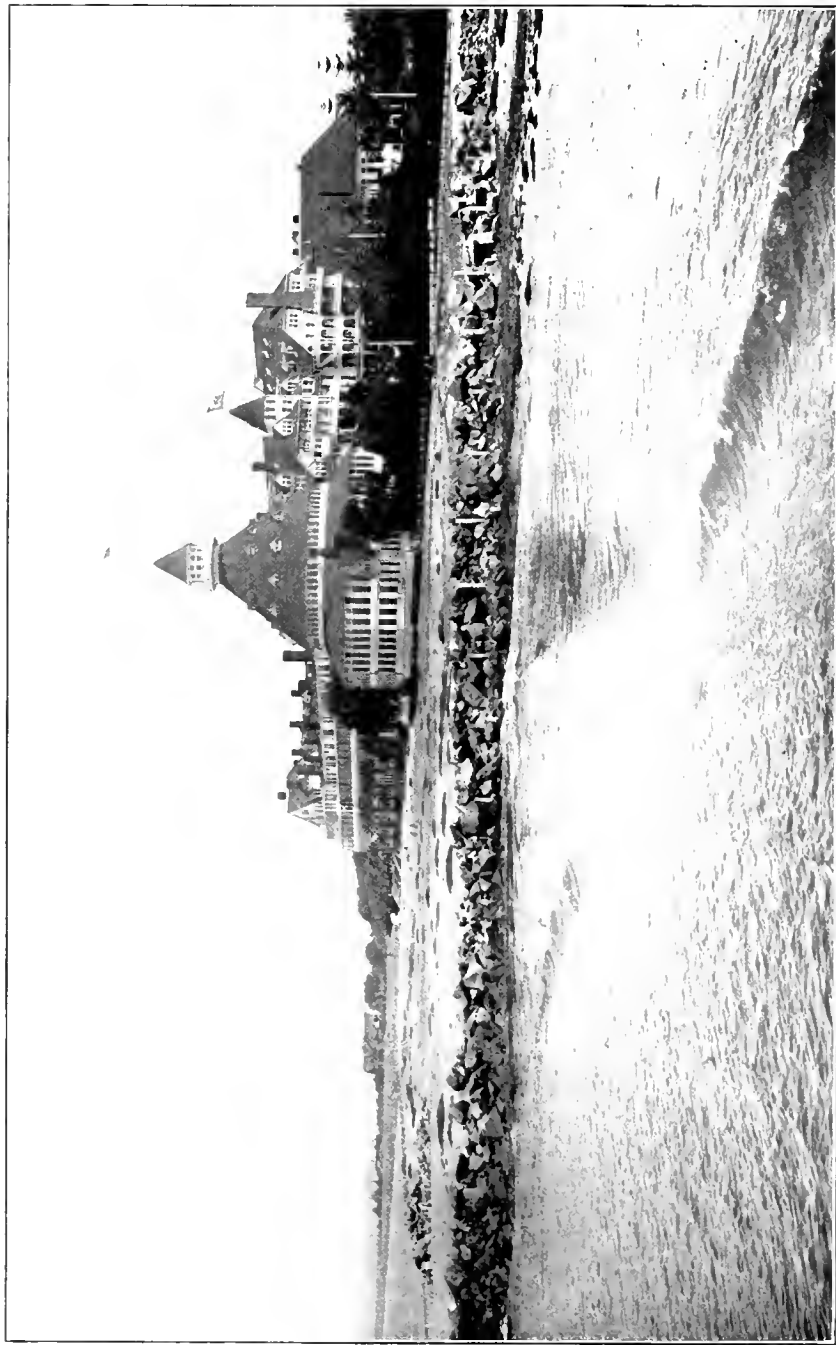
Address Wm. L. Judson, President Arroyo Guild of Fellow Craftsmen, College of Fine Arts, 212 Thorne street, Los Angeles, Cal., or M. Alfred de Wolffers in person, at the same address.



Carleton Gilbert, who managed the Hotel Virginia during the visit of the H. M. M. B. A.

Carleton Gilbert was born at Jackson, Michigan, but for the past twelve years has been identified with hotel management on the Pacific Coast. He began at the Occidental, San Francisco, thence acquiring the management of The Sequoia, on Geary street, which he soon made a dividend payer. After the fire he went to the Potter at Santa Barbara and the Von Nuys in Los Angeles, whence he

acquired the Stetson, in Seattle, Wash. Here he was so successful that the Empire Hotel Co. engaged him to conduct the Butler Annex, which he did with entire success until called to the Virginia at Long Beach. Since the visit of the H. M. M. B. A., however, he has taken a much-needed rest, and is now negotiating for one of the large hotels of Los Angeles.



Hotel del Coronado, Coronado, Cal., Morgan Ross, Manager.

A Side Trip to San Diego—Hotel Del Coronado

While San Diego and Coronado Beach were not included in the regular itinerary on this trip, several of those who remembered the Seventeenth Annual Banquet held at Hotel del Coronado, and many others who had heard of the fame of these places, or who had visited them before and wished to see them again, stole away from Los Angeles and ran down to the extreme southwestern corner of the United States.

Hotel del Coronado is now under the management of Morgan Ross, who, without having rebuilt the hotel has so completely changed it that one feels himself in an entirely new place as he recalls the Coronado of old. The old furnishings of every description have been discarded and new ones installed. Every modern device for comfort, luxury and convenience has been added, and such an entire change made in the general directorate of the hotel, grounds and surroundings, that the charm, pleasure and delight of a visit have been most materially enhanced.

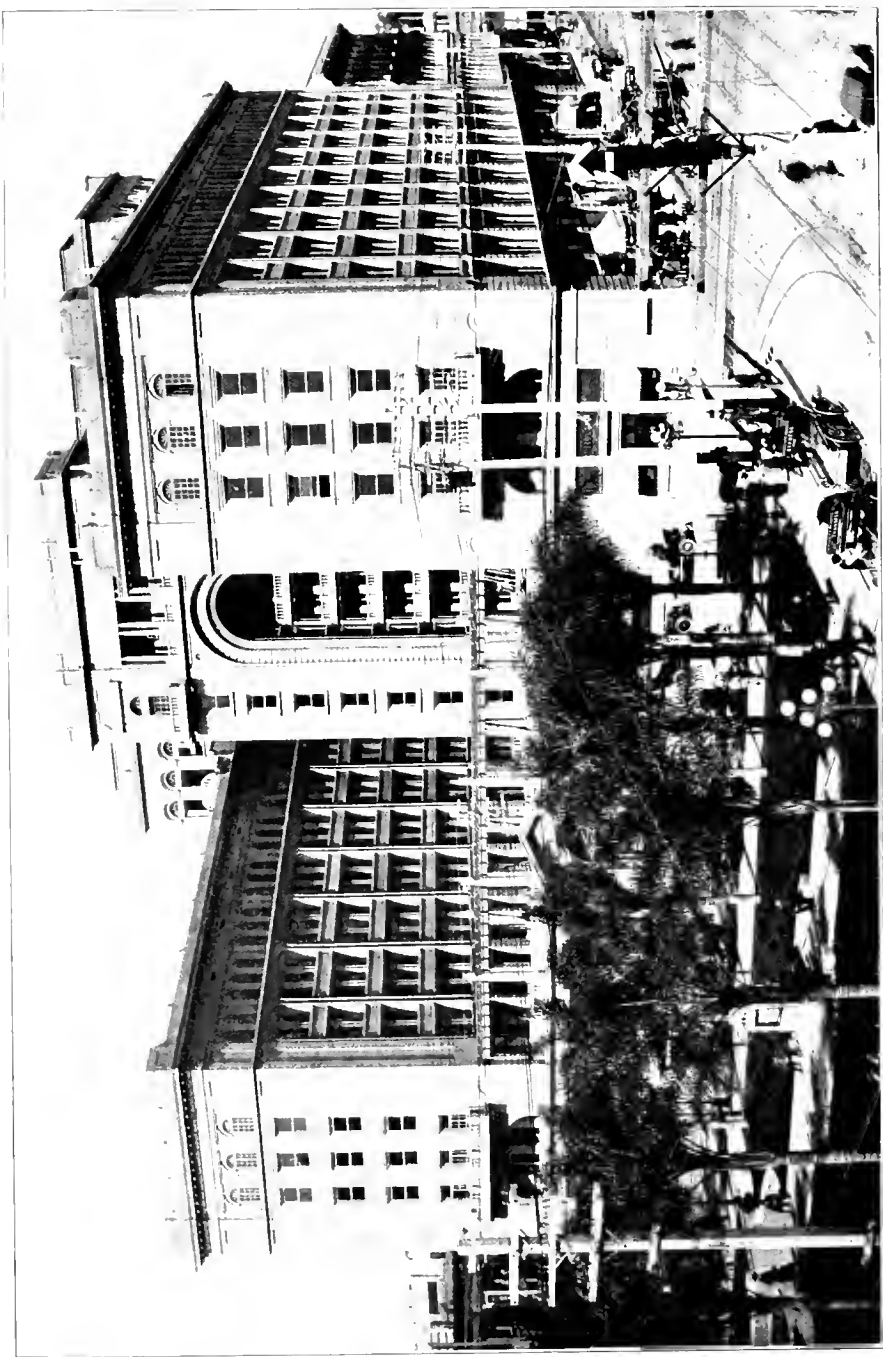
Hotel del Coronado is especially equipped for golf, the climatic conditions being so perfect that scarcely a day in the year passes without the enthusiast being able to play his favorite game with comfort. Tennis events here are of international importance and all the great players of the world appear on the courts. Coronado is one of the only places where archery is a regular pastime, and those who enjoy polo find in Mr. Ross an expert in the game who has done much to foster it in California. The international tournament takes place here. There is also a fine mile track on which pony and horse races are held every season, and paper chases for cross-country-riding are regular events of the season. Automobile races and gymkhanas are held every winter, and clay-pigeon tournaments add to the out door festivities. The close proximity to Mexico also allows to hunters special privileges not obtainable in the United States, gained through concessions from the Mexican Government to the management of Hotel del Coronado.

Yet with all these sports I have not yet touched upon those provided by the water. With the bay on one side and the ocean on the other, the water-lover has everything that heart can desire. Yachting, boating, canoeing, fishing, swimming, marine sports of every kind are regularly provided.

As for the rooms of Hotel del Coronado, everything that a perfect management can suggest has been installed for the comfort of guests. The cuisine has already added many laurels to Mr. Morgan Ross's fame as one of the great hotel directors of the United States.

The Grant Hotel, San Diego

The visitors all returned to Los Angeles enthusiastic with what their brief trip south had revealed to them. They had anticipated much at Hotel del Coronado and had received more than they expected, but they were surprised beyond measure at the marked progress. During the last few years the city of San Diego has made a growth in population and a development in all material things that is simply wonderful. A great number



The new Grant Hotel, San Diego, Cal., J. H. Holmes, Manager.

of new buildings have recently been erected, such as the Union Building, the Public Library, the magnificent High School and the Elks' Hall. The great department store buildings call forth praise, but surpassing them all in grandeur, excellence and magnificence is the New Grant Hotel. This hotel by its size, equipment and management at once leaps to the front rank, even among Southern California's noted hotels. Its owner has done his part in providing a building that would not suffer in comparison with the finest hotel buildings of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston, in this country, or of Paris, London or Berlin, in Europe. Just as U. S. Grant, general of the United States Army, and President of the United States, stood on an equality with any of the monarchs or generals of the old or new world, so does this new hotel at once and without question take its proper place as one of the "noted few." It is said by wide travelers to be the most beautiful concrete building in America. Much is said about buildings being fireproof. In the case of the U. S. Grant Hotel, there is absolutely no wood in the building except the doors, which are of solid mahogany. It has 500 rooms, 350 of which have private baths. Its grill is called "Bivouac Grill," in remembrance of the many bivouacs of the army life of the great American general, after whom the hotel is named. It has eighteen arches in the walls, twenty-two feet long and ten feet high, with an exquisite oil painting fitted into each arch. Each painting represents one of the great nations. The ceilings, etc., are decorated with the flags, crests, coats of arms, etc., of the nations depicted, suggestive of the wonderfully cosmopolitan character of this great American nation, which is made up from the sturdy, the strong, the men of achievement and character of all nations.

The Palm Court is an exquisitely beautiful and charmingly picturesque feature of the hotel. It is fully equipped with furniture of the most cozy and comfortable description for lounging, resting, and the enjoyment of tea, after dinner coffee, etc. Tea will be served each afternoon, at which rich and pleasing music will be discoursed by a Hungarian orchestra. The Roof Garden has no equal in the West, if in the world, and it is provided with open-air sleeping apartments for the growing number of intelligent and thoughtful travelers who have learned the peace, comfort and serenity that come from spending their sleeping hours under the silent stars.

The hotel has a fully equipped Turkish bath with two plunges, each of fifty feet long, filled with salt water from the ocean warmed to a comfortable and suitable temperature.

It will thus be seen that it is as essentially a high class tourist hotel as any one of the Florida Coast hotels, or the noted hotels of Switzerland. It is also admirably adapted for the comfort and convenience of transients.

The plaza directly in front of the hotel gives an added charm, and it contains a \$25,000 electric fountain, which is a feature few Western hotels can boast. Close at hand are the opera houses, theaters, and the shopping district.

Another feature of importance is the great Music Room on the tenth floor, built to comfortably accommodate 1,650 people at one time. On the ninth floor are two dining-rooms, so that conventions or other large gatherings can be easily and conveniently handled without, in the slightest, disturbing the regular routine of the house.

San Diego is thus prepared to give to many who have hitherto only heard of it, a taste of its wonderfully equable climate. There is nothing superior to it in the world, and confessedly so. The roads, too, are carefully prepared and kept in order throughout the whole county, especially to give joy to automobilists. The hunting and fishing of San Diego is well known, and the golf course is second to none on the coast.

Uniting his trained and experienced energies with the capital of Mr. Grant, the builder, that veteran hotelman of California, J. H. Holmes (who for upwards of twenty years made the fame of the Hotel Green, Pasadena, reach to the farthest confines of the traveling world) will have full charge of the operation of the hotel. The furnishings were installed under his competent direction, and the whole staff, from office to kitchen, is of his choice. To "those who know" and have traveled, nothing further need be said.

CHAPTER V

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1910---PASADENA DAY

The Cawston Ostrich Farm, Mount Lowe, The Raymond, Pasadena

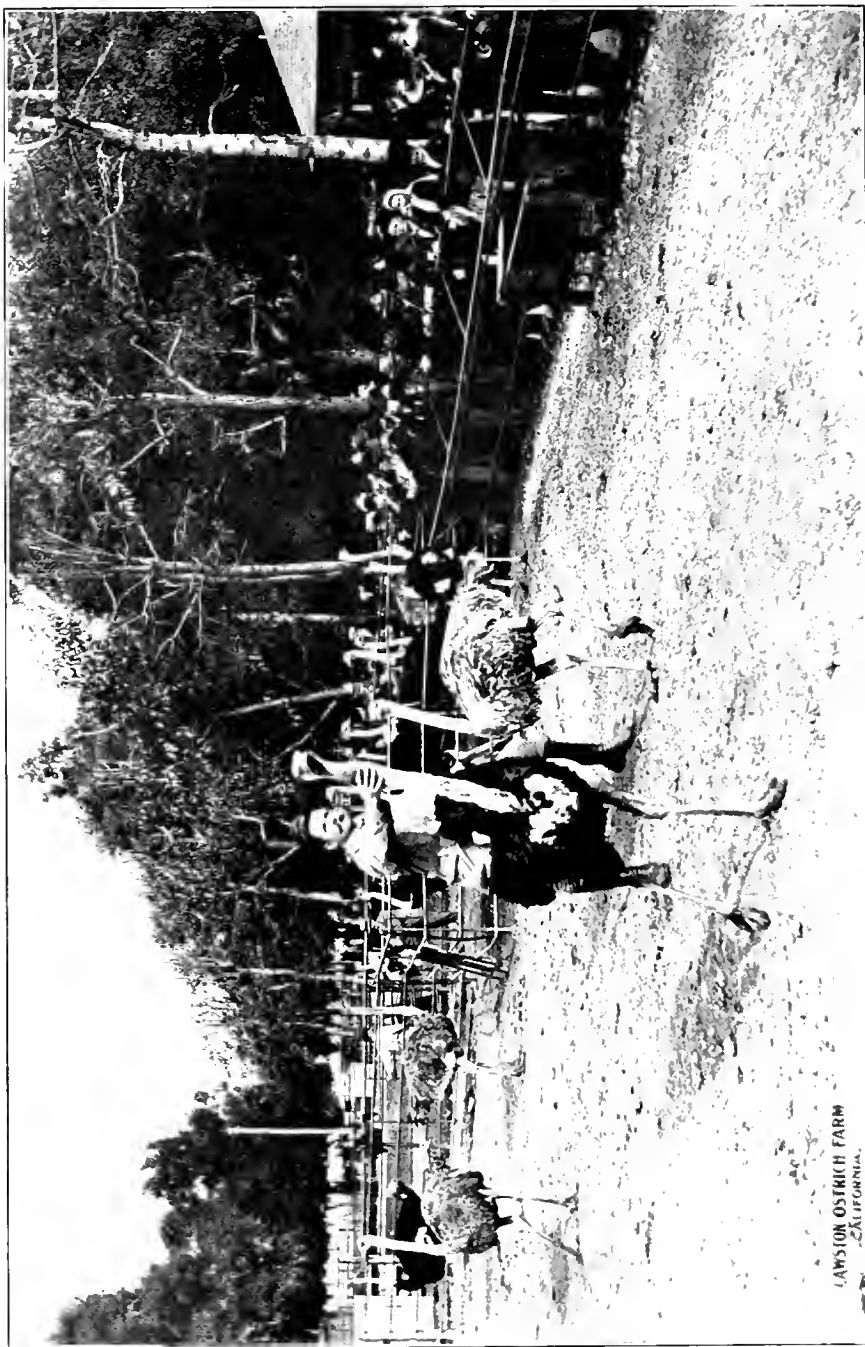
Wednesday, April 13, was certainly a most strenuous day. Shortly before 8:30 everybody assembled at the Hotel Van Nuys, where Messrs. Potter and Knapp exerted themselves to make all feel at home and wish they had been there all the time. Special cars then conveyed the jolly crowds to the Cawston Ostrich Farm, where Professor T. S. C. Lowe awaited them and met many of his old friends of the 1896 excursion. The ladies were divided as to which interested them most, the ostriches or the feathers in the salesroom. They mainly compromised on the latter. But all were profoundly impressed with the business-like sagacity and foresight of Mr. Edwin Cawston, the founder of this farm, and the original promoter of the ostrich feather industry in America. Hotelmen of all others are able to appreciate foresight and initiative, so they were all pleased to know that in looking over the

Cawston Ostrich Farm

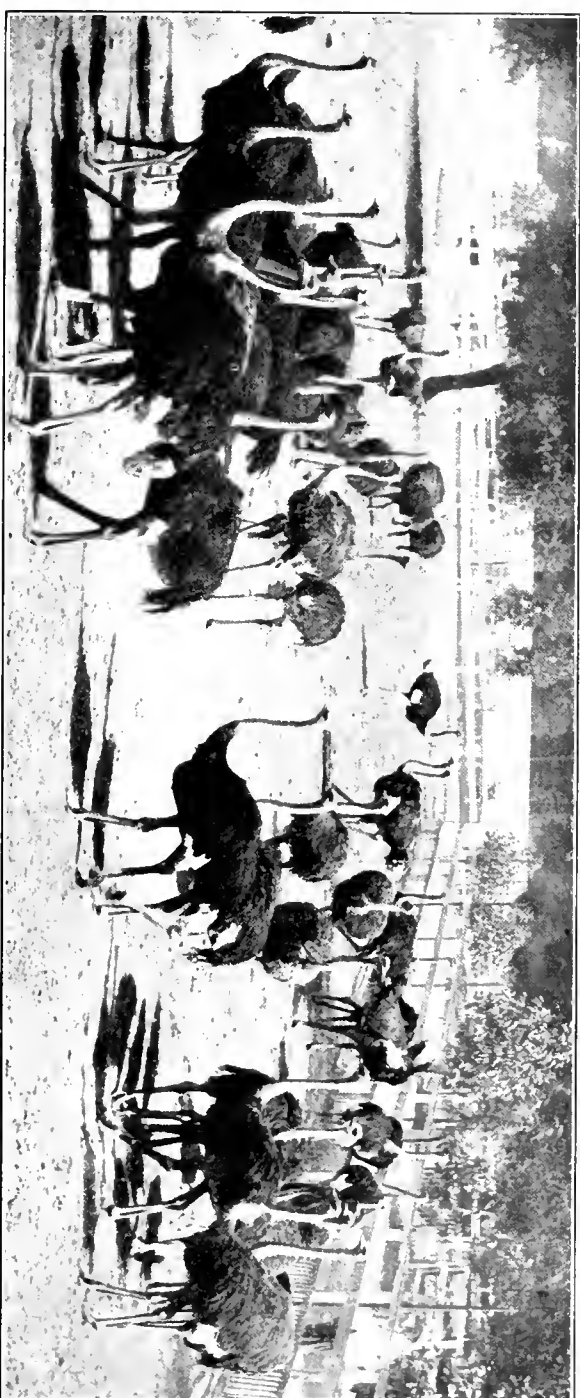
they were enjoying the original, the pioneer, the greatest and largest of all of its kind. It has long been one of the institutions of Southern California, and there is hardly a traveler or tourist who has visited Los Angeles, but has admired this unique and interesting establishment. In fact, the name of the Cawston Ostrich Farm has become so identified with Southern California, that in every part of the world the mention of one suggests the other.

Located in South Pasadena, it occupies a picturesque and beautiful semi-tropical park of its own, and here, amid the flowers, palms and shrubbery, the California ostrich lives, and thrives, and is the object of much curious and admiring attention.

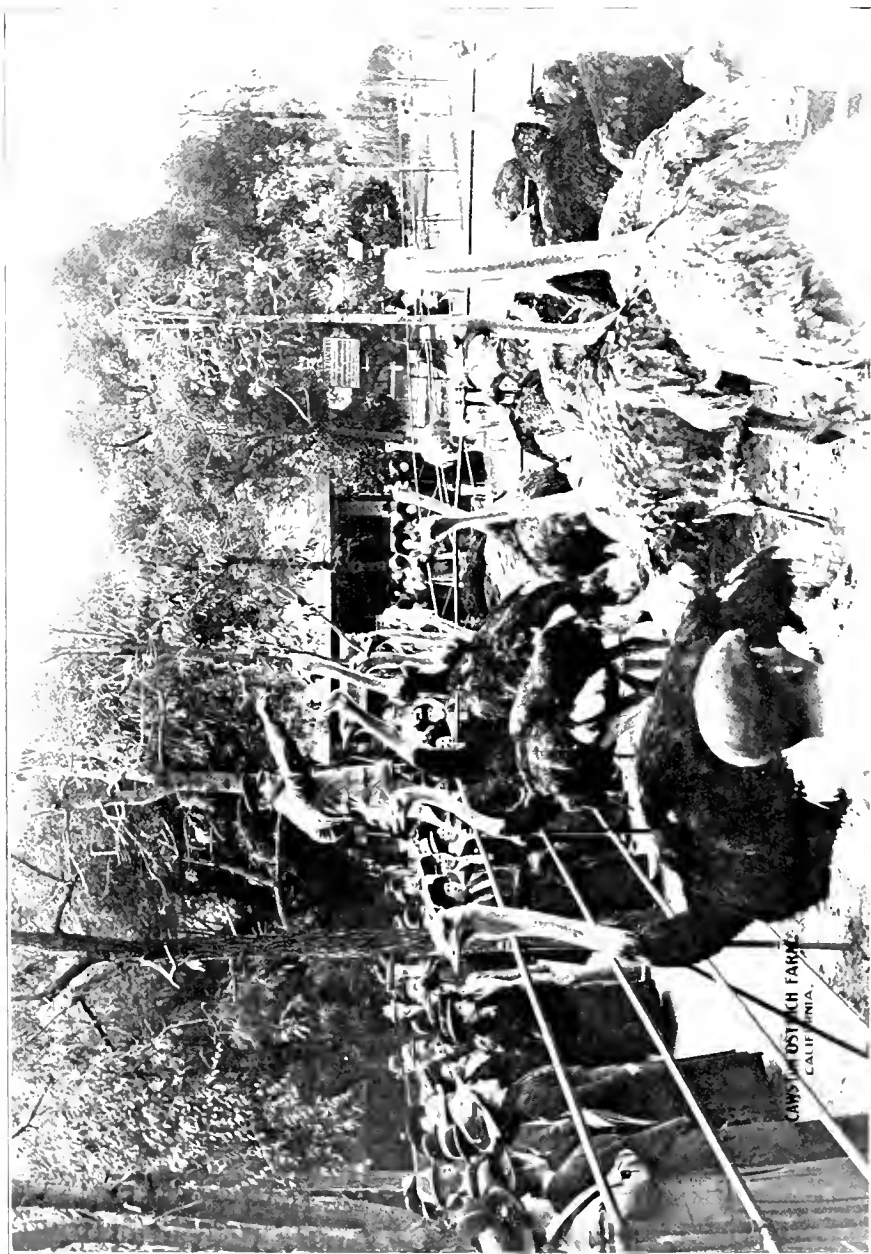
A place of interest, instruction and entertainment it is, to be sure, and one that adds much to the attraction of California, but the utility of the farm is not wholly to cater to the sight-seeing public. It has a broader and more useful mission—that of raising the great birds for the feathers. For twenty-five years or more the flock has been cared for, and grown until it is now the largest on the Western Continent, and in Southern California, the finest feather product of the world is produced at the Cawston. The exhibits of the farm have received medals and awards in every exhibition in the world where they have been on display. The plucking is done at the farm from the male birds only, and frequently this interesting operation has been done in public. They are made up in the factory on the farm,



Riding an Ostrich at Cawston (the original) Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena, Cal.



At Cawston's Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena, Cal.



Feeding the ostriches, Cawston Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena, Cal.

and being only the feathers of the male birds, they possess life, luster, strength and beauty not to be found in other feather goods.

So in addition to adding its attractiveness to the many places of interest in Southern California, the Cawston Farm has provided an industry that adds many thousands of dollars each year to the resources of this section. The sale of the feathers reaches out over the world, and visitors from all parts of the country, and from abroad, have taken them home from California.

The Cawston Ostrich Farm was established in 1886 and sent its first exhibit of plumes to the Omaha Exhibition in 1898, for which it was awarded First Prize. This was not so remarkable as its success of two years later, when Cawston invaded France, the center of the ostrich feather industry, and with his products, carried off the Gold Medal at the World's Exposition held in Paris. Since then, Cawston feathers have won prizes everywhere, ending their list of victories for the time being by taking the Grand Prize at the Seattle Fair, 1909.

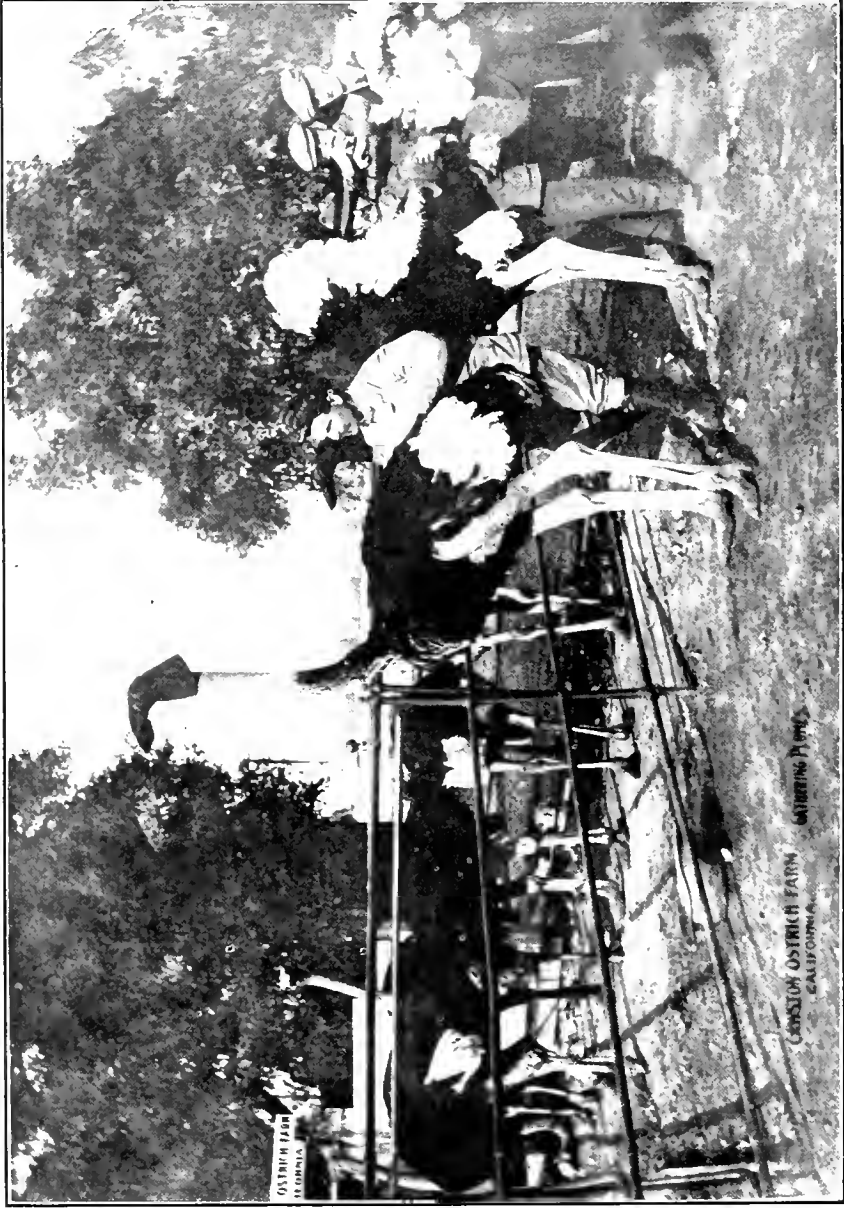
The products of the Cawston Ostrich Farm are not sold exclusively for millinery purposes. Many dainty toilet accessories, such as boas, muffs and fans are manufactured. These as well as the heavy plumes are much in vogue at all seasons and are sold locally at prices much more reasonable than those usually asked and obtained elsewhere. The ostrich eggs are also a popular souvenir. They are of an enormous size as compared with those of the common fowl, the average measurement being from four to six inches in diameter. Pictures of the birds themselves, views of the ostrich farms or of Southern California, hand-painted on the empty shell, make them an attractive and valuable memento.

One of the most superbly appointed stores in Los Angeles is the city salesrooms at No. 313 South Broadway, where the finished feather in all of its many beautiful styles makes a display not seen in any other store or city.

The result of this visit undoubtedly will be that the visitors on this occasion, whenever they may need ostrich feathers, will deal directly with the Cawston Farm, of South Pasadena.

Mount Lowe Railway

Time was all too short, and few were ready to leave the Ostrich Farm when the call was made "All aboard for Mount Lowe." Passing through South Pasadena, and getting a beautiful view of sightly Hotel Raymond on the way, then on through Pasadena and Altadena, a half hour's delightful ride brought the visitors to Rubio Canyon, at the foot of the celebrated great cable incline of the Mount Lowe Railway. It is proper to say in passing that this railroad, conceived and built by Prof. T. C. S. Lowe nearly twenty years ago, has the world's record for safe operation, not one of the hundreds of thousands of visitors carried having ever been harmed or hurt. Furthermore, this incline railroad to summit of Echo Mountain brought about a revolution in mountain railroad building, and to day no more



Gathering the Phones from the Ostriches at Cayston Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena, Cal.

mountain roads are built on the old cog principle. The trolley leading from the summit of Echo Mountain to Alpine Tavern, on Mt. Lowe, a height of over five thousand feet, has an equally good record.

In his "Hotel World" account of the trip, Henry J. Bohn thus writes: "While there are many mountain railroads now in the world, it is doubtful if there is another mountain trip by railroad more interesting or so interesting as is this one, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Prof.



On the Car of the Great Cable Incline, Mt. Lowe Railway, Cal

Lowe's ambition to see the road extended to Inspiration Point, a great hotel erected there and the Lowe Observatory placed on the summit of Mt. Lowe, will be realized. There has been no more effective advertisement for Southern California than these wonderful railroads, constructed by this great inventor, and Los Angeles and vicinity could not make a better investment than to help complete the original plans as formulated in the mind of Prof. Lowe. It was my pleasure to spend this day in the company of the veteran scientist and inventor, and though he has reached the allotted score of man in years, he is still hale and hearty, climbing the rugged mountain sides with apparent ease and as enthusiastic over his inventions and the future as if he were again a young man starting on his wonderful career."

Lunch at Hotel Raymond

Satiated with sight-seeing, yet reluctant to leave the "Heights," the crowd, getting hungry, piled into the cars and were speedily whirled back to the level and to the hotel as well known in the East as in the West—the Raymond.

The first of Southern California's popular tourist hotels in point of time, the Raymond also proves that it is first in the hearts of its countrymen by the fact that the season of 1909-10 was the best in its history both financially and in the character of its guests. Not only did Andrew



E. M. Tierney and Fred A. Reed of New York, taking an aeroplane ride over Mt. Lowe, Cal.

Carnegie and Mrs. Russell Sage enjoy its hospitality for several weeks, but a list of notables whose names alone would fill several pages of this book also made it their California winter home.

It was fitting, therefore, that the H. M. M. B. A. should visit the Raymond, and partake of luncheon after their happy day on Mount Lowe.

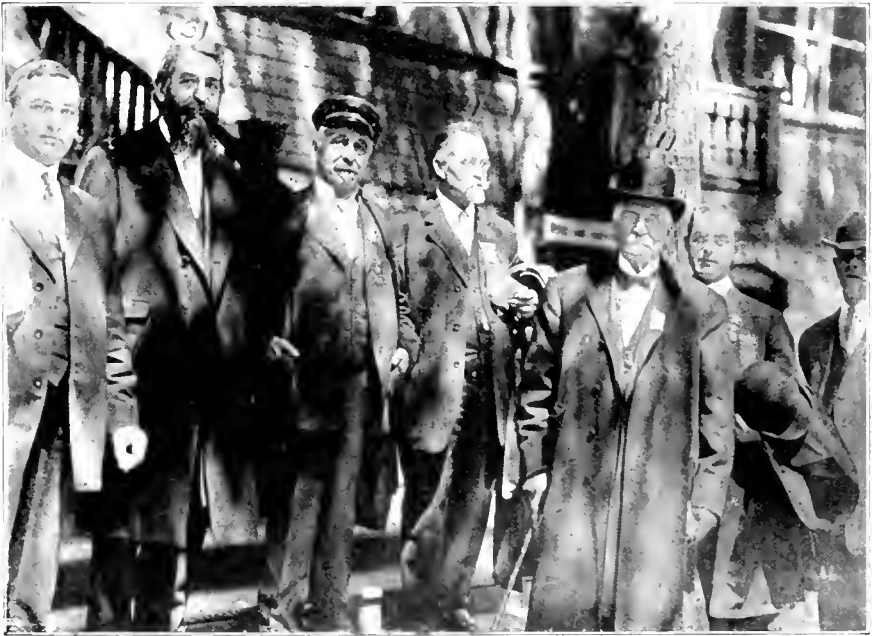
Ascending the winding avenue to the hilltop crowned by the big hotel, passing brilliant flower beds, then shrubberies and groves of trees with glimpses of far-off golf links, tennis courts and a distant panorama of superlative loveliness, the visitors were enthusiastic in their appreciation, but far more so when a vision of the hotel and its outlook burst upon them.

The broad veranda of the hotel was shielded by a huge awning of flowers. A wire netting forty-seven feet long and sixteen feet deep was filled with flowers. Bordered with marguerites and massed with thousands

of scarlet geraniums, the inscription, "The Raymond Welcomes the H. M. M. B. A.," stood out in bold relief in letters of white carnations, four feet high, to greet the guests as they arrived at the carriage block.

Beneath the awning, at either side of the white pillars of the entrance, were wells of flowers. They were formed of bricks made of candytuft and garlanded with pink ivy geraniums.

From floral beams, flower covered buckets were dropped into the wells, and appolinaris or California grape juice drawn from iced depths to refresh the thirsty travelers.



At Alpine Tavern, Mt. Lowe Ry., Cal.

Professor T. S. C. Lowe (wearing derby hat), John S. Mitchell, the new president, Henry J. Bohn and George Wharton James

Within the lobby, flowers were used yet more lavishly. From a green canopy of asparagus fern which extended the length of the corridor to the music room and drawing room, rich red carnations were clustered in balls, and hung at intervals along the path.

In the gold room, golden poppies were placed in rich confusion. The drawing room was decorated with hundreds and hundreds of red Magna Charta roses and standing everywhere in the pretty brown Japanese baskets which are a distinct feature of California decoration. On the piano stood the beautiful trophy won by Mrs. Raymond at the last Tournament of Roses, a giant basket. It held one of the largest single bouquets of roses ever seen in the State.



The flower-enlivened avenue leading to Hotel Raymond, South Pasadena, Cal.



The Towers and Main Entrance, Hotel Raymond, South Pasadena, Cal.



WALTER RAYMOND.

Proprietor Hotel Raymond, South Pasadena, Cal.

Few men in America are so well known to the traveling world as Walter Raymond of the far-famed Raymond Hotel. When Mr. Raymond's father engaged in conducting exclusive parties to the Pacific Coast he recognized the beauty of Pasadena, and erected the Raymond Hotel, on the most commanding knoll in the San Gabriel Valley, for the accommodation of his patrons. Its fame grew until it was too

small to accommodate its guests, and this condition did not decrease when it came into Mr. Raymond's hands. Then he destroyed it, and a new, modern, enlarged and more beautiful structure crowded Raymond Hill, and while the H. M. M. E. A. were present, Hotel Raymond was the home of Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Russell Sage and many other of the world's notables.

The dining-room entrance was concealed with a portiere of sweet peas. Ropes of smilax were threaded with fragrant delicate blossoms, thousands of them. The sweet peas used in this decoration alone comprised four thousand bunches, while fourteen thousand carnations were effectively placed throughout the hotel.

An elaborate luncheon was served, during which George Wharton James presented Mr. Walter Raymond, the host, to the visitors, who greeted him with hearty cheers. His little speech of welcome was a gem of good



A Pleasant H. M. M. B. A. Memory. The "Floral Welcome" of the Raymond done in blossoms for "Pasadena Day," April 15, 1919.

fellowship and good taste, and at once endeared him to all those who had not yet had the pleasure of meeting him. He was assisted in entertaining by his lovely and accomplished wife, who, later, in the ladies' banquet in Los Angeles, demonstrated her ability in more ways than one.

The Raymond originally was built to accommodate the excursionists of the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, of Boston, Mass., and through its efforts many thousands of people made their first trip to the Land of the Sundown Sea. The present hotel, however, is an entirely new structure, having been rebuilt four years ago.

As one of the visiting members wrote: The Raymond is a beautiful structure, splendidly arranged, superbly furnished and elegantly equipped. It is the largest hotel in California built and owned by any one individual



The Four Sided of the Main Entrance Hotel Richmond, Richmond, Va.

and is a splendid monument to the man whose name it bears. Mr. Raymond has no partner aside from his wife, a charming woman, cultured, refined, capable, brilliant in conversation and as energetic and enterprising as is Mr. Raymond himself. To her assistance is due, at least in a measure, the splendid success which has been scored in this well known hotel. It was while the H. M. M. B. A. hosts were at the Virginia Hotel, Long Beach, that Mrs. Raymond won the hearts of the visitors. By special request she sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye" in a manner that charmed her hearers, one and all. Mrs. Raymond has a delightful soprano voice which shows the best of training and culture. This, with her charming personality,



The Floral Awning at Hotel Raymond, South Pasadena, and the automobiles ready to convey the H. M. M. B. A. for the ride through Pasadena.

captivated her hearers and made her a favorite with all. Her rendition of this ever-popular selection constituted one of the most delightfully enjoyable features of the stop at the Virginia at Long Beach.

On the menu card for the H. M. M. B. A. luncheon were these words, which few, if any, of the visitors for one moment felt inclined to question as they looked out over the glorious panorama spread before them from the Raymond porch.

"The Raymond greets the members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States and Canada, and bids them welcome to Raymond Hill, the most beautiful hotel site in the world."

Of the hotel itself little need be said. Competent travelers and writers from all over the world have sung its praises in genuine literature. Charles Dudley Warner, Kate Sanborn, the Van Dykes and many others have written in glowing terms of its location, its outlooks, its surroundings, its flowers, its homelikeness. In all that goes to make up the best of resort hotels, the Hotel Raymond stands side by side with the foremost. In some features its climatic surroundings gives it distinct advantage, as for instance, in its flowers. They are to be found everywhere, hundreds of varieties, with a wealth that to most Eastern travelers, seems wasteful and extravagant, for they abound all over the large estate. These are never cut. To furnish flowers for the public rooms, dining-room, guest rooms, etc., there are acres of carnations in the open, and in lath houses. Ten greenhouses are also maintained, one of which is for American Beauty roses, the others for a variety of flowers too numerous to mention. To care for all this, sixteen to twenty gardeners are employed.

Directly below and in front of the hotel are the golf links, which experts have pronounced the finest in Southern California. Golf is a feature of the Raymond and it is the only hotel in Southern California which maintains its own links on its own estate. The clubhouse is but a step from the house, and will be found attractive by lovers of the game. Clock golf, and a short six-hole court golf, are available for those who do not care for the exertion necessary to play on the regulation nine-hole course, but who wish light outdoor exercise.

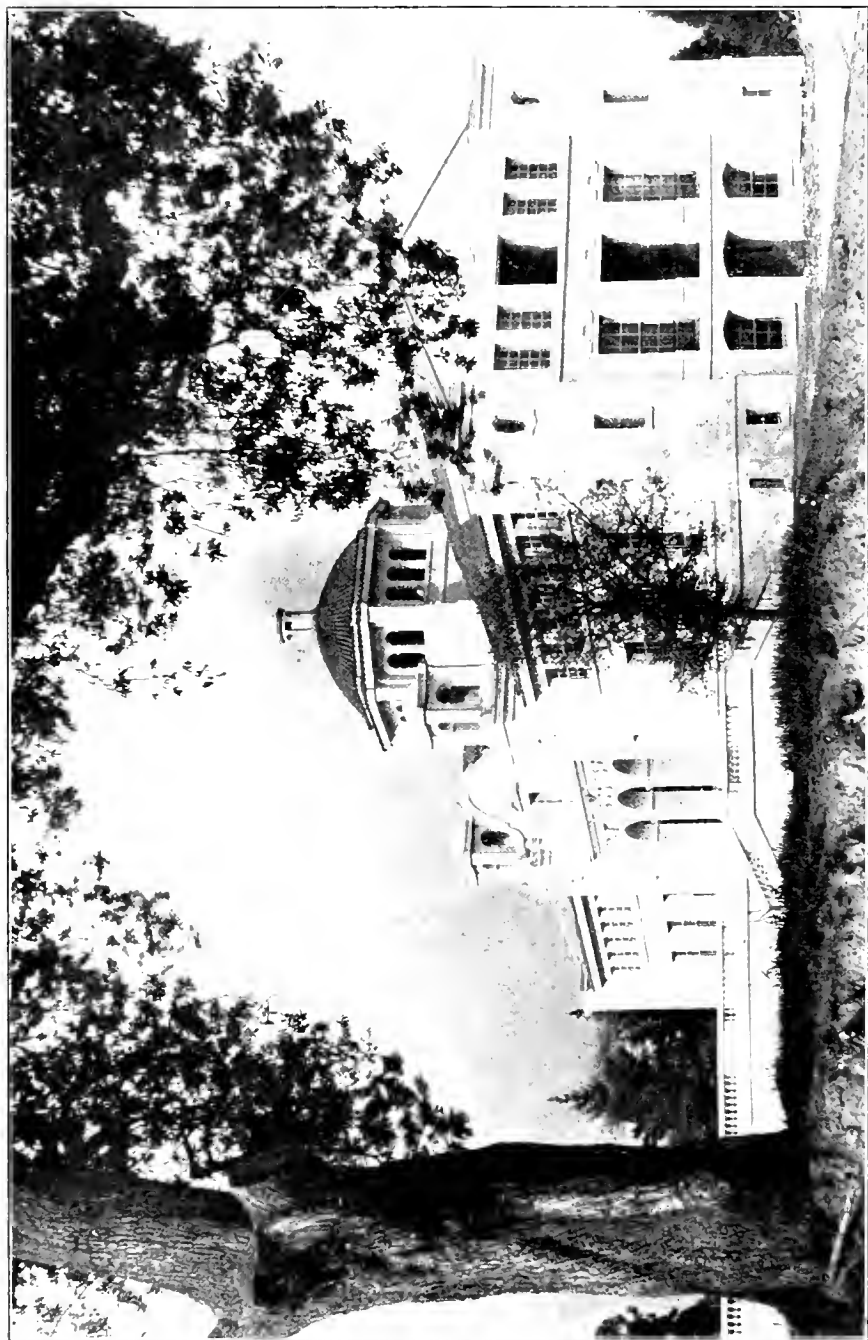
No wonder the members of the H. M. M. B. A. left the Raymond with regret.

Through Pasadena to the Green and the Maryland

After the luncheon at the Raymond, carriages, tally-hos and automobiles, provided by the Chamber of Commerce of Pasadena, conveyed the guests through this flower embowered paradise. Pasadena is confessedly the chief jewel of Southern California: let winter winds whirl the snow broadcast over the Eastern States, here the most smiling of summer suns greets one nearly every morning; and the gentlest breezes, odorous of orange blossoms, invite to out door pleasures. This is truly an ideal city, ideally located; on every hand cozy homes nestle amid flowers massed in tropical profusion; here and there stretch magnificent boulevards lined with palms and drooping banana-fronds; while up the distant slopes on every side mount laden orchards gleaming with golden fruit.

Up and down Orange Grove avenue, Marengo avenue, and all the outlooks over the Arroyo Seco, to points which emphasized the beauty of valley, foothills, grand and majestic mountains, ocean and far away islands, the visitors were taken. All of them, especially those from Chicago, Father Throop's former home, were anxious to see the school that he founded, and hear something of the work it is accomplishing.

It is already recognized one of the leading educational institutions not only of Pasadena, but of California. It was founded in 1891 by the



"Pasadena Hall," Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal. J. A. E. & Son, President Photo by Fredk. W. Martin

Hon. Amos G. Throop, honored and beloved in many places, but especially in Chicago. For many years it was the only western source of supply for teachers of manual training in the public schools. Now it aims to be purely a College of Technology and under the able presidency of Dr. James A. B. Scherer is rapidly working to that end. The old buildings in the heart of the city of Pasadena have been given over to the Throop Academy, an entirely separate school, administered separately, though the same Board of Trustees supervises both. The engraving shows the first of a group of fourteen buildings which will ultimately form the college group. It was designed by Myron Hunt and Elmer Grey, two of the leading and most original architects of the West. It is but a portion of the administration building of the future Institute. The future wings will double its size. There is no wood in its construction save for its doors. Beneath the red tile roof is a concrete roof. The dome, floors and staircases of concrete. The walls are of concrete and unburnable tile. It is fireproof and earthquake proof. Its cost was about \$160,000.

Over the three archways of the main entrance the eminent sculptor, Alexander Sterling Calder has placed three of his masterpieces expressive of nature, art, energy, science, imagination, and law.

From this one new building the large scope of the far-reaching plans of the Trustees may well be understood. In the course of a few years Throop will more than rival, both in equipment of buildings, endowment, and especially in its staff of progressive and advanced educators, many of the old world colleges and universities of a century ago.

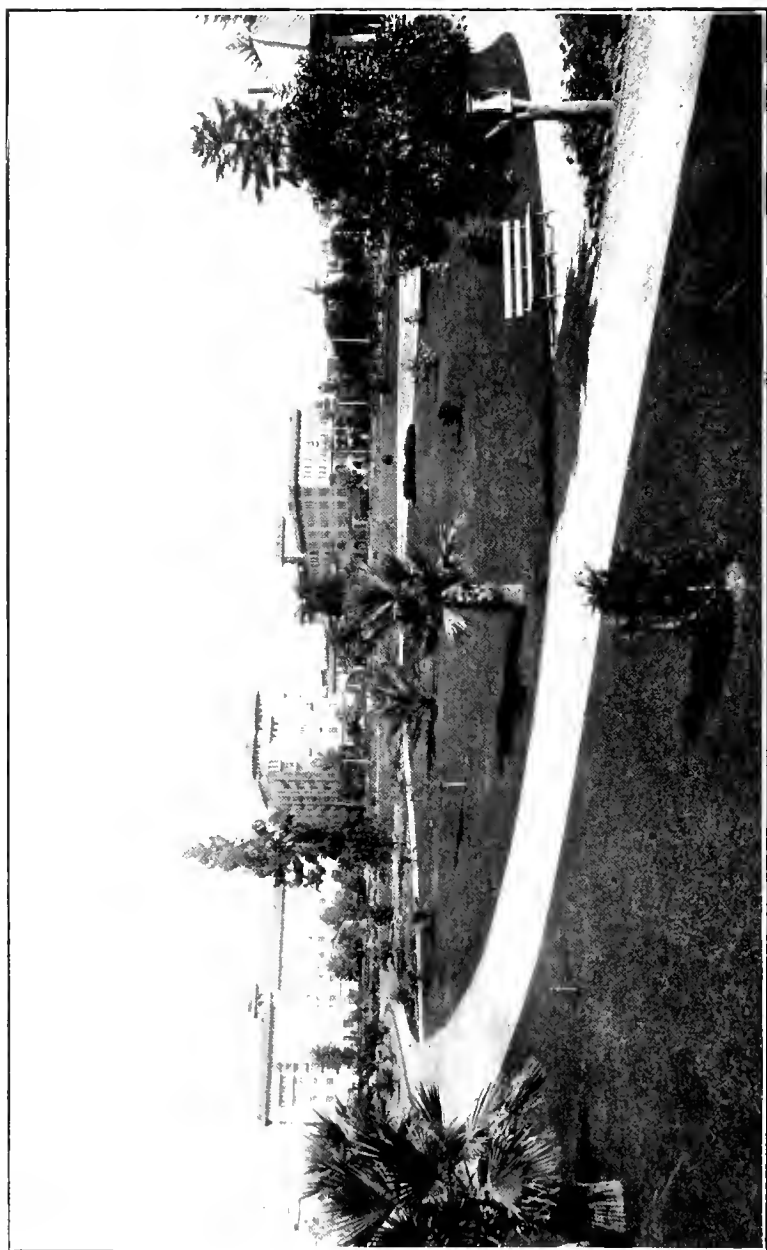
Regretting their time was so limited the visitors were now taken to

Hotel Green

that magnificent and world-famed structure that, growing larger and more splendidly equipped every year, has served as the Pasadena home of a large and growing Eastern, Southern, Northern and Midcontinental clientele, who require in this quiet and beautiful city a resting place that affords all the refinement, comfort and luxury of the finest metropolitan hotels. The Hotel Green is the largest resort hotel in California. It covers almost the entire area of two large city blocks, the west wing standing in its own park. Central Park is practically a continuation of Hotel Green Park, for a beautiful drive-way lined with exquisite flowering plants and shrubs, where a fountain constantly plays, is the connecting link between the two.

It consists of three buildings known as the East, Center and West Buildings. The East Building is five stories high and constructed of brick and stone. In this building are located the main offices of the entire plant, the American plan dining-room and private theater.

The Center Building is of Moorish design, six stories in height, and is constructed entirely of steel, stone and brick, being absolutely fireproof. The walls are of steel and brick, the partitions and floors of channel iron and



East and West Wings of Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal., from City Park

cement. The two buildings are connected by a covered steel archway 200 feet in length which crosses Raymond avenue.

The West Building is six stories, in which is located the European Cafe, Dutch and Colonial Dining Rooms and Romanesque Parlor.

Hotel Green covers nearly two blocks ground space. It is surrounded by Parks, and the City Park of ten acres adjoins on the south; Hotel Green has over 500 sleeping rooms—350 with baths, numerous parlors and card rooms; has nine and one-quarter acres floor space, over one mile of halls leading to rooms, roof garden 50 by 225, a portion of which is enclosed in glass and filled with tropical plants. In the main hotel is a great central room with many restful lounging chairs; opening from this is the reception-room, billiard-room, refreshment-room, dining-room, reading-room, and in easy reach are elevators and a graceful puente connecting the main building with the west building. The power house and all machinery are located 600 feet from the hotel.



Where Winter Never Comes, Hotel Green Gardens, Pasadena, Cal.

It is scarcely necessary in speaking of the provisions for luxurious comfort made by the owner and manager of this incomparable hotel, that reference be made to the wealth of flowers, the semi-tropical luxuriance of the gardens and park, the towering and stately palms, the peculiar and fascinating Yuccas and Roses that greet the eye on every hand, nor the exquisite renditions by a first-class orchestra of the choicest selections of musical favorites—popular and classical—that enchant the ear.

This magnificent hotel was erected and is owned by Colonel G. G. Green, who, every year, accompanied by his family in their elegant private palace

car, come from the East to enjoy their beautiful California home at Altadena. Colonel Green has been exceedingly fortunate in the managers of his palatial hostelry, having retained the services of one manager for fourteen years, and now having secured those of Mr. David B. Plumer, of Briarcliff Lodge, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., and formerly of Laurel House and Laurel-in-the-Pines, Lakewood, N. J. His assistant is Mr. D. P. Simpson, of Edgewood Inn, Greenwich, Conn., formerly of the Laurel House, Lakewood, N. J. With this team of well known hosts there can be no question as to the maintenance of the position of Hotel Green. Indeed, in their hands, and with vast improvements in the hotel which have taken all the summer of 1910 to complete it is assured that the season of 1910-11 will surpass any in the Hotel Green's history.



Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal., Col. G. G. Green, Owner

The guests were cordially received here by Colonel Green and Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Simpson and each refreshed and given a handy leather card case and a beautiful souvenir of the hotel.

In looking over the registers of Hotel Green one can find the autographs of all the noted people of the world who have visited California in the past twenty years. Naturally no thoughtful visitor comes to California without giving Pasadena an important place in his itinerary, and on reaching Pasadena his resting place necessarily was Hotel Green. Hence the autographs of presidents and presidents' wives, princes, princesses, governors in general, and general governors, ambassadors, statesmen, poets, orators, novelists, merchant princes, captains of industry and so many millionaires that one can find their autographs by the thousand. And to-day Hotel Green still is the chosen home for all the notables and dignitaries of the world who come sight-seeing to this God-favored city.

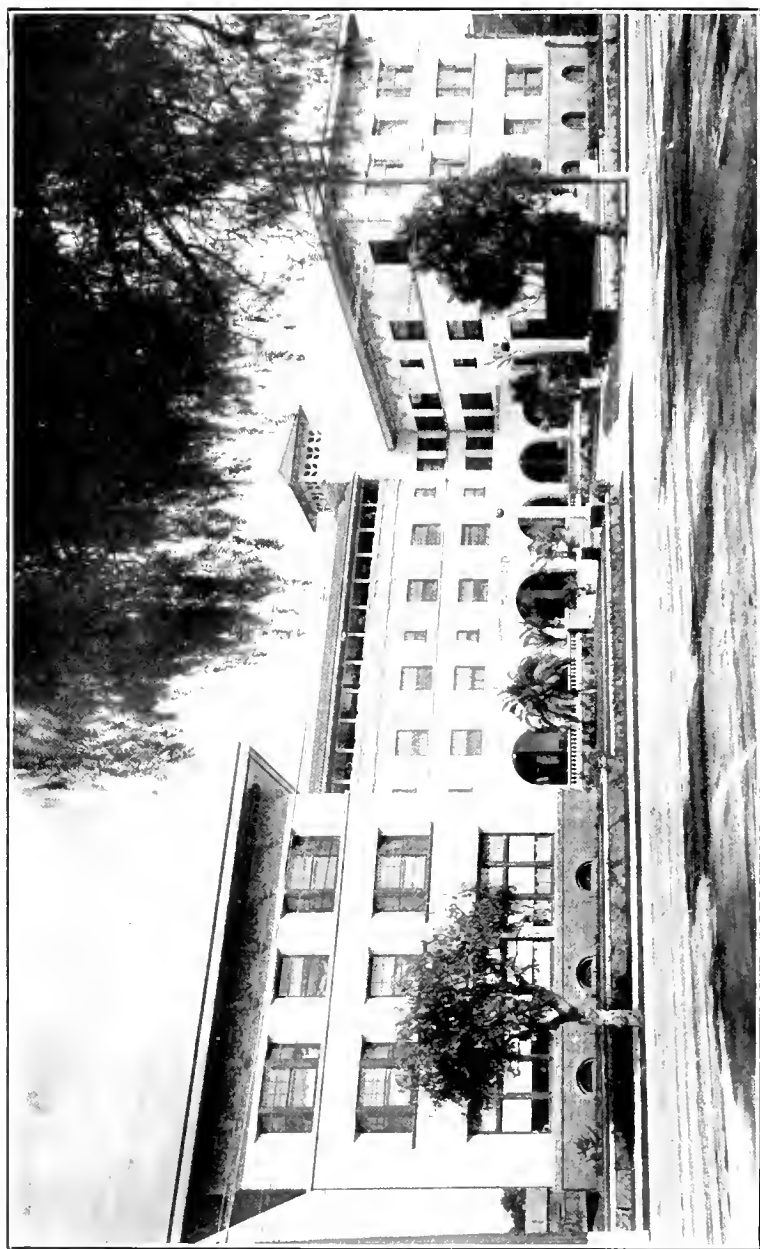


Among the Flowers in the Hotel Green Path, Pasadena, Cal

Hotel Maryland

This, the newest of Pasadena's finer hotels, is located on a broad avenue lined with beautiful residences, and is surrounded by deep lawns, flowering shrubs and trees in a land of flowers. In the country on every side and growing even within Pasadena itself, are orange groves, and the air is full of their pungent sweetness during all the long months of their blossoming time.

Within there was something delightfully restful and refreshing in the quiet decorations artistically but unobtrusively placed about the spacious lobbies. A single Japanese basket of exquisite pink roses decorated the long table in the writing room. Near the elevator stood a table which was covered with an immense basket tray filled with shiny fruit, garlanded with crisp, fragrant orange blossom branches. It was a picture. At the end of the lobby, near the Japanese room was an inviting tea table, with a steaming samovar. Pleasant maids in white were soon busy offering the most refreshing beverage of that hour, the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate. The piece de resistance, however, was the huge crystal topped table with its vase of red roses mirrored into many blossoms. About the table were



Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, Cal. D. M. Linnard, Manager

crystal platters filled with long stemmed luscious strawberries, little crystal bowls of powdered sugar invitingly near. Strawberries are always a lure, and the perfection of the fruit offered at the Maryland created almost a raid.

These simpler refreshments were served in the same charming and perfect style, under the supervision of J. E. Dolan, the dining room director, that has made the banquets of the Maryland famous. It was the hotel itself, and its appointments and surroundings, that the visitors were more interested in, and Manager D. M. Linnard and his charming wife were never kept busier in their lives than at this time in escorting their Eastern



A Glimpse of Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, Cal.

friends about. All agreed that one of the happiest expressions of the life in the open air for those who stay at the Maryland is the pergola of the hotel, whose white columns and beamed roofing are draped with climbing roses and bordered by flowers. This is the favorite rendezvous after dinner, when the mountains, which are seen in magnificent vistas from this point, are turning from rose to amethyst as the sun goes down. The long prom-



Band Stand and Lawn in Library Park, Pasadena, Cal. Tilden's "Yosemite" Statue in the distance.

cnade of the pergola ends with a stone seat fitted with cushions, and at intervals widens into wayside nooks where cushioned settees and rustic chairs make charming places to sit and chat, with the vines flinging sun-flecked shadows around you.

Another interesting feature of the Maryland is the fact that surrounding the hotel, but each protected by its own grounds, are several bungalows of anywhere from three to twelve rooms and bath, for such of the Maryland's guests as wish to have the seclusion of a private home.

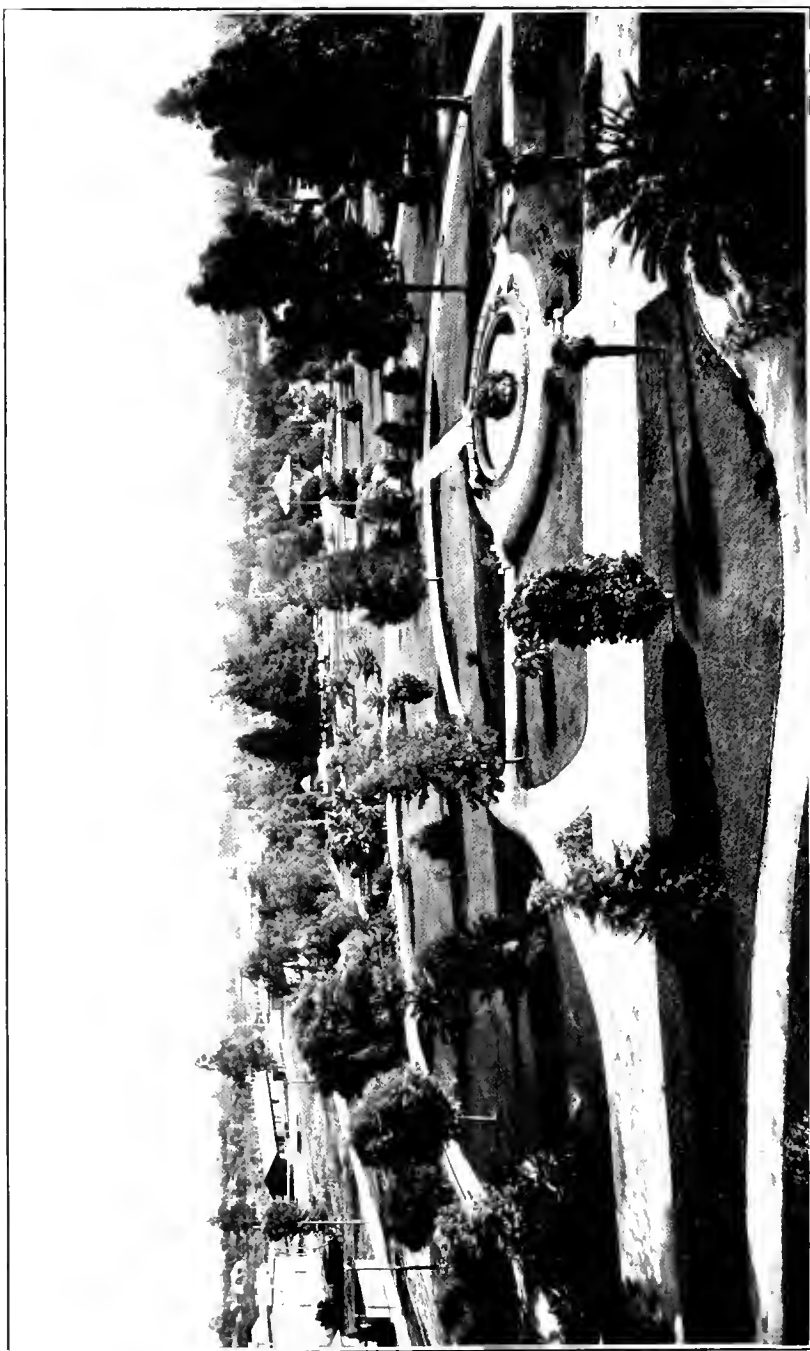


One of the Floats at the 1909 Tournament of Roses, Pasadena, Cal

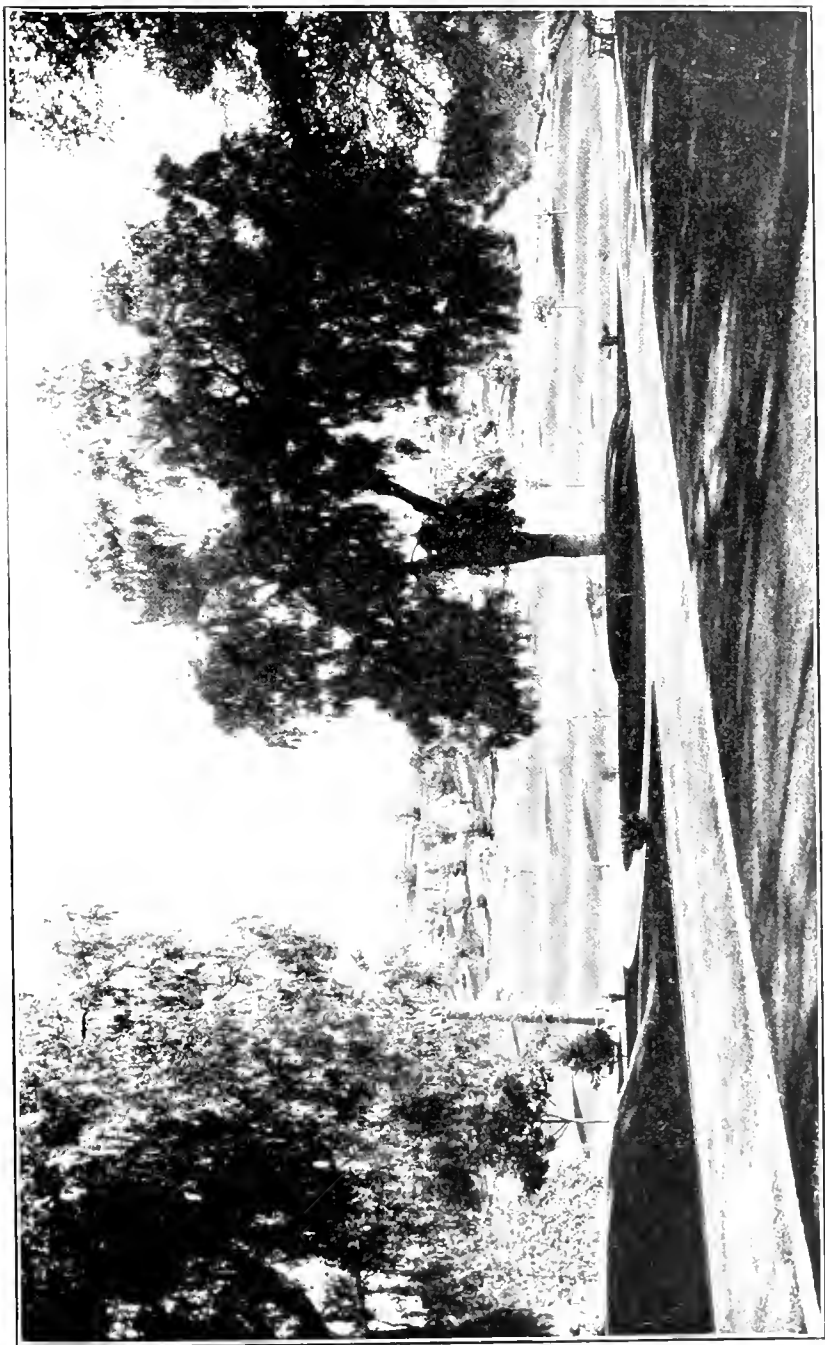
The California bungalow has become the synonym for the comfortable and homelike in architecture, and these are models of their kind in attractiveness, with the low, graceful proportions, the wide porches and beautiful sunlight and air which are characteristic.

The service is just such as one would get in the hotel itself. Heat and hot water are piped from the main plant of the hotel and are always to be had in great abundance. If so desired, meals can be served in the private dining-room of the bungalow.

You may thus enjoy the freedom of your own home, pluck flowers from your own garden, lie in a hammock and read under the trees of your own grounds, and yet have none of the cares and responsibilities of housekeeping.



Where tropical flowers bloom and birds sing all throughout the glad some year, at Pasadena, Cal



Paseo y Surken Gardens, Pasadena, California

It was one of the owners of the Maryland that was the prime mover in the organization of the world-famed Annandale Golf Club. Its house and grounds are situated beyond the grass-grown hills of San Rafael Heights, about two miles from the heart of Pasadena. It is one of the most superb locations that Southern California can offer. The clubhouse, which cost \$40,000, is located in the midst of 120 acres which cost the company \$70,000. The links cover an 18-hole course of 6,400 yards. Across the north side of the clubhouse extends a broad veranda 16 feet wide and 180 long. On the first floor are the bowling alleys, men's lunch rooms, women's room and lockers for the members. On the second floor is the dining-room, 46 by 32 feet; reception room, 65 by 43 feet; billiard room, buffet, office and kitchen. On the third floor are the quarters for the manager and employees of the club.

Pasadenans have entertained here many of the world's greatest golfers—Andrew Carnegie and President Taft both being guests in 1910.



La Pintoresca Hotel, Pasadena, Cal

La Pintoresca Hotel

Another of the famous and attractive resort hotels of Pasadena is La Pintoresca (the picturesque), situated in the northern part of Pasadena, and affording by far the most perfect outlook over the city, the valley, the foothills, the ocean and the islands beyond of any hotel in Southern California. La Pintoresca is not a hotel of pretense, but is a comfortable, homelike, well equipped, well conducted and restful high class resort hotel, catering to the best class of patrons but those who prefer comfort to ostentatious fashion. It is located close to the car line and midway between the city and the mountains, has spacious grounds with semi-tropical trees, plants, shrubs and flowers, and close to well kept and equipped golf links.

CHAPTER VI

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1910

THE ANNUAL BANQUET AT THE ALEXANDRIA, AND THE LADIES' BANQUET AT THE ANGELUS

After a strenuous day of sightseeing at the Cawston Ostrich Farm, Mt. Lowe, the Hotel Raymond, Pasadena and the Hotels Green, Maryland and Pintoresca, one would have deemed the members of the H. M. M. B. A. entitled to a rest. But not a single one dropped out of line. All were present at the annual banquet at the Alexandria, Los Angeles, where it was known that Mr. S. J. Whitmore and Mr. Joseph Reichl had each determined to outshine anything before presented to the hotelmen East or West.

It was an extraordinary banquet in more ways than one. It was a banquet of critics, of connoisseurs gathered from all parts of the United States who were here to see what California really could present in the way of elegance and completeness in service.

And the critics were the most satisfied critics that ever sat at a banquet. They were full of praise and certainly the affair deserved the highest commendation for those who planned and executed it.

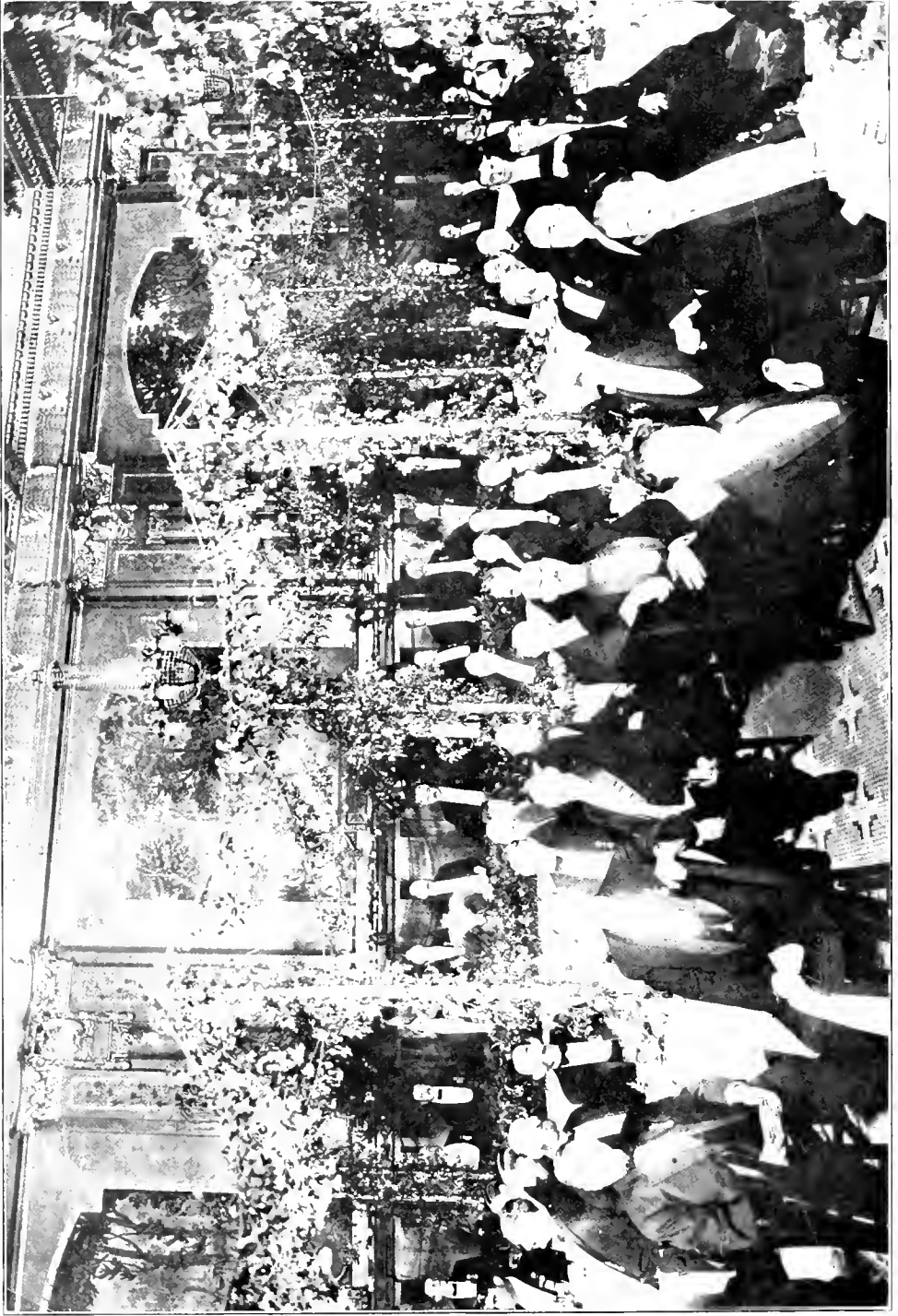
When the doors of the banquet hall were thrown open at exactly 9:30 o'clock, it presented an arbor of rare beauty, of typically California beauty, to the eyes of the two hundred and fifty hotelmen who wandered in and found their seats at the various tables.

Fashioned after the famed pergola of the Southwest, great strings of roses and tiny blue and white incandescent lights stretched from table to table. A single bar of gold, representing the wealth of the State, supported these decorations. At the bottom, as the centerpiece of each table, a wide spreading bouquet of roses, ferns and other greenery clustered.

Triumph of Art

The center table was a triumph of art, fashioned by the hands of that famous incomparable artist, Joseph Reichl, himself. It consisted of a long lake of real water, surrounded by large American Beauty roses and a great deal of greenery. Out of the lake rose two fountains, one of gold and another of purple, spraying their delicately scented water high in the air. At the base of these illuminated creations swam goldfish and other members of the finny tribe. There were seventeen seated at this table.

The napery, silverware, the shimmering glasses, and the delicate china, all added their glister. The unique thing of the evening was the souvenir place card. This was handed to each guest upon entering the banquet



At the Annual Banquet of the H. M. B. A. Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, Cal.

hall—a tiny suitcase of brown grass, with brass edges and lock and pasted over with symbols of the hotel, the occasion, the H. M. M. B. A., and others, indicating the well-traveled man and the man who recognizes the well-traveled man.

Inside of these pretty cases was located the program of the evening, a complete menu and interesting data. On the silken cover was stamped a little poem, appropriate for the time and for the man who finds his home in the great caravansaries of the country. It read:

"Who'er has traveled life's dull road,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Contrasts

The opposite cover depicted the landlord of old, the man who ran the little wayside inn in Revolutionary period, standing before the door of his hospitable place, welcoming the weary traveler alighting from the stage. The other half of the silken cover showed the great hotel of to-day, a bell-hop carrying an array of suitcases, grips and other hand-baggage into the wide-open doors of an up-to-date hostelry. Rushing automobiles and street cars passing typified the hurry-up spirit of the present day.

Inside the cover was the announcement of the occasion and then the menu, which follows: Caviar d'Astrachan, served in vessels with all sails set; toke points au citron, mignonette; tortue claire; hors d' Oeuvres varies; filet de sand dabs, Florentine; noisetted agneau papillotte, Alexandria; sorbet, California; supreme de pintade en nid, salad de Los Angeles; glaces fantaisies, friandises; celeri a la hongroise, café. The wine list included sherry, crema olorosa Solera, 1811; Cordova dry haut sauterne; G. H. Mumm & Co., extra dry; Alexandria private stock cognac; Apollinaris; cigars and cigarettes.

The final page contained the names of the speakers, the chairman, toast-master and all of the subjects to which they were detailed. The back cover was embossed with the name and the emblem of the association.

Varied Program

The musical program of the evening was a varied one. The Vienesese Quartet, the Hungarian Band, several operatic singers, a harpist, a mandolin and a violin soloist took part, and their playing was of such character that it called for repeated encores.

The songs were not confined to the usual melodies, but included several of the old Spanish airs, redolent of the spirit of fun that prevailed among the dons of olden days, before the aggressive Yankee invaded the fair Southwest. These were charming ones and called for a number of encores. The same was true of the mandolin selections.

When the final course was being served, the band and orchestra united in playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and, standing, the assembled diners sang with loud acclaim the national anthem.

When the last waiter had retired, Chairman Walter Raymond made a few introductory remarks and then resigned his place to Past President Fred Van Orman, who called on President John S. Mitchell of this city. How well that able gentleman stands with the hotelmen of the entire United States was easily shown by the ovation given him when he arose.

He called upon the national secretary, J. K. Blatchford of Chicago, to read the messages. These showed that, although not present in body, a great many of the hotelmen were in Los Angeles in spirit. Messages of congratulation and regret for not being able to be here were many and came from all parts of the country.

"Tenderfeet" No Longer

These finished, President Mitchell, acting also as toastmaster, in graceful phraseology, told of the capturing of the first convention for Southern California in 1896, how several of the "Woolly Westerners" opened the eyes of the "tenderfeet" and lured them to the coast for the first time. He described the second attempt and its success, and then turned to the organization itself, praising the men who founded and stood by it when things were not nearly as cheerful to look forward to as they are at present.

Henry J. Bohn, one of the original members of the association, told of the early struggles, the times of hardship, and of the present prosperity of the organization. He also spoke of the morning visit to Mt. Lowe and paid a tribute to Prof. Lowe, who was one of the guests of the evening.

Edward A. Fleming discussed briefly the essential factor of unity among the hotelmen, not only of a particular district, but of an entire country. He was followed by one of the ablest speakers of the evening, known from one end of the coast to the other as the orator of the San Francisco delegation, Kirk Harris.

The talk of Mr. Harris was essentially one of fraternity among the hotelmen.

"The unwritten motto of the San Francisco association is 'All pull together,' and we are doing it," he said. "We are all out for the business and we have long ago learned that it is the fellow who wears out the soles of his shoes instead of the seat of his pants who wins in San Francisco.

"Our interests are not all in San Francisco. We have fostered the greatest possible spirit of good fellowship with the Los Angeles hotelmen and we are opposed to the spirit of knocking our fair southern city. We believe in the complete elimination of sectional antagonism."

Mr. Harris completed his remarks with the hope that the San Francisco men might be able to equal in a small degree, at least, the entertainment provided by the Los Angeles aggregation, when the visitors arrive in that city.

"Hotel Associations" was the theme allotted to F. N. Bain, who was followed by Harry L. Brown of Boston, who was elected vice-president of the association at the election. "Our Slogan, New England," was the topic of Mr. Brown, who told of the efforts of the hotelmen in the oldest part of the United States in promoting a better feeling among the traveling public and the bonifaces.

Edward M. Tierney, noted as the silver-tongued orator of the association, who held the office of president previous to the election of Mr. Ewins, was next on the program. "Hotel Fraternity" was the subject which occupied his attention. With a peculiar Irish wit, his speech was at one and the same time amusing and full of solid facts. He depicted the early struggles of the association, the gradual drawing together of the hotelmen with the realization that in combined harmony the greatest strength can be found.

Concluding the evening, or the morning, for the dinner and the talking ran far into the early hours, was an Irishman of local as well as national fame, Joseph Scott, who, as president of the board of education, was on hand to dispense a few pertinent facts about the city and impress them in a way that will remain a long time in the memory of those present. His jovial humor, illustrating and driving home facts, made his talk one of the features of the evening and held the audience to the last minute.

Honor Guests

Those seated at the table of honor were John S. Mitchell, Fred Van Orman, Evansville, Ind.; J. K. Blatchford, Chicago; Harry L. Brown, Boston; Fred A. Reed, New York; James H. Bowker, Meriden, Conn.; W. H. Rider, D. D., Gloucester, Mass.; E. H. Thayer, Denver; F. N. Bain, Newburgh, N. Y.; Joseph Scott, Walter Raymond, Pasadena; E. W. Tierney, New York City; Edward T. Fleming, Philadelphia; Kirk Harris, San Francisco; William W. Davis, Boston; Henry J. Bohn, Chicago; Frank P. Ewins, Kansas City.

The Los Angeles Hotel Men's Association, and particularly the members of the committee, received sincere praise at the outcome of the banquet. Samuel Whitmore and his able assistant, Joseph Reichl, received no end of compliments on the banquet. Harry Fryman, who acted as head of the Reception Committee, and, with C. C. Loomis, E. L. Potter and others of the local organization, handled the excursion of the visitors in the morning, also came in for their share of high commendation.

The Ladies' Banquet at The Angelus

While the gentlemen of the H. M. M. B. A. were entertaining themselves at the Alexandria, the ladies were enjoying themselves in their own fair manner at the Angelus. It has been said that "there have been women's teas and receptions and other feminine symposia innumerable throughout the United States for many years, but this was really the first actual woman's banquet, a la masculine, that has ever taken place anywhere"



Mrs. Walter Raymond, Toastmaster of the Ladies' Banquet, Los Angeles, Cal.

There were 184 banqueters present, with not a man anywhere to partake, prompt or direct; and the menu was quite as elegant and extravagant as the one presented at the Alexandria.

The Los Angeles "Times" says of this function:

"Why attempt to describe a banquet graced exclusively by the fair sex, unless to say it was a garden of roses, lilies, poppies and violets, clothed in the softly brilliant hues of the rainbow. The wives and daughters of the members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, who were tendered a banquet at the Angelus Hotel last night by the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, surpassed the floral decorations of the banquet room in grace and loveliness. The speeches, too, matched in brightness, the best efforts of practiced male after-dinner orators. The presence of mere man at this banquet, where covers were laid for 185, would have jarred like a false note in a sonata or been as unsightly as a cauliflower in a bed of sweet peas.

"This gathering of women is unique. And the success of the banquet demonstrates that woman is keeping pace with man in all that man does best, whether in conducting a hotel or making a speech. The large room was a symphony in color, and shows that the Loomis brothers possess the keenest discrimination and taste in such a delicate matter as the floral decorations for a ladies' banquet. There were masses of pink and red sweet peas, dainty lamps, and when the speeches began, roses, laurel, poppies and confetti. For after each speech the air was filled with these flowers, tossed by fair hands.

"The menu cards were art treasures. Paul de Longpre's famous painting of the poinsettia was reproduced on each one, and distributed at the close of the banquet to be carried away as souvenirs. The place cards were hand-painted. Each guest also found at her plate a tiny traveling bag and diminutive baskets filled with roses.

"The menu was as follows:

Grape Fruit Supreme		
Essence of Chicken a l'Epicure		
Ripe Olives	Celery	Salted Pecans
Catalina Sand Dabs on Papilotte		
Potato Chips	Cucumbers a la Jones	
Creamed Lamb Sweet Breads a la King, California Punch		
Potted Squab Chicken a l'Angelus		
Our Special Fruit Salad		
Frozen Nesselrode Pudding	Small Assorted Cakes	
Roquefort	Toasted Crackers	
Demi Tasse		
Bon Bons	Cresta Blanca	
Haute Sauterne	Apollinaris	
G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry Champagne		



MRS. DWIGHT H. HART.

Mrs. Dwight H. Hart was not only one of the most active and energetic of the ladies of the Southern California Hotel Association's Reception Committee to the wives of the visiting hotelmen, of which she was chairman, but was also honored by opening the banquet of the visiting ladies at Hotel Angelus, and presenting the toastmaster on that occasion. Her

speech revealed her a woman of wit and culture, able to make an address both entertaining, forceful and bright. She was a decided "success" in both of her roles, and many of the visiting ladies have taken back with them exquisite memories of her ability, her tact, her helpfulness and unselfish exertions on their behalf.

"An orchestra hidden in an adjoining room played during the banquet and accompanied Salvatore Tomaso of Chicago, who is a member of the association, when he paid the banqueters the honor of giving an impromptu serenade on the mandolin. His selections from Mendelssohn and Mascagni were received with every manifestation of pleasure, as he was not on the program."

The chairman or master of ceremonies, who introduced the toastmaster, was Mrs. Dwight Hart, wife of the junior proprietor of the Hotels Natick and Rosslyn, Los Angeles. In a speech full of bright and witty things she said: "I attempted to borrow or buy a speech, but everywhere I went I was told that the very best speeches had been loaned to the speakers at the Alexandria. Notwithstanding this, we have ladies with us who can make pretty speeches, and they don't have to borrow or buy them."

The cheers were a hearty and sincere tribute to her oratorical ability as she sat down, and were renewed when Mrs. Walter Raymond, the toastmaster, arose to offer the first toast. In acknowledging the tribute paid her by Mrs. Hart as a charming hostess, Mrs. Raymond spoke glowingly of Southern California, and Pasadena in particular, and assured the guests that no matter where they went, they would always look back to Southern California as the one place in the world that approaches nearest to Paradise.

"No matter where you are from," she said, "may the best day you have seen be worse than the worst to come."

With a few gracious and well chosen words Mrs. F. O. Johnson, wife of the proprietor of the Westminster Hotel, Los Angeles, was presented. Mrs. Johnson spoke on "The Visiting Ladies." She assured them that they are more than our guests, they are our friends. "We are glad to take you in, not on oil stock or gold bricks, and although the climate is boomed, it is not a skin game. The real success of the hotelmen lies in the wisdom shown in the choice of their wives. As I look upon our beautiful womankind, I do not wonder that the charm of American women has contributed to the energy of Americans."

Mrs. Raymond immediately followed this address by the apt quotation of these exquisite lines:

"There is not a place in earth or heaven,
There is not a task to mankind given,
There is not a pleasure or a woe,
There is not an answer Yes or No,
There is not a life or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

At a convenient place Mr. Henry J. Bohn, of the "Hotel World," and Mr. Frank P. Ewins, a former president of the H. M. M. B. A., who were sent over as the special ambassadors of President Mitchell, were introduced. Mr. Bohn made a few remarks as follows:

I come with greetings and regards from the presiding officer and newly-elected president of the H. M. M. B. A., Mr. Mitchell, who permitted Mr. Ewins, who is with me, and myself to absent ourselves from the official banquet at the Alexandria, where our speeches are about to begin, a few moments on condition that I should carry to you his greetings and express his regrets that he can not come in person. We think we are a pretty fine-looking "bunch" over there, but we are not in it for a minute with this bower of feminine loveliness. We are wishing of course you were with us, but it seems that can not be on this occasion. From your smiling faces, and the atmosphere that pervades this lovely scene, I know you are now all acquainted with each other and are supremely happy, and I know that you are going to have better speeches than we men folks can make! I wish to add that in the long history of the H. M. M. B. A. I have never seen a lovelier scene than this "bunch of beauty" that is before me, and I congratulate you individually and collectively, and myself I congratulate upon having the opportunity, with your permission, of gazing in upon you and saying these few inadequate words.



One of the H. M. M. B. A. Groups in Paul de Longpre's Garden.

In presenting Mrs. E. R. Farley, Mrs. Raymond spoke on "The Sphere of Woman," and showed that while she shone as a wife and a mother, she was in her sphere whenever and wherever she was doing work that she could do, that needed to be done, and doing it well. "Such a woman," said she, "is Mrs. Farley."

Mrs. E. R. Farley, whose subject was "A Woman Hotel Man," gave her experience in managing the Hotel Pepper. She said she had started at the bottom and in her ambition to manage a hotel, took over the Hotel Pepper, which was practically under the hammer, and by dint of hard work had put it on a sound foundation. She planned for a Greater Hotel Pepper and has demonstrated the possibility of operating an apartment annex of 150 rooms. Within two weeks the foundations will be started for the greater hotel. The

pluck shown by Mrs. Farley won her a tribute in the shape of laurel wreaths which were tossed down the tables.

Mrs. Barber of Boston then proposed that the ladies give a rising vote of thanks to the S. C. H. A. and their ladies for the banquet that had been given them, and the vote was unanimous and hearty, after which the toastmaster introduced Mrs. Lee Holliday of Los Angeles by saying:

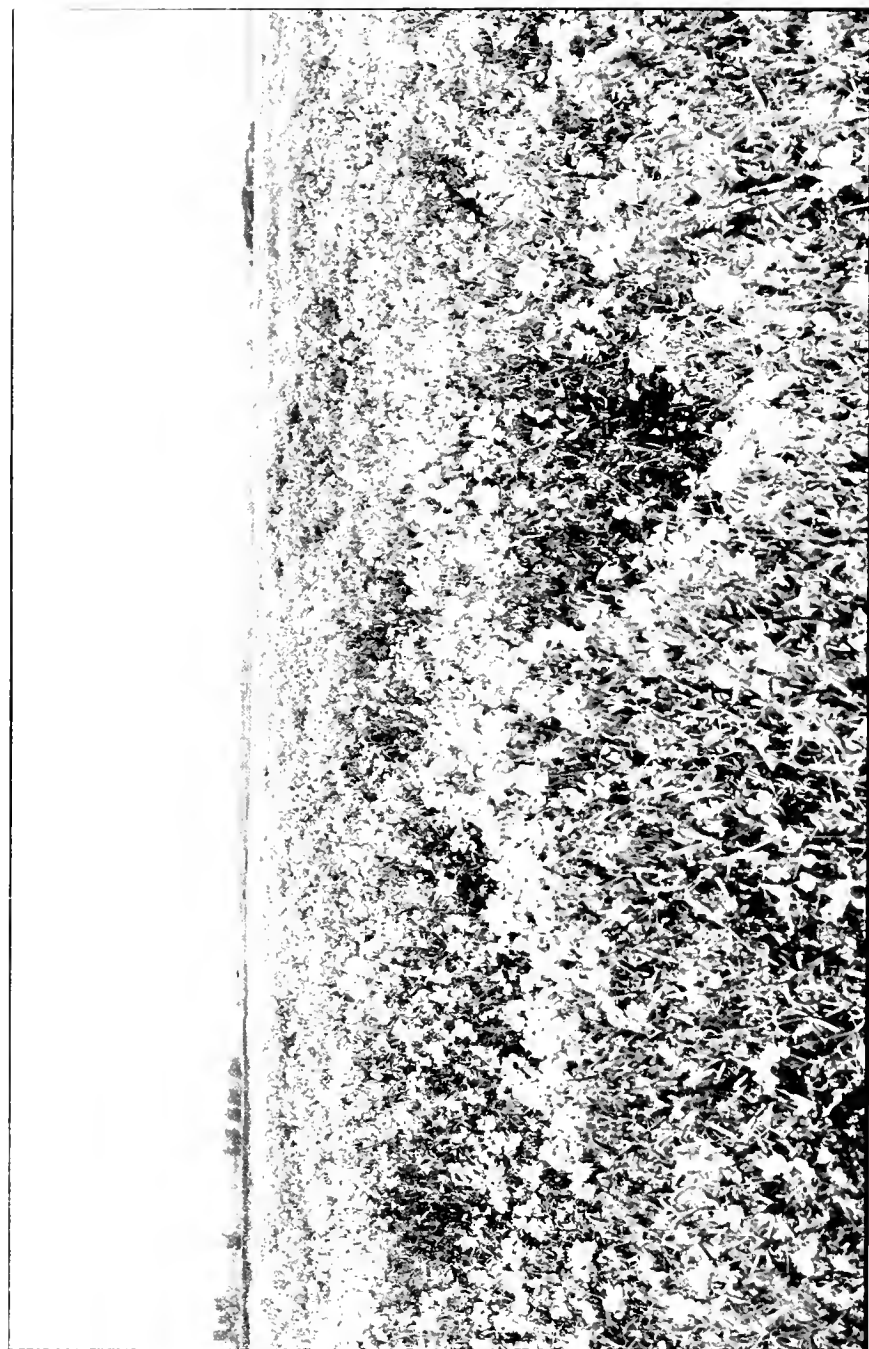
"We are known as prevaricators when we speak of California climate, but I can vouch for Mrs. Holliday as a truthful speaker."

As Mrs. Holliday's subject was "California Yesterday and To-day," she was greeted with laughter, but solemnly declared that it is not true that "we can not talk about California unless we are prevaricators." And she proceeded, in fine poetical style, to tell of the land of sunshine and flowers, of orange groves and industries, and concluded by stating it is also a land of opportunities and resources.

The last speech of the evening was by Mrs. J. W. Mitchell on "The Gentlemen," and it was replete with expressions of confidence and bright with clever hits.

Altogether, the occasion was a delightful one and one long to be remembered. The visitors as well as the home ladies were unanimous in their expressions of opinion that by this banquet the Loomis Bros. had crowned themselves with a new glory, and that Mrs. Raymond, as toastmaster, had filled the position with a dainty display of wit that stamps her as proficient in the art of striking chords from the human heart. She herself proposed the first toast, "Drink to our absent friends," which was given standing, and closed the banquet with the couplet:

"Happy have we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and happy be our men."



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SWEET TEA FARM

One of the beauty spots along the route of the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway, near Los Angeles. 250 acres, 15 varieties. Grown exclusively for the seed which is shipped throughout the United States and to foreign countries.

CHAPTER VII

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910---PACIFIC OCEAN DAY

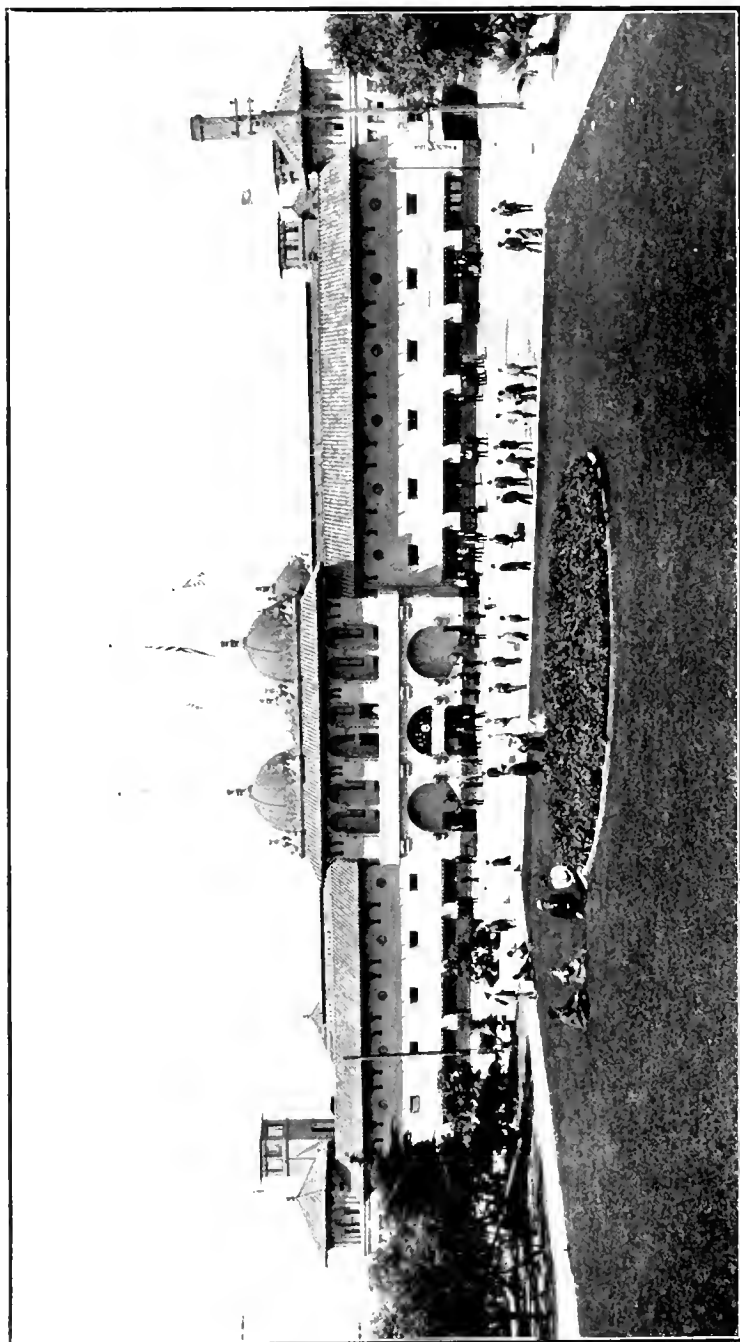
Redondo Beach, Venice, Santa Monica and Hollywood

Gathering together at the Hollenbeck Hotel, under the sheltering wing of President Mitchell, special electric cars were taken for Redondo Beach. This is one of the seaports of Los Angeles, and her shipping is not only an important industry but adds a picturesque touch to the life of this many-sided resort. Here may be seen the luxurious express steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, sailing regularly for San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle and other coastwise points, and here also are found lumber vessels of many kinds and from many lands. Sometimes an old-fashioned square-rigged barque from Australia is seen in port, while at the next wharf may be a modern steel steamer from Hawaii or Japan.

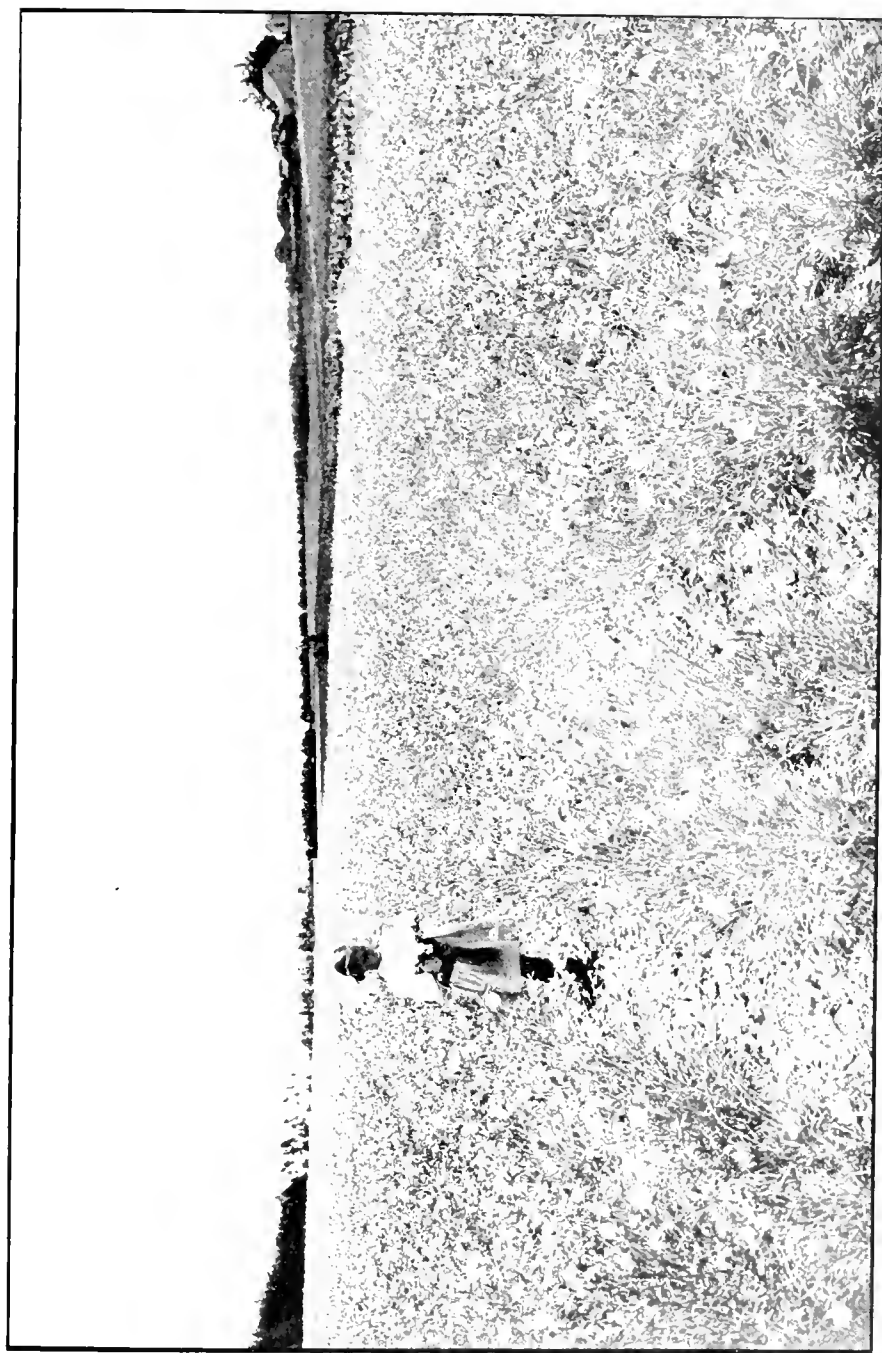
Here we were shown Mr. Henry E. Huntington's cottage at Clifton-by-the-Sea, and then rapidly taken to the great Huntington Power Plant, which is the largest in the West, and the most modern and efficient in the world. The building is of reinforced concrete, and is unique from the fact that the concrete is made of gravel from the Moonstone Beach, containing many specimens of semi-precious stones. The plant cost more than \$1,500,000, and gave to our visitors, better than words, a clear idea of the rapid growth of the country that requires such tremendous generating plants to supply the region with needed electric power.

We were then taken to the Hot Salt Plunge, which is said to be the largest in the United States, if not in the world, and in point of finish and equipment is unequalled. The immense structure is 278x156 feet and contains 1,350 dressing-rooms, besides a complete Turkish and tub bath department. The swimming pools are three in number, being a "baby pool" 30x70 feet, with a depth of water ranging from one to two feet; a high diving pool 30x70 feet, with water nine feet deep; and a main pool 70x157 feet, with water from three to five feet in depth. All the pools are supplied with a continuous flow of pure warm sea water from the great power plant. At most bathhouses pumping and heating are expensive luxuries, and the water is changed only at stated intervals. At the Redondo Beach Plunge the water changes constantly, entering the pools in enormous volume through ornamental fountains, and being withdrawn at numerous outlets, insuring adequate circulation and perfect sanitary conditions, and no one is obliged to bathe in water formerly used by other bathers.

While some went in swimming, others picked up pebbles on Moonstone Beach, and still others walked up to the magnificent Hotel Redondo, for



Hot Salt Plunge at Redondo Beach, California, the Largest in the United States.



CARNATION FIELD NEAR REDONDO BEACH

Grown in great profusion in this locality for the Los Angeles markets, and nowhere are these blossoms to be found in such perfection

years one of the show places of Southern California. Here they saw the acres and acres of carnations and sweet peas for which Redondo is famous.

When exercise and sea air had fully sharpened all appetites, and some of the more hungry were calling for "raw hippopotamus," a delicious luncheon was served at the Dolphin, where great interest centered around the "corn-fed clams." When the appetites of all were fully satisfied, one of the brightest and wittiest addresses made to the association was given by Mr. C. H. Burnett, manager of the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Co., and president of the Chamber of Commerce. He said:

Up to to-day you have, I understand, been guests of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, but Mr. Mitchell and his associates have agreed to let us have a small share in the pleasure of entertaining you, and this morning you have been the joint guests of the Redondo Beach Chamber of Commerce, the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company and the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, and on behalf of the Redondo Beach Chamber of Commerce, I want to tell you how glad we are to have the privilege of entertaining you.

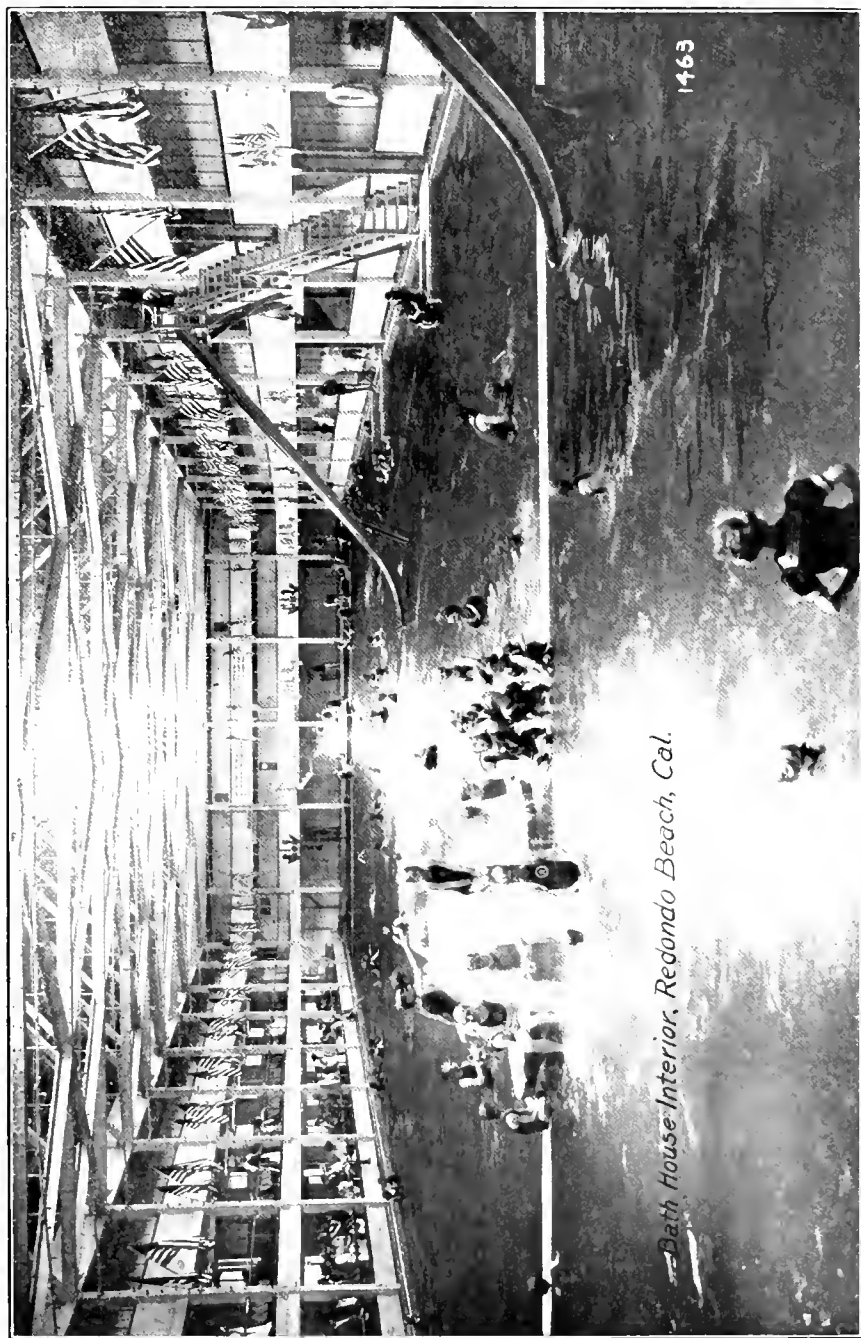
In the first place, I want to congratulate you upon the large and representative attendance at your convention; upon having transacted such a large amount of important business, and upon the harmonious and businesslike manner in which your deliberations have been conducted. I also wish to congratulate you upon being residents for even a few days of the great city of Los Angeles, and guests at Los Angeles hotels; and also upon having imbibed some very good Los Angeles ideas. I don't know what else you may have imbibed, but I am very glad to notice that you have contracted at least one good Los Angeles habit, and one which I am happy to say is very prevalent.

In Los Angeles, as you know, the people are all hustlers and all work very hard, but they stop once in a while for a little rest and recreation and a good dinner, and so I say that you are merely following a good Los Angeles custom when, at the first opportunity, you make a bee-line for the best beach city in California, and the best fish dinner on the Pacific Coast.

I imagine some of my friends from the other beach resorts may want to know how I am going to prove that Redondo Beach is the best resort in California, and I will merely say to them that I do not have to prove it—I freely admit it. As far as the fish dinner is concerned, we have introduced that in evidence, and the evidence has been introduced into the jury, and I am therefore perfectly willing to leave the matter entirely to you.

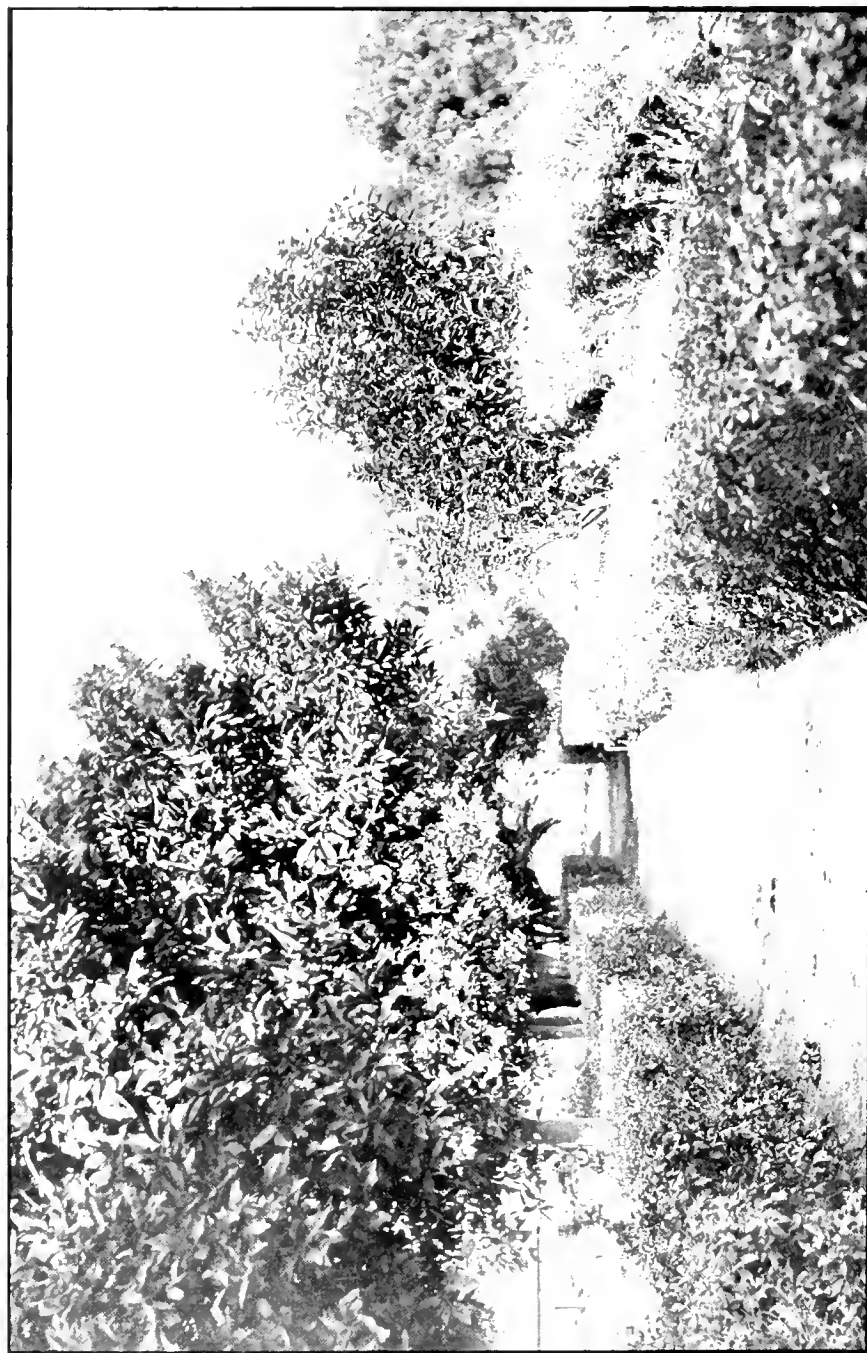
In the name of the Redondo Beach Chamber of Commerce and our citizens generally, I bid you a hearty and cordial welcome. We are glad to see you, and we want you to have a good time. We are proud to entertain you and we are proud to show you our city. We know that we have the finest town in California, and we want everybody else to know it. It may be of interest to you to know that we are one of the oldest seaports on the Southern Coast, and one of the principal ports of entry for Los Angeles. Over our wharves is handled an enormous tonnage of lumber, merchandise and oil, as well as many thousands of passengers. Our geographical location is such that we are the first port of call for Los Angeles traffic for vessels plying from San Francisco and other northern ports, and our commerce also includes large quantities of hardwood lumber from Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. Our proximity to the great Sherman oil fields, through which you will pass this afternoon, makes us the largest oil shipping port in Southern California. We are connected with Los Angeles by four lines of electric railway, and we are also the tide water terminus of the Santa Fe system. During the past year our lumber business has increased 30 per cent, our merchandise traffic 45 per cent and our passenger traffic 75 per cent.

In addition to its commercial advantages, Redondo Beach is also a pleasure resort



Bath House Interior, Redondo Beach, Cal.

The Interior of the Hot Salt Plunge at Redondo Beach, Cal



CARNATION GARDEN, REJENDO BEACH

The propagation station of the Carnation industry. A semi-tropical lower of beauty, wherein some of the stathest palms of the Southland are to be found.

of many attractions, some of which you have seen, but it would be impossible to show you all of them in the limited time at your disposal. We only hope that some day you will all return and give us a better chance to entertain you.

I neglected to ask Mr. Mitchell whether he proposed to run his Entertainment Committee on the European plan or the American plan, but judging from the expressions I have heard to-day, I find he has been running it on the California plan. The difference between the European plan and the American plan is well illustrated by an item I saw in the paper the other day under the head of "Answers to Correspondents," as follows:

In the best society what do guests at leading metropolitan hotels usually order for breakfast? As I have never been away from home and am going to New York on my bridal tour, I shall appreciate any helpful hint. I am eighteen and my health is good. FLOSSIE.

That depends. Should the hotel at which you stop be conducted on the European plan, you will write out this order: Coffee, Rolls, and Boiled Eggs. If, on the other hand, the American plan obtains, ask the waiter to bring you the following:

Hot House Grapes			Blood Oranges
	Oatmeal	Cream	
Bread	Rolls	Corn Muffins	Scones
		Chocolate	
	Broiled Salmon	Creamed Potatoes	
	Omelet with Mushrooms		
Porterhouse Steak		Grilled Sweet Potatoes	
	Hot Waffles—Maple Syrup		

If your health is VERY good, a Jumbo Squab on Toast may precede the steak. Take the oranges to your room.

Now if Mr. Mitchell had been running that breakfast on the California plan he would merely have added some humming-bird's tongues on toast, some broiled flying fish, and a few other simple dishes that Flossie might have overlooked.

Mr. Bohn thus describes the rest of the experiences of the day:

"Our luncheon over, we proceed by trolley along the beach by Ocean Park and Santa Monica to Venice and are entertained on the ship hotel, to Hollywood, where light refreshments are served at the charming Hollywood Hotel (and here I may say as an aside, we also meet those veteran Michigan bonifaces who are spending the winter of their lives in summery California, H. F. Badger of Kalamazoo and Farnham Lyon of East Saginaw, accompanied by their wives.)

"Here we take autos and visit the beautiful General Otis home, Mr. Watkins' Sunken Gardens, and Arthur Letts' charming home and gardens, but the piece de resistance of this program in the beauty line is the studio and grounds of Paul de Longpre, where that celebrated flower painter greets us in person as we stroll through his garden with its five thousand rose bushes that surrounds his studio, and view with silent admiration and amazement his beautiful flower paintings. It is a never-to-be-forgotten half hour. This has been one long, lovely day of delightful surprises and entertainment."



The Golf Links, near Avalon, Santa Catalina Island

CHAPTER VIII

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910---CATALINA ISLAND AND LONG BEACH DAY

The guests assembled at Hotel Haywards, the beautiful hotel of H. C. Fryman, the new president of the Southern California Hotel Association, and from thence took special trains of electric cars on the great Huntington system to San Pedro harbor, upon which the government is spending many millions to make it one of the large and safe harbors of the Pacific Coast. Although San Pedro is twenty miles away from Los Angeles, it has been duly embraced by that city—connected with a pan-handle, and is now legiti-



Max Teich, Photo

An H. M. M. B. A. "group" on the steamer "Cabrillo" bound for Santa Catalina, Cal.

mately and truly a part of Los Angeles, so that the enterprising metropolis of Southern California can now truthfully claim to be a seaport. And it will not be long before the pan-handle will be one grand boulevard lined with fine bungalows and other residences.

At San Pedro the party boarded the steamer *Cabrillo*, one of the Wilmington Transportation Company's boats, with a capacity of 950 people, and was soon out of the harbor on to the broad Pacific. Everything was charming that day, perfect weather and sea going and coming, the whales, dolphins and flying fish performed as properly as if they were doing their "stunt" in a vaudeville show, and everybody was delighted.



In the Submarine Garden, Santa Catalina Island.

Santa Catalina Island is Southern California's most famous summer and winter resort. In all the world there is no more enchanting spot. This island is a mountain range at sea—twenty-two miles long—from one to seven miles wide—and its highest peak, 2,200 feet elevation.

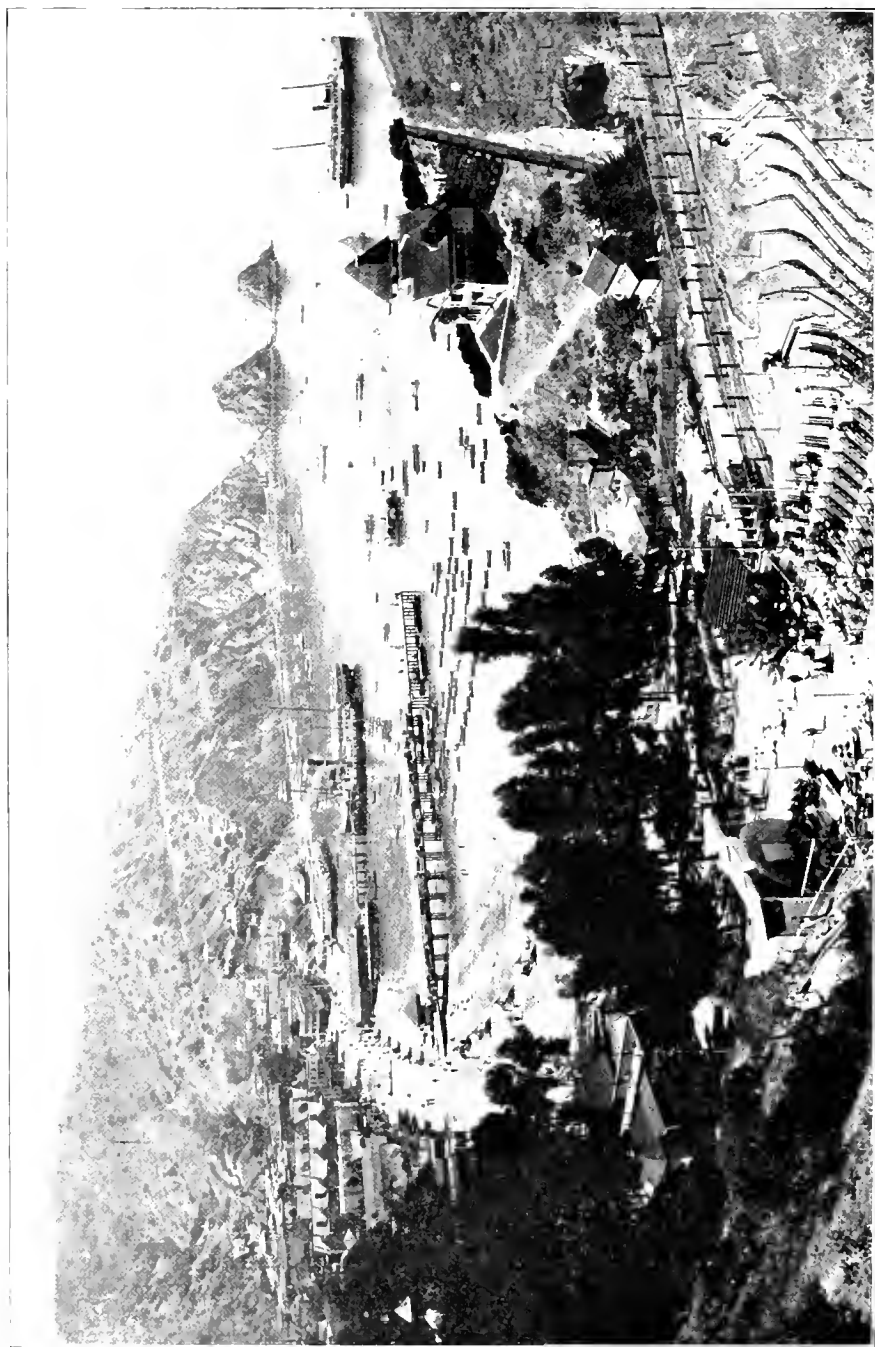
The coast line of the island is cut with innumerable bays, each beautiful and picturesque, each with a different background, bringing a constantly changing panorama of calm waters, smooth beaches, many-hued rocks, lofty cliffs, green canyons and mountain peaks—a combination of seashore and mountain scenery unequaled in the world.

In one of these most enchanting bays has been built up the city of Avalon, and here the Cabrillo landed the H. M. M. B. A. guests. The time for this "Magic Isle" was all too short. Everybody wanted to see and "do" everything, and there wasn't time, so the crowd scattered, some to do one thing and some another, but all to be happy. Many took the mountain coach ride in fine six-in-hand coaches, driven by Mr. George A. Greeley, formerly of Pasadena, and one of the best known whips and horsemen of California. George's coaches are all standard Concorde, his horses are all good and "on the go," and his drivers perfect with whip, lines and brake. This ride is a magnificent one, giving one the finest kind of outlook over the valley, the shore line, the ocean and the mainland beyond. Some went boating and others bathing, but without exception, all went in the glass-bottomed boats. This is by far the best known of Santa Catalina's many unique attractions, and one which no visitor to the island should miss. It affords a view of the beautiful submarine gardens through glass-bottomed boats. These gardens have been eloquently described as follows:

"Floating over the green and blue water in the glass-bottom boat, one sees the goings and comings of aquatic life. Here are shell-encrusted rocks, fishes, red, green, gold, zigzagging leisurely among the waving foliage; here are real trees with long branches, waving as on land by a tempest; great fish of all shapes, luxuriant foliage, with branches bearing clusters of fruit resembling olives. Leaning over the transparencies in the bottom of the boats, people go into ecstasies."

"Well, I surely will have things to tell the people at home when I get there," remarked one Ohio boniface, "and I'll wager that when the people hear about these marine gardens, with trees as big as our own buckeyes, and gold fish, and silver ones, and ocean tomatoes and cucumbers, they'll call me a liar, and tell me the California air must have gone to my head. Well, I'm most willing to believe anything I ever hear about Southern California after to-day, and it certainly will not be my last trip to this part of the world."

The glass-bottom boat rides were not the only features on the program. The management of the Metropole Hotel was on hand with greetings and something more substantial, a dainty fish luncheon, Catalina sand dabs, famous the world over for their delicacy, white fish, and other dishes essential to a good menu were provided.



Avulon, Santa Catalina Island, showing portion of Open Air Theater in the foreground

Many walked up to see the open-air theater, where concerts by the world-famous Santa Catalina Band are given every evening, and where, unique in the history of America, no whispering or talking is allowed during the performances. Attendants are stationed all over the theater. Over the stand an electric transparency flashes forth a request for silence. The concert begins. Someone whispers. The attendant hears and approaches the offender, and pointing to the sign, it is so arranged as to flash out its warning as he points. If this warning does not answer and he has to speak to the same offender again, he hands him (or her, for, strange to say, it is sometimes a her) a card, on which the following is printed in large letters:



Palm Avenue, Hotel Virginia, not far from Long Beach, Cal

"Please refrain from talking during rendition of band numbers. You will please everyone by granting this request. By special request of Executive Committee."

If this pointed request fails, the third offense is met by the attendant politely leading the whisperer where he belongs, viz., away from the concert and into disgrace. The result is that one can enjoy a concert better at Santa Catalina in the open air than in Chicago, Boston, or New York—for the writer has attended concerts in them all.

The whistle for "All aboard" came all too soon. Everyone regretted that they had not more time at Catalina. Two hours later they boarded the Salt Lake trains at San Pedro and were carried in a few minutes to

Long Beach and Hotel Virginia

where the Long Beach Band was on hand to discourse sweet music, and a hundred automobiles were lined up to take the guests through the city. Some, however, preferred to take a dip in the plunge bath of the Hotel Virginia. As Henry J. Bohn well wrote:

"The day's program was finished with an elaborate dinner served by Carlton Gilbert at the Virginia. The great dining-room was beautifully decorated and the party was an unusually large one. Many of the local people as well as some of our Eastern delegates bringing Los Angeles friends. A feature of this fine dinner, besides decorations and orchestra,



Beautiful Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, Cal. One of the finest and best beach hotels in the world.

was a song—unexpectedly requested and granted—by Mrs. Walter Raymond, wife of the proprietor and owner of the Raymond at Pasadena, who is a notable songstress. After the dinner there was dancing in the great ballroom and moonlight strolls on the beach, and so charmed were some of our H. M. M. B. A. people with the magnificent hotel that they did not return to the city with the special trolleys, but stayed over night to be lulled to sleep by the 'sad sea waves.'"

The decorations of the banquet hall were of a peculiar California type. From the lobby, great strings of wistaria blooms mounted to the dome, formed above a fountain of sparkling water in the center of the hall. The

fountain was a creation of callas, roses and greenery. On each table a fragrant centerpiece of roses graced the scene.

The Hotel Virginia was a complete surprise to all the Easterners. As John Willey well said in his "Hotel Monthly":

"This great hotel, on the edge of the Pacific Ocean, set in a green lawn, with magnificently furnished public rooms and modern equipped throughout, was a great surprise to the visitors, who little dreamed of so great and fine a hotel on a Pacific Coast beach. But the hotel is there; and a demonstration was made of its quality and capacity at a banquet at which 550 guests were comfortably seated in the main dining-room, 63 by 210 feet. The banquet was introduced by the sudden darkening of the room and flashlight illumination outside the windows, presenting a startling effect. The management



On the Beach, near the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, California.

had provided for 450 guests, and 550 were seated when the first course was brought in. The elaborate menu was served in full to all, and Manager Gilbert received the congratulations of the entertainment committee on the skilful manner in which the banquet was handled under the trying conditions of serving at an hour's notice, and without crowding the tables, or altering his menu, a hundred more in addition to the 450 he had provided for. It was a catering feat that has made Carleton Gilbert famous."

The building is of reinforced concrete and is a million-dollar structure, as fireproof as modern science knows how to construct a building.

South of the hotel spreads the endless Pacific, to the north one overlooks the city of Long Beach, and in the distance the snow-strewn Sierra Madre mountains, while to the east and west stretches the beautiful silver strand giving to Long Beach its name.

The lobby with its columns of marble, classical decoration and beautiful hangings, rich Oriental rugs, rare Japanese bronzes, embroideries and exquisite paintings, elicits admiration. Here one may actually realize what the hero of the "Bohemian Girl" only dreamt of, for the song declares "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

For balls on a large and grand scale, the Louis XIV ballroom, with its ballbearing floor and numerous exits leading to the breeze-swept colonnades, has no equal on the coast, and is the scene of much gaiety at all seasons. In addition to the weekly hops, many of society's most exclusive dances are held here.

The grand salon is equal in size, charm and equipment to the lobby, and the exquisite taste manifested throughout is not the least of its allurements.



The Grand Marble Lobby, Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, California.

The dining-room is especially attractive in its quiet and unostentatious dignity. It is done after the Gothic style of architecture. The windows fronting south overlook the Pacific. There are no draughts—the ventilation is after the most approved idea—and every table has its own telephone, electric candelabra and individual floral decorations.

One of the special features of the Hotel Virginia is the Lanai or Sun-parlor. It is located on the great corridor, overlooking the gay throngs on the beach and the wide stretch of the Pacific beyond, where steamers plying up and down the coast, numerous yachts, fishing boats, sailing vessels, launches and pleasure craft of every description give pleasing touches to the exquisite blue of the ocean. Here, in this sheltered spot one may take

afternoon tea, or after-dinner coffee, or even have a meal served—a feature that Southern Californians are just beginning fully to appreciate. Those who wish to be entirely out of doors at these informal or formal functions find the colonnade a convenient and commodious place for such festivities.

The bedrooms, as one would expect of such a hotel, are models. There are over 400 of them, and of these, over 300 are provided with individual bathrooms.

The Virginia tennis courts are concrete floored and canvas wind-shielded in an environment conducive to the utmost enjoyment of this popular pastime. Here annually assemble players of international fame to contest championship games before well-filled galleries of keenly interested spectators.

Altogether the Virginia was a delight and surprise to all our guests, and the delightful dinner so exquisitely and perfectly served reflected the greatest credit upon the management. The Virginia was opened for its summer season by Mr. Carl Stanley, who was its acting manager when



CARL STANLEY

Carl Stanley, manager of Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, began his hotel life at the Van Nuys Hotel in Los Angeles as bellboy. His promotion was rapid, and he served as front clerk, night clerk, room clerk, and chief clerk during the nine years of his occupation there. He then came to the Hotel Virginia, as chief

clerk, under D. M. Linard, worked one winter at the Maryland, 1908-09, with him, and then opened the Virginia, on May 31, 1909, as manager, and ran it until March 1, 1910. He then accepted a position with the Portland Hotel, Portland, Ore., returning to take charge of the Virginia again June 15, 1909.

first opened. Mr. Stanley's rapid rise to prominence in the hotel field is a proof of his laudable ambition and superior abilities, and in his hands it is confidently expected that the Virginia will become one of the most profitable, as it already is, the most beautiful of the beach resorts of this portion of the Pacific Ocean.

The city of Long Beach is one of the marvels of the West. Thirty years ago nothing but a stretch of fine sand, the ocean on one side and a cattle ranch on the other, it now has an active, cultured and refined population of over 20,000 souls, and is growing rapidly. Two transcontinental railways have Pacific Coast connections here, the Southern Pacific, and the "Salt Lake," while the Pacific Electric runs express trains to and from Los Angeles with frequency. Recognizing that much of its patronage comes from the interior and from those who enjoy automobiling the city and county authorities have prepared miles of fine roads, and in November, 1910, a new and well-constructed automobile boulevard reaching from Los Angeles to Long Beach will be formally opened. This will allow of a rapid run in one's own machine from Los Angeles after business hours in time for dinner, and many are already planning to avail themselves of this grand opportunity—fleeing from the city, taking a fine ride surrounded by magnificent scenery, the breezes and health-giving ozone from the ocean, dinner at Hotel Virginia, and either remaining over night in one of the finest of bedrooms and most comfortable of beds and returning to business in the morning after breakfast, or, if necessary, returning by the light of the moon, or what is nearly as good, by the clear light of a battery of automobile lamps. For a week-end recreation and rest this ride and the rest at Hotel Virginia is simply ideal.

Another feature that renders Hotel Virginia unique is its Art Gallery, started about a year ago by the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. R. Heber Jackson. The intent is to place on exhibition a fine collection of works of art, especially of California artists, and the showing already made has been most gratifying to all concerned.

CHAPTER IX

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1910--EARLY CALIFORNIA DAY

The Vaquero Club and the "Days of Forty-Nine" Smoker at Hotel Alexandria

This was a historic day and a day long to be remembered by our visitors. It was a peculiarly happy idea to present such a day and the committee deserve great credit for originating and carrying it out so successfully. A hundred years ago and less California had its heroic age—a day when the cowboy was king. Cattle ranged its thousand hillsides and valleys and the vaquero—the Spanish or Mexican cowboy—with *la riata* tied to his saddle rode the range day and night at the time of the rodeo, or roundup, to bring in all the animals that could be found. Their horses, most of them less in size and weight than the horse of the Eastern States, looked insignificant and scrubby compared with the heavy solid saddle animals ridden by the Puritans and their descendants, but when in action they seemed to be imbued with the spirit of the tornado. They were shod with lightning; the whirlwind coursed through their veins; they rode upon the wings of the storm. With their masters upon their backs, the two worked so perfectly together that they were veritable Centaurs. Over the wild, rough, rocky hillsides or undulating plain, regardless of boulders, rocks, brush, briar, thicket or fallen trees, dashed the trained animal bearing his rider as though he were a feather-weight. Dodging hither and yon, to right or left, as the obstacles in the way demanded, or boldly leaping all that could not be dodged, it required that the rider be unconscious of his seat or he soon had no seat. He must be an expert or he could be nothing in that real arena. For—and here let me whisper in your ear, gentle reader—those horses that you so despised are the descendants of the proud scions of the Arabian deserts—horses that were worth a king's ransom, or, to use more modern phraseology, horses that would cost as much as an American girl generally pays for a European count or no-account.

After the epoch of the discovery of gold, when the first fever had died out, and the miner lost his ascendancy, the cowboy became the king, and for some twenty or thirty years ruled supreme. The stories of the lariat (a corruption of *la riata*), or the lasso, were told about the fireside and the open-air campfire, as now we tell stories of the latest victory in golf, tennis, or baseball, or the adventures of daring motorcyclists or automobilists. And the achievements of those days were wonderful, they were brave, they were heroic. They stimulated blood, brain, muscle, nerve, to emulation and equal accomplishment, and were a good school for education in daring and bravery.

Hence it was a most appropriate thing that Los Angeles, once the proud capital of the province of California while it was under Mexican rule, should have organized a club to retain and foster all that was good and inspiring, in the days of the Vaquero, as far as his skill with the riata was concerned, his daring open-country riding, his feats of horsemanship in the corral or on the road, and that should recall the flavor of his amusements when his day's work was done.

The Vaquero Club is this peculiarly Southwestern institution. A vaquero is a cowboy. In California, especially, the vaquero found a paradise. Its perfect climate, its great valleys and mountain foothills where hundreds of thousands of sheep, goats, horses and oxen could roam in unrestrained freedom to revel in luscious, fattening and strengthening grasses, made the life of the vaquero a happy and contented one. For what more joyous to owner or tender of herds of cattle or sheep than to see them growing and increasing in value every day, with little or no effort, and in the most perfect climate the world affords. Never too hot, never too cold, the weather delighted the vaquero as well as benefited the stock, so the life of the cowboy in California became the ideal, out-of-door, free life that everyone envied, everyone wished to enjoy.

But this was only the "business side" of his life. California was an isolated country from the rest of the world, and it had to find its pleasures among its own people, and through them. There were no theaters, concert halls, opera houses, nickelodeons, vaudevilles or moving-picture shows in those days, from 1770 to 1846, these practically being the days of the cowboy. For the Missions of California began to be established about 1770, and Spanish and Mexican settlement of California began then, and their power and influence lasted until the day that the Stars and Stripes were raised in the old capital of Monterey in 1846. During these years the cowboy was a factor at all the gatherings for pleasure of the people. Horseback was the chief, indeed practically the only mode of conveyance. Men, women and children rode horseback. And what horses! They were of Moorish and Arabic stock, brought over by the old Spanish grandees, and in this well-favored clime they bred as perfectly as in their own home. The result was that when American trading vessels began to come to the coast of California, early in the century, they found here the finest horses, with the most skilled riders, of both sexes, that the whole American continent could boast. And the literature of those days is full of vivid and enthusiastic descriptions of the horsemanship of the vaqueros, and the rancheros and everybody else of those splendid days of pastoral California. A book twice the size of this might be written containing nothing more than quotations from the writings of visitors to California, or residents here, before 1846, who described the horses and the various ways in which they were used for business and pleasure—the skill of the California ranchero and vaquero, the long distances ridden, the way the horses were trained for their work in the cowherd or horseherd, their marvelous readiness to

he trained so that they understood the needs of the vaquero, their ability to hold a refractory steer or horse, and a thousand and one things of equal interest and fascination.

Hence it was natural that some time in the history of California, after the American began to find a little leisure on his hands, that he should begin to think of those happy and glorious days when the vaquero was a power in the land.

Accordingly as Los Angeles grew in size and importance, it was suggested that it have a "fiesta," where many of these old memories should be revived, incorporated with modern features to attract the crowds from all parts of the country. For many years this "fiesta" was carried on as a regular "institution" in Los Angeles. At one of the fiestas, five years ago, the Grand Marshal was Dr. G. A. Scroggs, an old-timer, who was familiar with the descendants of the old Spanish and Mexican families. He thought it would be a picturesque and interesting feature of the fiesta parade if a number of vaqueros and their friends who were excellent riders would appear and give an exhibition of the kind of riding and horseback sports that were common "before the gringo came." No sooner said than done. The idea was received with favor, and when the day of the fiesta parade appeared, the vaqueros were pronounced one of the leading features, and to many, by far the most picturesque, interesting and historic feature of the whole parade. From that sprang the idea of the "Vaquero Club." Such a club should—as its first president, Dr. Fred C. Shurtleff, has said—"Make a home where a number of congenial people could unite to perpetuate not only the life of the old vaquero, but help bring back many of the customs, sports and pleasures of the early California days: their dances, their fiestas, their barbecues, their riding expeditions, their dancing on horseback, and all the other distinctive features of the pleasures that made their life so happy.

Dr. Shurtleff had married a daughter of one of the old Spanish rancheros, hence he was acquainted with all the Spanish and Mexican families of the region, and no sooner was the idea broached than it was put into operation. A "home place" for the club was found at the ranch of Mr. J. C. Plummer, near Colegrove, and known as Oakhurst, and members were carefully chosen. The club meets regularly once a month throughout the year, when an old-time Spanish barbecue is provided, and feats in horsemanship, dancing, singing and other enjoyments indulged in. While every member of the club may bring his wife, sister, daughter, sweetheart or friend, there are only three lady members of the club, and these were elected as "honorary members" for special reasons. These ladies are Miss Frances Plummer, who was the club's first secretary, Mrs. Bottier, and Miss Talamantes. The members may invite visitors, but no one visitor can be invited more than twice the same year. The club has several distinguished honorary members (besides the ladies named), such as Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), Jesus Lopez of the Fort Tejon Range, ex-President Roosevelt and others.

The club has participated in all civic events of importance that have occurred since its organization, where horsemanship was required, such as the fiestas, parades, escorts of celebrities and the like. When the U. S. fleet anchored in the Los Angeles harbor, off San Pedro, the Vaquero Club escorted Admiral Evans and his officers and men, in the parade, and prepared a day of sports for their enjoyment. The noted horseman, Charles Meadows, better known as Arizona Charley, aided in this entertainment, which included, among other features, the holding up of an overland stage, and rescue by cowboys, steer tying, bull riding, handling wild and bucking broncos, throwing wild steers by the horns, relay races, etc.



Riding a Bucking Bronco at the Vaquero Club, for the entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A.

The Vaquero Club has its own special costume, designed after the most approved of the Spanish-California models. It may be called the replica of a dandy Caballero's costume, with all the trappings of carved leather saddle and bridle, with silver mountings, silver spurs and the like. The club originally began by using the ordinary "shaps" of the modern "cowboy," but it was found that this costume, while perfectly appropriate for rough out-door use, was neither of historic interest as showing the old-style costume, nor picturesque enough for fiesta occasions.

The Club now comprises among its members many of the leading Spanish Californians of Southern California, judges, bankers, doctors, lawyers,

professors and others, all of whom are excellent horsemen, who love cross-country riding, who enjoy the simple barbecued foods of the olden time, and who are ready to meet the handsome dark-eyed senoras and señoritas of Spain and Mexico, or the dark-haired, blue-eyed matrons and maidens of California in the mazes of Spanish, German, French and American dances, but who especially enjoy the "sombbrero blanco," "la jota," or "la camote," of Spanish-California days.

With all this romance behind it, therefore, it was appropriate that the S. C. H. A. should arrange with the Vaquero Club for a Spanish Fiesta Day, during the visit of the H. M. M. B. A.



Joe Romero, the noted Barbecue Chef of the Los Angeles Vaquero Club, preparing meats for the entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A.

The invitation was essentially Vaquero Club style, for on the cover, which, by the way, was tied with a strip of buckskin, was a steer, a tamale, a string of red peppers, a glimpse of a California mission campanile, a padre, and a carreta, with the United States and Mexican flags intertwined and bound by a shield bearing the monogram of the Vaquero Club.

Inside, the contents were as characteristic, there were engravings showing the Dancing of the Jota, a carreta, a danza at the old ramada, barbecuing the meats, and a scene of a Spanish play, etc.

The guests assembled at 10 o'clock at the Occidental Hotel, on Hill street, where the genial host, George W. Von Ache and his two sons and

partners, Nard and Garrison, entertained them until the special cars were ready. The guests were quickly conveyed to the Plummer ranch where the headquarters of the Vaquero Club are located. Here before the tan-bark covered square, where the feats of horsemanship were to take place, an abundance of seats had been provided. After the presentation of all the officers of the Club, and those who were particularly to engage the attention of the guests, Dr. Fred C. Shurtleff, the first president and founder of the Club, recited in a most touching manner the following beautiful poem:

THE COWBOY'S PRAYER

By Charles B. Clark, Jr.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet, I seem to feel You near to-night
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well;
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock and bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a partner of the wind and sun
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down
And make me square and generous with all;
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As longst as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget:
You understand the reasons that are hid,
You know about the things that gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

The cheers and applause that greeted him showed to Dr. Shurtleff that both poem and its recital had thoroughly captured his Eastern audience.

Then came the feats of horsemanship according to the program. And what can one say of these "feats" save that the ladies and gentlemen performed them with the spirit, the vim, the grace and the readiness of the old days.

The feature of the afternoon was the riding of the wild horse, "Grave Digger," by Mrs. Dell Blancett of Sterling, Colorado. The vicious horse had to be roped and thrown before the daring woman could get on it, but once mounted all the animal's efforts proved insufficient to unseat her. She was awarded the first prize by the judges, selected from among the hotelmen, and her husband was given second prize.

In the tug-of-war on horseback, Dick Stanley of Portland, Oregon, who wears the world's championship belt for riding bucking horses, was awarded the prize.

Then the cry came, "To the festive board!" A large "ramada" had been built in primitive style and there the quaint meal was served. Many of the guests had found time to visit the cooking shed, where Joe Romero, the noted barbecue chef, reigned supreme. The barbecue pits were giving forth appetizing odors, and Joe and his helpers were slicing rich meats, and cooking others over the glowing coals on a ten-foot square gridiron. Women were preparing huge dishes of chili and other vegetable dishes, fiery hot with peppers, but delicious and healthful. Great steaming cans of coffee gave forth the only familiar odor.

There is no denying the fact that those Eastern guests can eat when they have a fair opportunity and room for their strength. Here, their appetites sharpened by their out door morning and ride, and breathing the pure out door air as they ate, they did full justice to dishes, with none of which were they at first familiar. But strangeness did not seem to be any bar to appetite. Plate after plate full was deftly removed, and still there were calls for more.

When all were satisfied, the dances began, and many enjoyed this feature of the entertainment more than any other. The first "danza" was "El Sombrero Blanco." To the strain of guitar, mandolin, violin, flute and cornet the dance began. Each movement meant something in its charming grace and delicate.

This "White Hat" dance takes one back to the days of the founding of the city of Los Angeles. Tradition handed down from father to son, tells how the caravan of the founders came to El Rio Porcinnucula (the river of the pigs, as the Los Angeles river was known to the natives), and camped on the east bank. An old grand dame, called to her grand child to run down and see if he could find water. The wanderers were weary with travel and thirsty after their long march over the desert and waterless land. The lad soon returned from the river bed, so the tradition goes, with a gourd filled with cool, sparkling water. "Por Dio. This is the Queen of the Angels," devoutly and thoughtfully exclaimed the thirsty woman. It was the special gift of the Virgin.



Dancing one of the old time Spanish Dances, La Jota—for the entertainment of the H. M. M. B. A. at the Los Angeles Vaquero Club.

Soon the caravan was at the water's edge drinking joyfully. Then, refreshed and happy, they trooped up, onto the western bank of the river, and as soon as camp was made, "El Paderon Blanco" (the white bluff), and "El Sombrero Blanco" (the white hat), was announced. The dance is full of meaning. First there is the archness and coy hesitation of the maidens as the sweet music brings out the words from the throats of the dancers, all the time the dance is going on. Here is a translation of the song:

If you wish me to love you,
Make brick the ocean floor,
After all of your love's labors,
Time will tell the score.

Still dancing, no moment at rest, comes back the answer of the cavaliers. It is their time to answer the problem put before them.

I take the ocean for the water;
For cement I take the sand;
Fishes will furnish brick that's needed;
So lo! I have won your hand.

Then comes the chorus from which the dance receives its name. Each cavalier is striving to place his sombrero on the head of his partner as he weaves in and out gracefully from one dark-eyed senorita to another. If she keeps the hat upon her head that is her acceptance of his suit.

Here are the words to this part of the song:

Do you wish to wear my white hat?
Or shall my blue hat be your crown?
What do you wish, my own true loved one,
To place you on the throne?

Then followed "Los Camotes," the sweet potato dance. This used to be danced in the old mission days, in the patio, in grateful thankfulness for the abundance of the crops. It is a most graceful dance, with the cavaliers kneeling as the final words, "Adios, adios, Adoremus," are sung.

La Jota, or the "flourishing joy" is a longer dance than the others. Only a small part of it was given on this occasion, as to complete it requires fully three hours.

Among the dancers on this occasion were Señor Pedro Lugo and his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Plummer and their daughter, and Mrs. Fred C. Shurtleff. Their dancing was pronounced by the hotelmen to be far more beautiful and graceful than that of the Americans.

Many of the costumes worn were of extreme age, the one worn by Mrs. Plummer being over one hundred years old and of especial significance, it

having been first worn by a Spanish dame at a great state ball given in Monterey in early days.

Altogether the entertainment of the Vaquero Club was most novel and enjoyable, as well as unique, and its memories will be long in fading from the minds of those who witnessed it.

The Days of Forty-nine Smoker at Hotel Alexandria

When night came, though most of the visitors were surfeited with sight-seeing, they could not resist the temptation to come out and see the Forty-nine Camp. As Mr. John Willey of the Hotel Monthly well said:



At the Vaquero Club—From left to right: Charles "Silver-plater" Allen, Wm. Lunny, Indian girl, "Skipper" Carrigan, William Valiquette and Mrs. Carrigan.

If there had been surprises before, here surely was one that capped the climax! The banquet room on the mezzanine floor had been converted into a Forty-niner mining camp. On entering each guest was presented with "Our Biznes Card," which read:

City Direktory

Chineze Opeum Den on Santa Fe Trail; Lunsh Kouunter, Salune and Roulet wheel on Square Street; Segars, Sigerets and Faro on Paradise Alley; Musick and Danse Hall on Oregon Trail; Red Egels Flours on Paradise Alley; If You Want More Information Ast The Sheref (or look on other side).

And on the reverse side was a list of the "goods" that one could secure at the bar.

The idea was to transport the visitor back fifty years or more and let him live for the evening in the days of forty-nine and the early fifties, when the gambler flourished, when the miner was supreme, when the barroom and dance hall and gambling place was the center of civic life and California was only beginning to awaken to the culture and progress that was to distinguish its later years, and of which the men have seen such evidences during their stay in this city.

On one side, as the visitors entered the door, was the "Last Chance" saloon in full operation, lighted by candles and lanterns, with local men garbed as its motley crew of nightly visitors enjoying themselves. Farther around the room was found the "Gold Nugget" lunch room, where the



Roulette and Faro in the 4ber Camp, H. M. M. B. A. smoker, Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles.

guests were invited to eat sandwiches and smoke. Next was the faro layout, with an expert dealer in charge and an expert case keeper. Huge piles of chips and of real money lined the sides of the table, and here, too, characters in cowboy and Mexican costumes kept coming and investing their surplus change.

Scenes Gay in Dance Hall

Then there was the "Grub Stake" dance hall, with its bevy of pretty dancing girls, who imitated to perfection the dances of years ago, to the tune furnished by a ragged rag-time piano player, who operated on the old well-battered piano.

Hanging from the middle of the dance hall was the sign, "Remember the dancing girls is ladies—Don't get gay or they are liable to shoot h - - out of you."

Beyond the dance hall was, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the whole affair. In a little hole in the wall lay two real Chinamen smoking genuine opium as only the Chinese know how. With loving care each one rolled and cooked his little "pill" of "hop" and smoked it while the guests stood and looked on. This feature was under the care of "Lame Jack," one of the best-known characters of the local Chinese colony, who said he was having hard work to keep his celestials there, owing to the fact that they hated to be watched in their operations.

Further on was the roulette wheel, under the charge of a skilful manipulator, and this also had stacks of chips and money on it. The guests were shown just how it was operated and witnessed the fictitious winning and losing of sums of money on its festive whirl.



The Last "Ghanst" Saloon, in the '49er Camp, Alexandria Hotel smoker for the H. M. M. B. A.

In the center of the back wall of the room was a waterfall, which added the final wild, out-of-doors touch to the whole. Around the side were street lamps with directions for the strangers printed upon them, and on each post were warnings telling all what not to do. One of these, near the faro outfit, stated that "The management would not support the widders of gents holding five aces." In the saloon were such warnings as "partner name your pizen," "a bonanza of booze," "this is no bank; cough up your dust and float away," "straight whiskey—25; straighter—50." Thrown across the hitching rail in front was a beautifully mounted saddle and bridle, left there supposedly by some cowboy on the inside enjoying himself.

While the fun in the mining camp was at its height, a minstrel troupe appeared on the scene. It was made up entirely of members of the New York special. John McGlynn, of the Rensselaer, Troy, N. Y., with a great bass voice, rather hoarse from the strain of talking all week, acted as inter-

locutor. F. N. Bain, president of the New York Hotel Men's Association, led the band, all playing tin horns and baby drums. Frederick Austin Reed, of the Park Avenue Hotel, New York, and Edward M. Tierney, of the Marlborough, New York, the men who brought the New Yorkers across the desert, were the end men. Their line of talk was conclusive in its foolishness.

It was a sparkling and fascinating scene and evidently pleased everybody. Another of the interesting features was, as Mr. Henry J. Bohn wrote, that, "Mingled with the crowd, were a number of the leading citizens of Los Angeles, made up as characters of the '49 days, miners, cowboys, tenderfeet, Spanish brigands, Weary-Willies, etc., even including a live burro that makes itself at home in the crowded room. We are carried away with



A glimpse of Paradise Alley in '99er Camp. H. M. M. B. A smoker, Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

admiration for the ingenuity and versatility of the scene, and surely it must have required an Aladdin's lamp in the hands of Joe Reichl, assistant manager of the Alexandria, whom his superior, Mr. Whitmore, gives credit for the production of this wonderful picture. Never, no, never, will the H. M. M. B. A. ladies and gentlemen forget the Alexandria 'smoker.' It is one of the things one can not forget, and to conceive, produce and carry out such a picture of the rough, wild days of California without offending the feelings or sensibilities of any sensible minded man or woman, yet instruct, entertain and charm, is surely a great feat."



Millo M. Potter, Proprietor of Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, California.

CHAPTER X

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1910---SANTA BARBARA AND SAN LUIS OBISPO DAY

At midnight of Saturday the special trains left Los Angeles for Santa Barbara. When the guests awoke on the morning of Sunday they were opposite the beautiful Mission depot of the Southern Pacific Co., and directly across the way were the grounds of the striking Hotel Potter, whose fame had already reached from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Mr. Harry D. Clark, of the New Arlington Hotel, with his charming wife and sweet little daughter, were waiting at the depot with a bus-load of flowers, which they distributed broadcast, especially showering the ladies with their sweetness, beauty and fragrance.

It was a walk of a few moments to reach the large dining-room of this beautiful hotel, where an excellent breakfast—such as have made Milo M. Potter's name famous throughout the Epicurean world—was provided. After doing full justice to this, the visitors thronged the hotel, enjoying its various unique features, wandered through the fifteen-acre geranium garden, went down to the bathhouse, took an automobile ride or went up to service at the old Mission. Through the courtesy of Mr. Joseph P. McCann, the New York party was taken for a drive to Santa Barbara Mission. Later on, while the Chicago and New England delegations were being entertained at luncheon at Hotel Potter, the New Yorkers were lunched as the guests of Mr. McCann.

The Potter Hotel

The Potter Hotel is built on the knoll formerly occupied by Burton's Spring House.

It was erected in 1902 and represents an investment of more than a million and a quarter of dollars.

It has accommodations for one thousand guests, and is open all the year. Every room is an outside room with outlook on either mountain or sea.

It sits in a floral park of thirty-six acres—about one thousand feet from the sea. Its mile-long walk, bordered with brilliant geraniums, is one of the sights of California.

There are more than thirty thousand rose bushes in the rose gardens, while the cacti and other gardens afford interesting botanical studies.

The broad palm-bordered boulevard between the Potter grounds and the beach is the popular promenade of Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara has long been famous for its climate, the most equable and delightful known to man. Naples, Nice, Cairo, Honolulu and the Islands of the Sea do not compare with it in climatic advantages.



Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Clark brought a bushel of flowers to the station at Santa Barbara for the ladies of the H. M. M. B. A. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark and Miss Ella Teich distributed them.



Chinese opium den in 'Per Camp, H. M. M. B. A. Smoker, Hotel Alexander, Los Angeles, Cal.

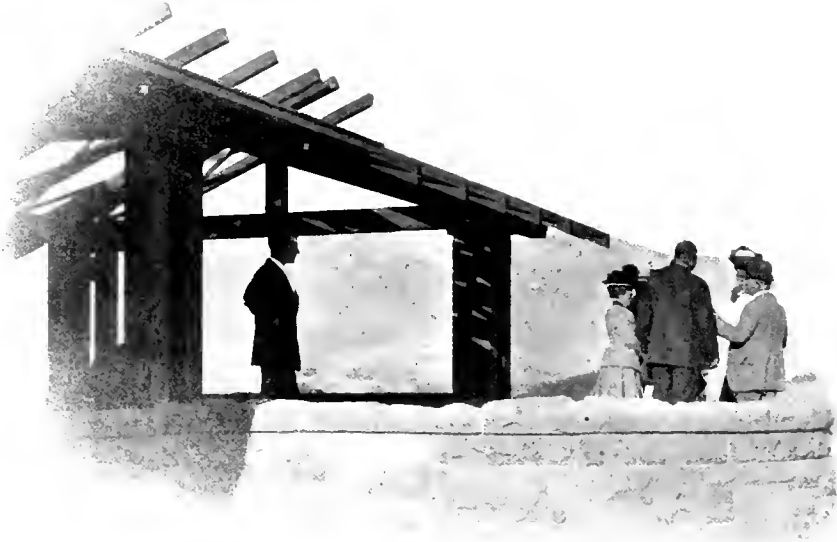
Seaward, the long shore line runs almost east and west, with a greater exposure to the southern sun than any other bit of coast line on the Pacific. Landward, the rock-ribbed range of the Santa Ynez Mountains crowds up close to the sea, encircling the valley like a protecting bulwark, shutting off alike both excessive heat and cold.



One corner of Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, California

A more charming environment can not be imagined, and the Hotel Potter in its matchless situation provides everything to enable the visitor to enjoy the advantages of climate and surroundings to the utmost.

Hotel Potter is an immense establishment in the old Mission style of architecture. It has wide verandas, roof gardens and sun porches, from which an inspiring view of the Santa Barbara Channel with the purple



On the Veranda of the Potter Country Club—overlooking the Polo Field.



On the Racetrack at the Potter Country Club.

islands in the distance, or the mighty mountains, is obtained. This channel is the official place where speed tests of U. S. warships, built on the coast, are always made. Hotel Potter crowns the knoll formerly known as Burton Mound, on which for unknown centuries a healing sulphur spring of wonderful medicinal quality has bubbled forth. The hotel is built over this and the water still sparkles up into a marble basin, in the lobby. The beautiful grounds surround the building, extending down to the Palm Boulevard which fronts on the beach and the sea.

In them one finds acres of velvet lawns, towering palms, rose gardens containing thousands of rose bushes which bloom almost the year through, a full mile of asphalt walks and driveways, bordered by banks of scarlet geraniums, cactus gardens, lily beds, and hundreds of other flowers and shrubs. In one part of the grounds is a menagerie and deer park, containing specimens of California deer. Here, also, are located the garage and livery stables.

Four excellent tennis courts are found within the hotel grounds. These are of asphalt and up to the full regulation professional requirements. Spectators' seats adjoin.

"Los Banos Del Mar," as the baths which are situated on the beach, within three minutes' walk of Hotel Potter, are called, furnish ample accommodation for all who indulge in sea bathing. They are equipped with large tanks, into which warm salt water is pumped, and have the spring boards, slides and other equipment for the pleasure of the bathers. From there, it is but a step to the beach, where the gentle surf comes rolling in without undertow. The summer temperature of the water is from 68° to 74°, falling on rare occasions in winter to 60°.

Hotel Potter table has long been recognized as the standard by which others are judged. While there are many reasons for this, two of them stand out unique. The first is that Hotel Potter maintains its own dairy and stock ranch, on which the milk, eggs, vegetables, butter, cream and cheese and much of the pork, beef, veal and lamb used on its table, are produced. It also has its own squab and poultry ranch, conducted exclusively for its use, and some sixty thousand birds are raised here annually.

In the harbor are anchored many private yachts, sailing boats and high-powered motor boats. Santa Barbara Channel is one of the most attractive to the yachtsman, and each year the annual regattas which are held here bring a fleet together of white-sailed vessels and power boats representing nearly every important club on the Coast. During these events the Hotel Potter is the recognized headquarters and the center of all the social activities.

The Santa Barbara Channel affords splendid deep-sea fishing and many large catches are made there each season. Yellow-tail, barracuda, tuna, sea bass, rock cod and many others are among the most plentiful.

The Potter Country Club as an adjunct to the Hotel Potter, offers its members and guests not only every facility for all sorts of out-door sports, but the comforts and conveniences of any first-class club.

It occupies about one hundred and fifty acres of the celebrated Hope Ranch. It is five miles from the Hotel Potter, and is reached by automobile bus which leaves the hotel on schedule time each day, or by horseback, carriage, or private motor over excellent roads.

The clubhouse is commandingly situated on a knoll above Laguna Blanca, a pretty fresh water lake about seventy-five acres in extent. It is charming in style and is equipped with lockers and baths for men and women, a comfortable grill and buffet, card rooms and a spacious lounging room with a massive stone fireplace and many windows.

From the verandas of the clubhouse almost the whole of the club grounds can be seen—the polo field and race track, the golf course and the pleasing approach of Palm Avenue, which leads in from the main gate of the ranch.



The Pagoda of an Italian Villa at Santa Barbara. A millionaire's show-place in the foothills of the mountains.

The Potter Country Club grill is operated in conjunction with the Potter Hotel dining-room, which is famed for its excellent cuisine and service. Breakfasts, luncheons and teas are served either in the dainty grill room or on the verandas—"al fresco," looking out upon the mountains and the wooded hills. Tempting southern dishes and the highly seasoned Spanish cookery are made a specialty at the club.

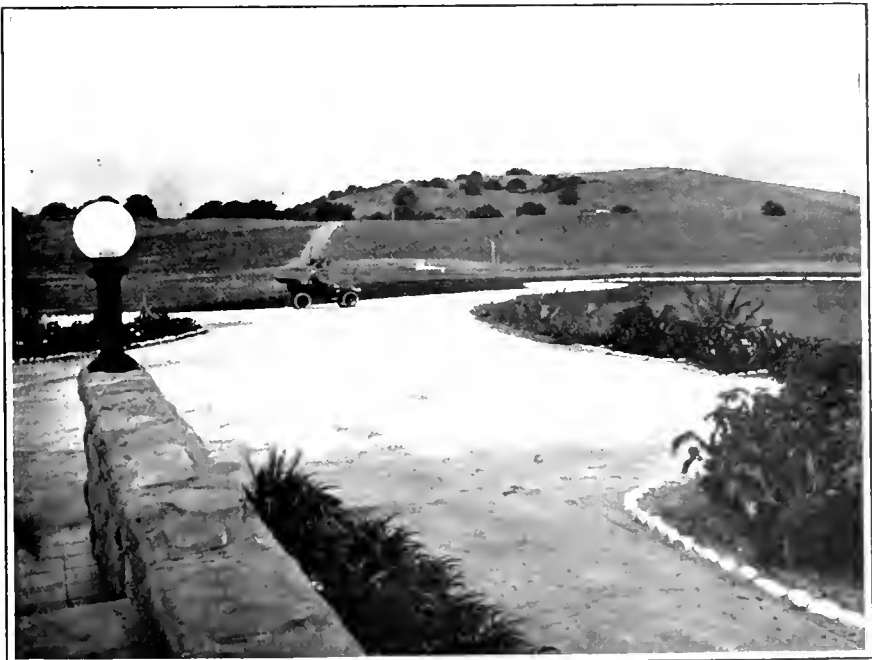
The polo field is of full regulation size, surrounded by an exercise and race track, five-eighths of a mile long. Ample stabling accommodations for ponies are provided on the field and at the Potter stables.

On this field many hard fought contests for supremacy take place. Santa Barbara has its own excellent team, as has the Potter Country Club, Coronado, Los Angeles, Pasadena and Burlingame.

Members of the Potter Country Club need not go far afield for excellent fishing. Back in the fastnesses of the mountains are streams which will test the angler's skill. Here brook trout and steel-head are to be found during the season. These fishing grounds can be conveniently reached.



On the Celebrated Cliff Drive at Hope Ranch Park, Santa Barbara



View of the Golf Course at Hope Ranch Park from Country Club Veranda

Hunting is good within a reasonable distance of the Potter Country Club. Quail, doves, rabbits and squirrels abound. In the season thousands of wild ducks and geese are to be seen on the marshes. If one cares to go a day's journey or so into the mountains, he will find deer, bear and mountain lions. The lover of sport will find ample opportunity here.

Santa Barbara is essentially a city of homes. The warm, equable climate, superb scenery and situation attract the cultured and refined from all parts of the world. Its streets are lined with beautiful modern homes contrasting sharply with some of the old adobes which still remain. In scarcely any other part of this country can one find more beautiful homes and grounds than here.

The Old Mission, founded by the Franciscan Fathers in 1782, was the center about which the town of Santa Barbara grew. It is the best preserved of all the California Missions.

Hope Ranch Park, Santa Barbara

One of the delightful features of the stop at Santa Barbara was the visit to Hope Ranch Park, a magnificent tract of wooded land about three miles from town. This belongs to the Pacific Improvement Company of San Francisco and here is being developed one of the finest residence parks in the world. Hope Ranch Park has long been one of the show places of Santa Barbara. Even before the present development was started, the Cliff Drive, a roadway which winds through its cañons and along the cliffs of its ocean frontage had been known as one of the most celebrated roadways of the Coast. Hope Ranch Park consists of two thousand acres of land. It has a long frontage on the sea with the blue Channel Islands in the distance, and extends back from the ocean a distance of nearly two miles. The Southern Pacific skirts its northern border and has a station "Hope Ranch" on the property. From Santa Barbara, Hope Ranch Park is reached by either the Modoc Road or Hollister Avenue. Both of these are excellent highways and afford a delightful motor trip through the shaded streets of the old town, lined with picturesque flower embowered homes along great avenues of trees, past well cultivated walnut and orange orchards until the massive stone gateways of the Park are reached. Here the scene changes, for once within the gates one feels as though in a different country. A fine macadam boulevard forty feet wide, leads through rows of stately palms from the north gate, due south to the ocean extending the whole length of the Park. About midway it enters a winding cañon, through which entrance is gained to both the beach and also to the headlands which rise 200 feet above it. This road is the "Cliff Drive," about which so much has been written and it holds front rank among the beau-

tiful drives of the world. In the development of this magnificent tract, the owners utilized the Cliff Drive and radiated the new roads from it. Many miles of new macadam roads have been built, winding through the oak groves, threading the shallow cañons and crossing the hilltops until every spot in the Park has been made accessible and available for building. New homes are being built on the knolls and it will be but a short time until the Park becomes a thickly settled colony.

Country Club in Hope Ranch Park

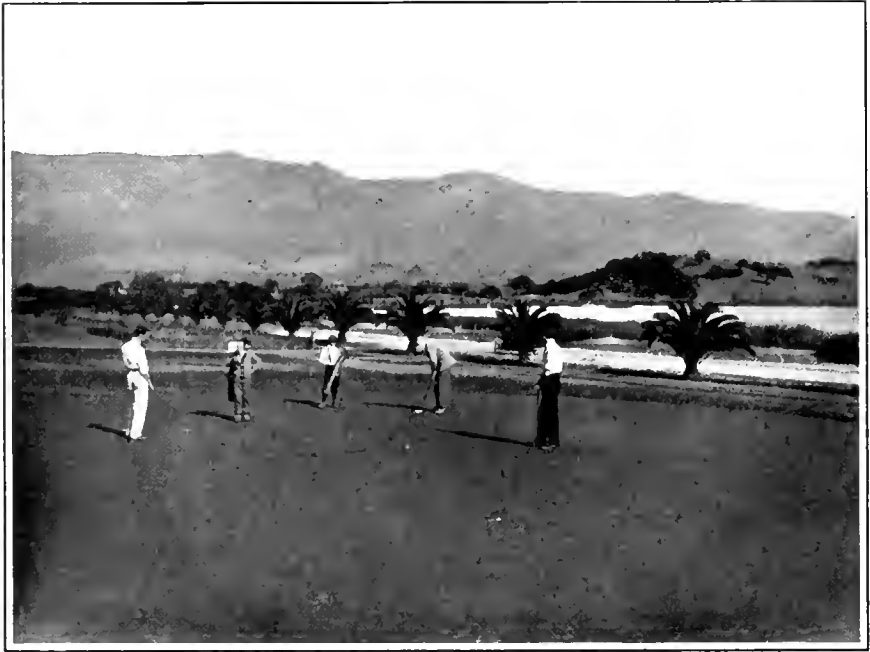
Realizing that a nucleus is needed to attract home builders, the owners of Hope Ranch Park have laid out an extensive and elaborate country club



From the Veranda of the Country Club at Hope Ranch Park Wonderful Views are Obtained.

on its grounds. A charming club-house has been erected on a low hill overlooking Laguna Blanca, a fresh water lake of some eighty acres extent on the property which adds a delightful feature to the landscape. At the club an excellent grill is maintained, assuring those who live in the Park of good service and cuisine at all times. Close by the club-house are the Golf Links. A nine hole course of unequalled sportiness and variety. On the flat ground below the club and not far from Laguna Blanca is the polo field where the annual polo games are held each winter. Tennis courts and other out door

games are provided for near the club, while in doors all the usual amusements are found. Hope Ranch Park is an ideal place for an all-the-year-round home. No more lovely climate than Santa Barbara can be found. It is even warm and delightful at all seasons of the year. In picturesque setting Hope Ranch Park is likewise without rival. To the north and east the purpling mountains of the Santa Ynez range form an ever-changing background. Well to the seaward is the broad Pacific and the Channel Islands. The topography of



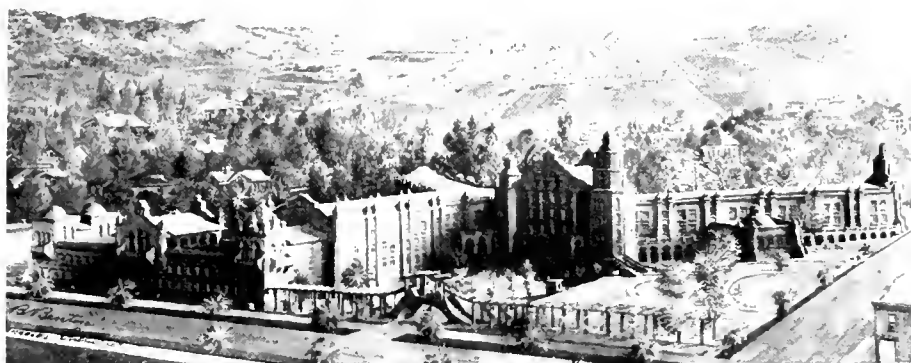
On the Golf Links of the Country Club at Hope Ranch Park.

Hope Ranch Park is such that one can find any location desired on which to build a home. There are rolling hills that afford limitless landscape possibilities, with superb scenery of mountain, valley and sea, on either hand. There are snug valleys that invite the builder to erect his home within their sheltered slopes and broad, flat mesas thickly covered with great oaks like an English park. Hope Ranch Park is close enough to Santa Barbara to be a part of it and yet not in it. It is but a few minutes' ride over this hard, smooth road from the town to the Park and with the settlement of it there come the establishment of rapid railroad transportation from Hope Ranch station to Santa Barbara. Hope Ranch Park is a factor of considerable importance in Santa Barbara county and its increase will be watched with interest by all who have visited it.

The New Arlington Mission Hotel

From the "Hotel Monthly" we take the following in regard to the New Arlington Hotel, in course of construction:

"The Arlington Hotel of Santa Barbara, one of the oldest and best known resort houses on the Pacific Coast, was recently destroyed by fire, and is about to be rebuilt on a much larger scale. The annex of the old hotel is now open and conducted by our old friend, Harry D. Clarke, formerly of the Evans, in Hot Springs, S. D. He has financed the new Arlington and work upon its construction is to be rushed, so that it will be ready for guests by January of next year. The accompanying illustration pictures the new hotel, which is a reproduction of seven of the old missions of the coast. It will be of concrete, fireproof, occupy a five-acre lot, and be 700 feet from end to end. It will contain 200 guest rooms and 55 rooms for help. A feature of the house is that every two rooms will have bath-



General view from Architect Benton's drawing of the new Arlington Mission Hotel, now being built for Harry D. Clark, at Santa Barbara, Cal.

room between them, and in the bathroom will be tub only; but every guest room in the house will have both its own private toilet and lavatory. The bar and grill room will be located in the basement. A unique feature of the conveniences will be private fireproof sheds for automobiles; and there will be a special sunken driveway for automobiles entering the hotel. In the near future we will print floor plans of this hotel showing the novel layout. J. F. Lillie is chief clerk of the Arlington."

San Luis Obispo

Luncheon was served to the guests at Hotel Potter, after which the trains left for San Luis Obispo.

Here a brief stop was made and an automobile and carriage ride enjoyed throughout the city, showing how rapidly it had made progress during the past few years, and also giving an opportunity to see the new Hotel Andrews, recently erected by F. J. McHenry. Though it was Sunday

afternoon, the ladies were out in force and they pinned badges upon the guests which read: "Greetings—Woman's Civic Club and Chamber of Commerce—San Luis Obispo, California, April 17th, 1910." Eatables and drinkables were served and flowers galore bestowed upon all who were not already surfeited with them.

Here the Southern California committee turned the guests over to the California Hotel Association with their "adios," in which they said: "We consign you to the tender mercies of the San Francisco Hotel Men's Association, whose members are noted for their Goodfellowship, Energy, Enterprise, Courage and Magnificent Hotels. They justly represent San Francisco, the Magic City, the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Here the Southern California H. M. A. bids you a cordial and lingering farewell, and reminds you that this coupon is good for a return trip to Los Angeles, where you will always be welcome by the Southern California Hotel Men's Association."

But, as Henry J. Bohn aptly put it in the "Hotel World": "And so here we find ourselves in the hands of new hosts, and yet so quietly and so modestly does this transfer take place that none of us are aware of it, and we doubt if even the statuesque and gallant Charles A. Cook, manager of the Fairmont at San Francisco, and head of the entertainment committee, realizes that there has been any transfer, for Brother Cook has been with us from the very start, and with Mitchell, Loomis, and George Wharton James, who are with us, we do not feel that we are in strange hands."

The San Francisco delegation comprised Kirk Harris, of the Grand and Hamlin; Mr. Alexander and Mr. Wilson, of the St. Francis; Mr. Cook of the Fairmont; Mrs. Morris, of the Victoria, and also H. T. Blethen, F. D. Pierce, F. P. Shanley, R. H. Gatley, C. J. Travis, A. Steinberg, C. A. Steward, all of San Francisco; Dr. F. W. Sawyer, of Paso Robles, and Mr. H. W. Lake, of San Jose.

The other San Francisco committees were made up as follows:

Ladies' Entertainment Committee—Mrs. W. F. Morris, chairman.

Souvenir Committee—Gus C. Larm, chairman; J. W. Shanahan, R. S. Pressley.

Entertainment Committee—C. A. Cooke, chairman; J. E. Alexander, F. J. Fallon, J. J. Crawford, F. P. Shanley.

Banquet Committee—E. S. De Wolfe, chairman; Alvah B. Wilson, Obadiah Rich.

Finance Committee—J. C. Kirkpatrick, chairman; Edward Rolkin, C. A. Stewart, Ike Harris, J. D. Wilson, P. A. Young, F. L. Turpin.

CHAPTER XI

PASO ROBLES AND ITS HOT SPRINGS HOTEL

After a delightful ride over the Santa Lucia Mountains, with its glorious outlooks into deep wooded ravines, quiet little valleys, the fertile region of San Luis Obispo, and, when the range was crossed, of the Santa Margarita Valley, the trains reached Paso Robles just in time for dinner.

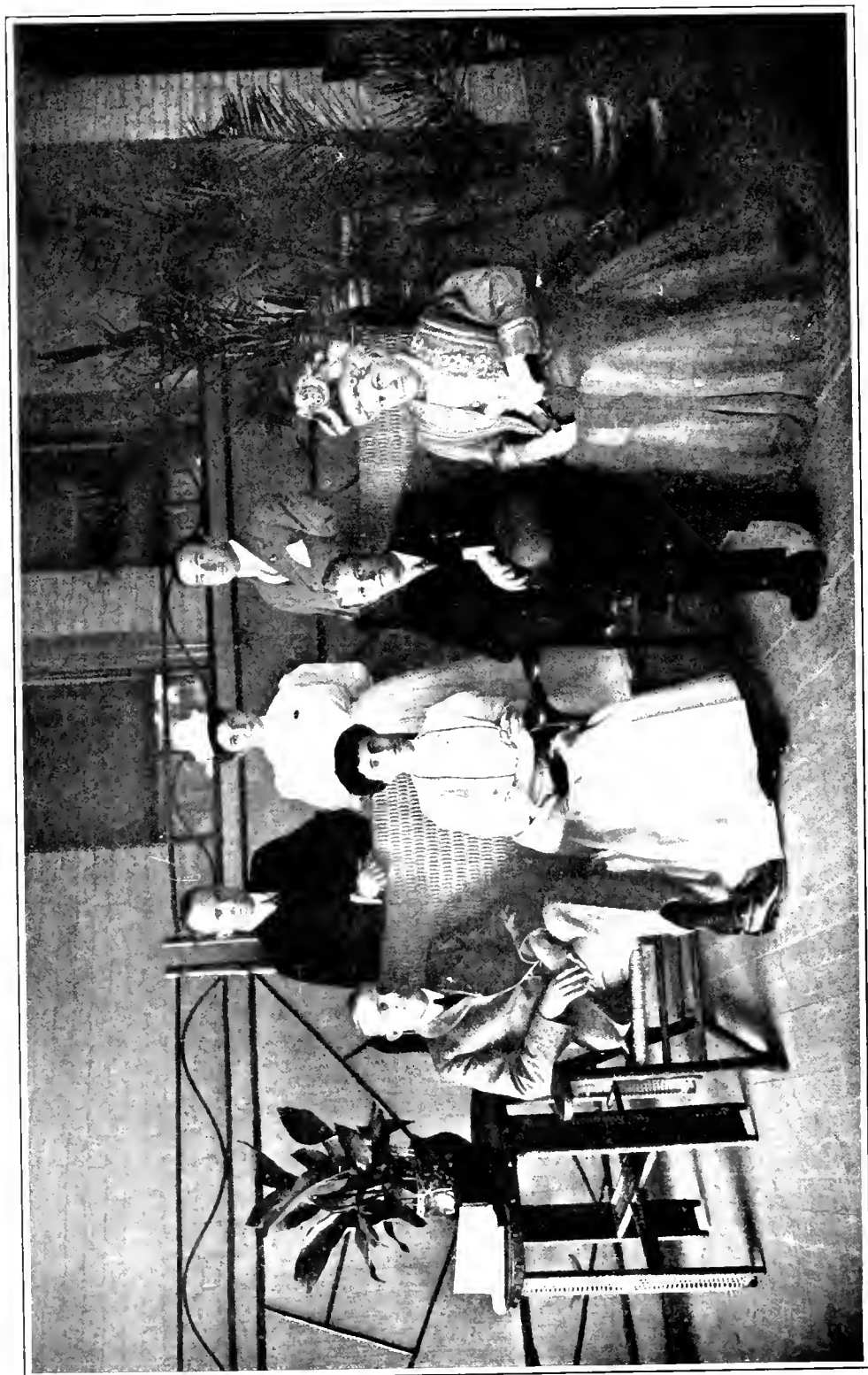
This is the most famous hot springs resort of the Pacific Coast, and one of the most noted in America. Two years ago, it had the eyes of the world



Hot Springs Hotel, Paso Robles, California

as the recuperating quarters of Fighting Admiral Bob Evans, who was here ridding himself of rheumatism while his command of battleships sailed proudly up the coast on their return from around the world.

The Admiral was attracted to Paso Robles by the reports of the excellency of its mud baths and its hot sulphur waters, so, after leading the biggest fleet of long cruising battleships the world ever saw through three zones, hot weather, cold weather, fair weather, stormy weather, was just about put out of action by an old foe, rheumatism, by the time he reached Magdalena Bay, and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should leave the fleet and set sail by boat and rail for Paso Robles. Here



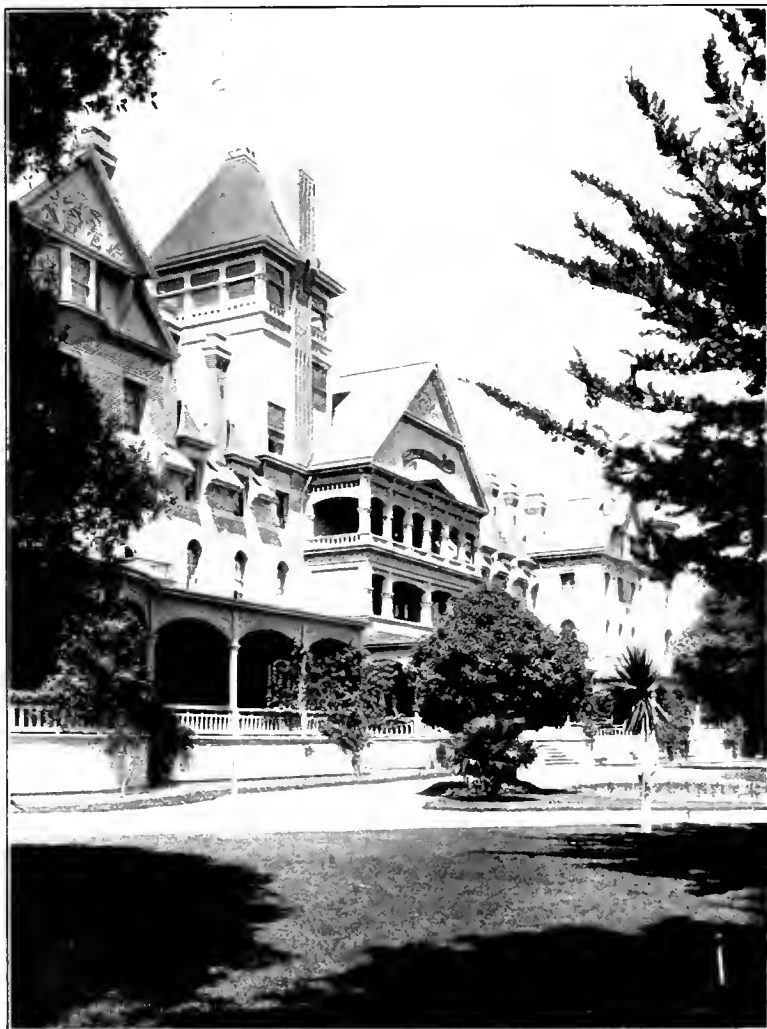
Admiral Evans, Mrs. Evans and family, with physicians and nurse at Pico Hotel, San Francisco, California



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ADMIRAL ROWLEY D. EVANS

he was speedily made so well that he rode through the Golden Gate on his flagship to the cheers of the greatest crowd ever on San Francisco hills.

Later, I will describe the hotel and the great bathhouse, but before going further I wish to say a few words about the mud baths. These are different from the major part of those found in America. The patient is not put on



A glimpse through the trees of Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel, California

a cot, or in a small compartment, and the mud put on him by handfuls, but he goes to the actual hot spring where the mud is found by the thousand tons. Here, inside the mud bathhouse a wooden frame has been built around the spring. Steps lead down into it, and one steps down and allows himself to slide into the mud through which hot water at just the right



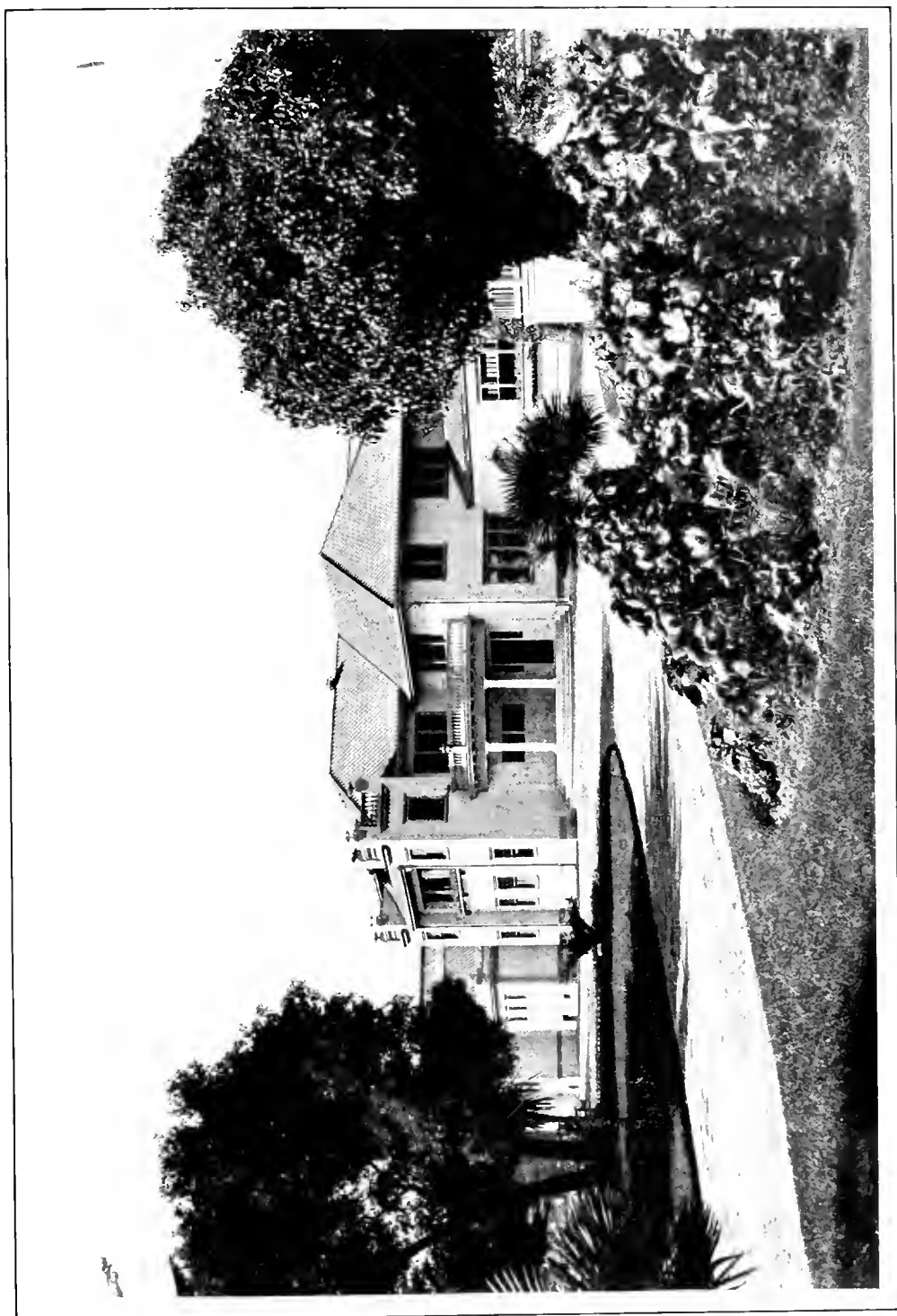
1. Battleship Cannon in an her old gun. Photograph by and used with kind permission of Empire Mills.

temperature (110 to 116 Fahr.) is percolating and bubbling with constant flow. Here, then, is a real mud bath. You can force yourself into its soft and yielding embrace as far as you like, pile it over your body as you choose, stay in one position as long as you like, or change to as many positions as you like, entirely different from the cot or compartment mud-bath system. The mud is kept in a state of perfect cleanliness and antisepticism by the constant flow of hot sterilizing and purifying waters, and there is nothing in the world equal to it for the way in which it extracts noxious poisons from system.



The Percussion and Alternate Douche, in the Ladies' Department, Paso Robles Hot Springs Kurhaus.

Some years ago I was bitten by a rattlesnake and for some days it was feared I might die. The poison swelled up my arm until it was as big as my thigh, and a big black spot covered the base of my breastbone as if I had been struck by a cannon ball. In the course of time I recovered enough to attend to my regular duties, but occasionally, every two or three months, I would suffer untold agonies by a peculiar solidification of the stomach (which was one of the symptoms that developed immediately after I was poisoned). This condition was accompanied with none of the ordinary symptoms of stomach trouble, and was supposedly caused by the lodgment of some of the poison in the intra-costal lining. Now and again this poison



The new Kuthans, Pico, Reddes Hot Springs Hotel, Pico, Reddes, California

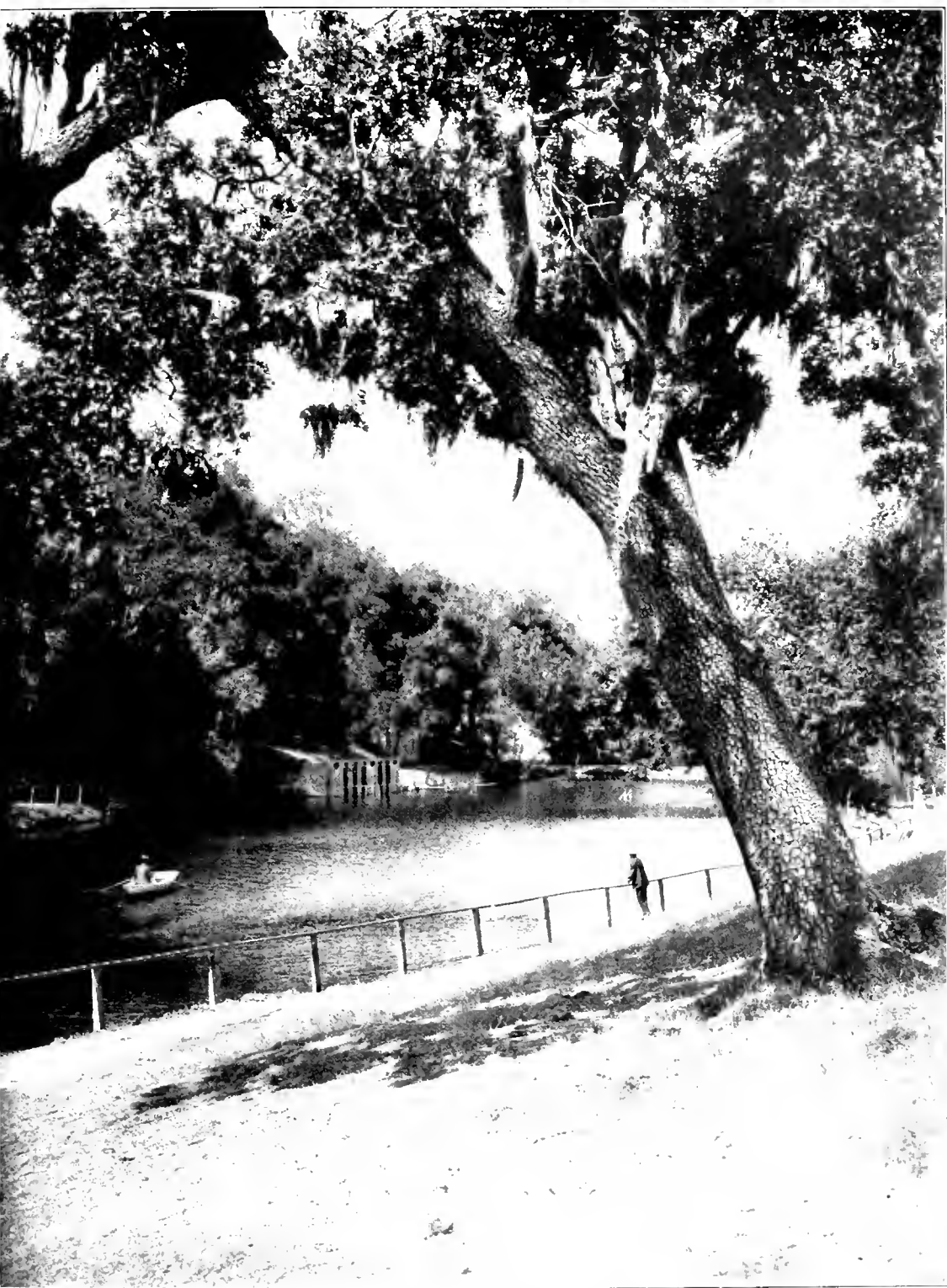
was rendered active and hence the intense suffering. The paroxysms continued for eight or ten hours and were almost beyond the power of human endurance. After suffering in this way, every few months, for a year and a half, I resolved to take a full course of treatments at the Paso Robles



A romantic Woodland Walk to Lake Ysabel.

mud baths. In two weeks' time, with a mud bath one day and a hot sulphur bath the next, alternating, I was entirely cured, and now, though about five years have elapsed I have never since had a touch of the poison pains.

At the same time I lost a life-long weak back, supposedly caused by "kidney trouble," which the baths absolutely cured, so that for the first



Lake Ysaie on Santa Ysabel, Rancho de San Pedro, Cal.

time in my life I have been free from that cursed and everlastingly elevating feeling of a "pain in the small of my back."

I give these personal experiences knowing that they will have weight with my many friends, for I can not extol too highly the wonderful advantages of the Paso Robles mud baths.



A Path where meditative fancies have full play.

Paso Robles Hot Springs is on the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific, half way between the two principal cities of the California seaboard—Los Angeles and San Francisco. Its musical Spanish name means the Pass of the Oaks, and it was threaded of old by the trail of the padres, later by a wagon road, and now by the railway. Here four daily trains pass each way, and the rapidity of travel, its comfort—even luxury—is in striking contrast with the dusty trail of the sandaled priests. Yet the poetry of that early pastoral life still lingers. Here is the little Salinas River, here on the

west the Santa Lucia Mountains, and on the east the Coast Range—Santa Barbara and Los Angeles are to the south; Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose and San Francisco to the north. The trim little country town has about 1,500 people, and lies in a narrow part of the Salinas Valley, where the rolling uplands crowd close down to the river.

The elevation is 720 feet above the sea, twenty miles away as the crow flies. Karlsbad in Bohemia, Baden Baden in Germany, and Kissingen in the valley of the Saale have the same elevation. A diversified landscape of quiet beauty stretches away on every side. The Santa Lucia Range shuts out ocean fogs on the west; the Coast Range on the east raises a barrier between us and the warm interior valley. Hills and dales, winding cañons



One of the beautiful Drives near Paso Robles.

and wide uplands are studded with oaks, dignified, wide-branched, attractive—an oak-land park. The roads wind in a labyrinth of curves up and down the river, among the rounded hills, through narrow defiles, over upland pastures and among orchards and meadows, where Holsteins graze beneath the trees.

A delightful drive of a few minutes and the oak-forested estate of Santa Ysabel spreads before us, with its beautiful lake of mineral water, and hot springs pouring out 600,000 gallons daily. Yonder the little river Nacimiento sings through a wilderness of its own, a line of light in the landscape, or hidden in the depth of its cañons. Here is the San Miguel Mission,

substantial after one hundred years, though built of mud—a climatic pointer; westward are the mountain walls, verdure clad, with natural gateways opening into charming nooks and little valleys; the hillsides, in late October often a mist of green following the first rains; in February, often a veritable field of the cloth of gold from the spreading cups of the *Eschscholtzia*—California's cup of gold, the poppy. Seen in brown summer or green winter, the region will interest you.

Hot Springs should be located in the best climate. They are not always. They bubble and flow quite regardless of convenience. Nature did not plan them with reference to human need or comfort. Some of the most famous springs of the world have been helpful for generations in spite of climatic disadvantages. But at Paso Robles the climate matches the springs, as if both were ordained by Heaven for the relief of human ills. Perhaps they were.

The springs are of various kinds—soda, iron, or chalybeate, mud, or moor, sulphur, and lithia. Analysis shows the chemical elements which are found in the most famous springs of Europe and America, in about the same proportion. They are sulphurous and alkaline, and vary in temperature from 60° to 122° Fahrenheit. They have proved invaluable in rheumatic, blood, glandular and cutaneous affections, in kidney and bladder irritations, in catarrhal and other troubles of the mucous membranes, in anemia, malarial poisoning, and the nervous disorders requiring the tonic effect of water treatment. Water is more and more widely used in the recovery of nervous breakdowns resulting from overwork or other causes, and outdoor life is considered of vast value. California's mineral and medicinal springs are the equal of any in the world, and they have the immense advantage of being set in the midst of such climatic conditions as constantly invite to the outer air. Here the quality of the waters and of the air makes an inviting place for rest, for recuperation, for constitutional treatment, or for recreation.

The Springs are not a mere adjunct to the hotel; the hotel was built because the Springs were here and were locally celebrated, and the great bath-house was added because the Springs and the equable and tonic air of the region have a reputation abroad, and to meet a demand for the very best facilities.

The hotel is of red brick, three stories high, and with a frontage of about three hundred feet. The verandas are broad, as befits the Land of the Sun, the rooms are large, the dining-room cheerful, and great wood fireplaces are a feature.

The hotel is faced by extensive grounds, well kept. A cozy clubhouse stands among the oaks, with wide verandas, and there are ten-pins and billiards, tennis courts and croquet grounds.

The new bath-house is connected with the hotel by an inclosed arcade. It runs from the solarium, or sun-room, of the hotel to the office of the great Kurkaus. For this is more than a place in which to take baths. It is an establishment equipped for the widest and wisest application of water for refreshment and the cure of disease. The name for such a use of water



The Drive from Paso Robles to Santa Ysabel reminds one of an English Park



Lake Ysabel above the prehistoric Dam

is hydrotherapy or hydriatric, and the institution at Paso Robles is arranged for the widest uses which experience has suggested and for the greatest convenience of use. It represents the latest knowledge and combines the latest appliances and discoveries of value. The best features of many establishments in both the Atlantic States and in Europe have been installed. There are many larger places, especially on the Continent of Europe, structures more showy, representing large expenditures and built to accommodate large numbers, but to get the benefit of the most valuable features of hydrotherapy a guest must visit several separate establishments. Here the great features of water treatment in all forms, from hot to cold, steam to



The Forest Path to the Bath Houses at Lake Ysañol

ice, vapor to mud packs, under pressure or without, its mechanical as well as its thermic action, are brought into one building and combined under one management in the most attractive form.

A great plunge bath 40 x 80 feet of graduated depth, supplied directly from the flowing well.

The attendants are selected from Swedish or other colleges, experts in physical culture, massage, friction, bath-giving and nursing, and are under the direction of a resident physician who will prescribe and regulate the treatment.

Simon Baruch, M. D., of New York, the most eminent authority in America on hydro-therapeutics, spent two months in the model Kurhaus at

its opening, directing nurses, masseurs and attendants, and supervising the working of all parts of the institution. Apparatus which he has invented or approved is used throughout the building.

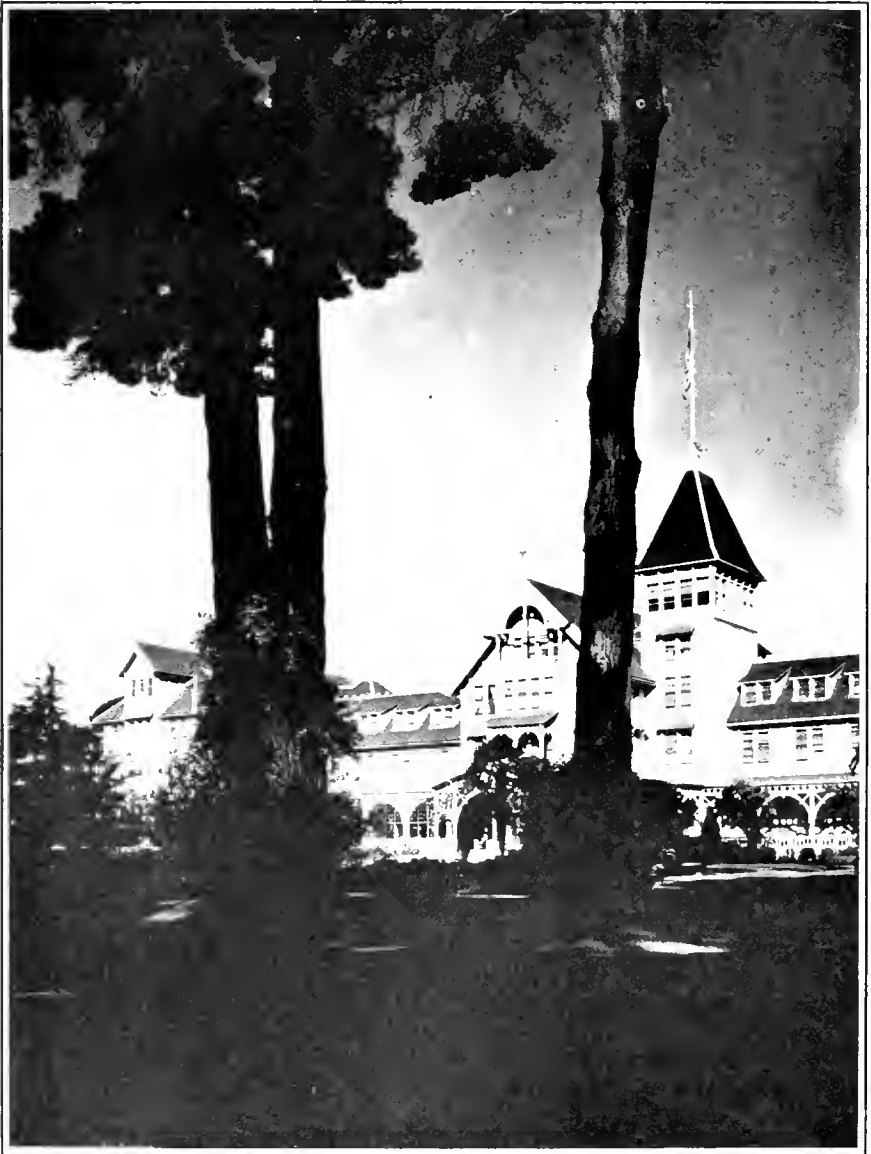
As an institution it is the most complete of its kind in any country, yet it is believed that the treatment given here will cost less than anywhere else, while the climatic advantages can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Here are three factors which make for comfort, for rest and recreation and health—the hot springs, the hotel, and the bath-house and its appliances. These are set in the midst of a pleasing landscape, in a climatic equilibrium quite unrivaled, and the invitation is to the roads and the fields, to excursions on foot and on horseback, to carriage ride and auto run, to the use of the camera and the gun. For among the oaks and on the hillsides are many doves, snipe, wild pigeon, and quail, and further afield a deer may be found, while about the hotel are the tennis courts and games in the open. It all works toward physical renewal—the baths, the exercise, the fresh air, the diversion of the mind, the forgetting of self, the mental and physical tonic alike reacting upon blood and nerve.



Clubhouse Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel.

An appetizing and most satisfactory dinner was served to the H. M. M. B. A. by prompt and efficient waitresses. While some were dining, others were enjoying to the full a swim in the great warm plunge, some a bath of one kind, and some of another. Dr. F. W. Sawyer, the medical director and manager of the hotel was everywhere, carefully and tactfully looking after the comfort of the guests, all of whom expressed themselves as delighted with this experience at the great Hot Springs resort of America, whose tremendous flows of hot water in their several springs, magnificent bath-house, perfect and elaborate equipment, wonderful natural mud baths, they had not expected to find on the Pacific Coast.



Hotel Del Monte, the Paradise of the Pacific, in its wonderful park of trees, flowers and lawns.

CHAPTER XII

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1910—HOTEL DEL MONTE, PEBBLE BEACH LODGE AND THE SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE

At ten o'clock on Sunday night the special trains left Paso Robles and next morning early "brought to" on the side tracks at Hotel Del Monte. When the guests woke up they found themselves already arrived and greeted with beautiful smiling "Del Monte" weather.

With their usual large-hearted hospitality, the Pacific Improvement Company, through their genial General Manager, A. D. Shepard, proffered breakfast and luncheon and the circuit of the seventeen-mile drive to the H. M. M. B. A. The breakfast was perfectly up to the high standard for which Del Monte is world-famous, and the luncheon was more of a banquet, than the modest meal its name implies. A special menu was provided, on which, "Welcome H. M. M. B. A." was stamped in gold on purple background.

During breakfast the writer announced that Manager H. R. Warner was ill in bed, suffering from an attack of appendicitis and that he was about to undergo an operation. With one voice the sympathetic guests responded to the suggestion to send him their heartiest sympathy and good wishes, at the same time their thanks for the hospitality he had so generously extended to them, and which his assistants, Chief Clerk Emmet S. Husted and Steward S. C. Hart, had so effectively rendered available.

Hotel Del Monte

Hotel Del Monte is of Swiss architecture, with turreted and pinnacled skyline and broad, comfortable verandas. The word "Monte" in Spanish means either mountain or forest, and the latter meaning determined its application to the hotel, owing to the thickly wooded park which surrounds it. The building is in shape of a gigantic letter E. The main structure and the two widely separated annexes are connected by curved fireproof arcades. The dining-room is in the plaza between them. It has a seating capacity of 750 guests.

The hotel has over five hundred rooms, every one of which is an outside one, with outlook from its windows upon the gardens, the forest, the bay or the mountains.

A day can easily be spent exploring the grounds of Del Monte. At every turn new beauties are unfolded. Here are flower gardens of many kinds—grassy lawns—mighty trees. The Arizona cacti (or desert) garden is a unique collection of sixty-three varieties of desert growths.

The Sylvan walk, by which approach to the golf links is made, winds beneath great Druid oaks, bearded with Spanish moss like the prophets of



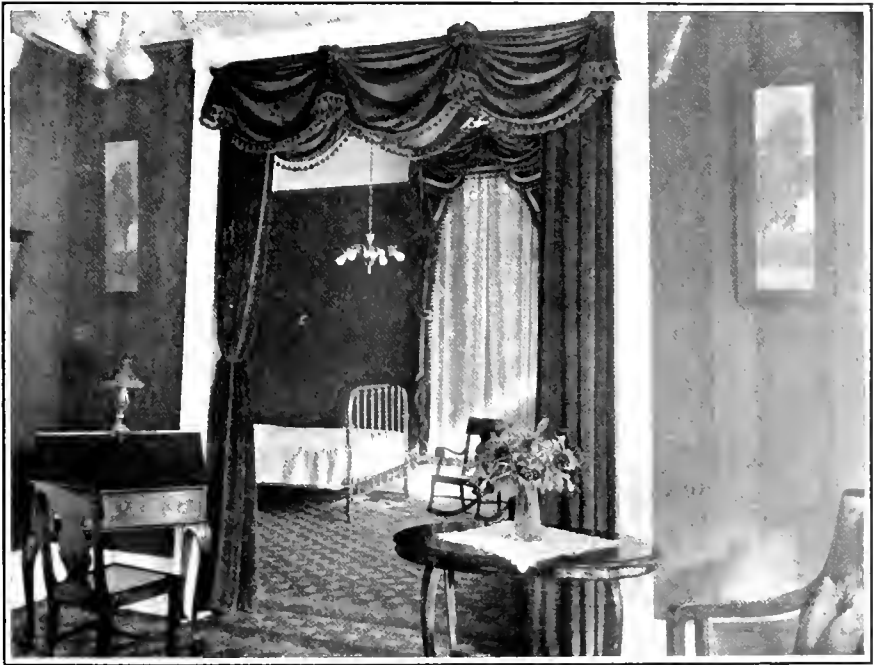
H. R. Warner, Manager Hotel Del Monte, California.

H. R. Warner is one of the best known and best beloved of California's hotel men. He has had a large experience in the hotel world, and has thus gained a ripe experience. Always

progressive and advancing, he has demonstrated his ability in his present position as the managing head of the world famed Hotel Del Monte.

old. The grounds of Del Monte have been under expert care of the landscape gardeners for a quarter of a century and are among the finest examples of the art to be seen in America.

Here are lawns and flower beds, covering about 125 acres. Here, also, are assembled all the principal trees of the Pacific Coast, and many of them are labeled and classified so that they can be easily identified. The green-houses are a delight and the gardens are a continuous kaleidoscope of changing blossoms.



View in Suite, Hotel Del Monte. Every room here is an outside room.

The grounds of Del Monte contain 1,306 different varieties of plant life. This list includes 78 varieties of coniferous trees, 210 varieties of evergreen trees and shrubs, 63 varieties of cacti in the Arizona garden, 285 varieties of herbaceous plants, and 90 varieties of roses.

Down by the Laguna Del Rey are new tennis courts, and here are played each year the championship games of the coast. Close by, also, is the large rose garden, and here is the maze, a copy of the famous maze at Hampton Court. Near here is St. John's Chapel, an attractive little place of worship, which is well filled each Sabbath by hotel guests.

At the end of the main hall off the lobby, attractive clubrooms for ladies and gentlemen will be found. Here one finds ample provision for amusement—at billiards, bowling, etc.

A comfortable grill, with service at all hours, is operated in connection. In the parlors and other rooms are card tables, where friendly games may be enjoyed.

The Hotel Del Monte Art Gallery was opened April 20, 1907. It was established for the purpose of giving to the painters of California an exhibition hall and salesroom devoted to California art exclusively.

The gallery is under the management of a committee of California artists, headed by the dean of the profession, William Keith, who ranks highest of the California painters. This committee passes judgment on the works submitted and arranges for their hanging in the gallery. Information regard-



View of the beautiful dining room of Hotel Del Monte.

ing the pictures and the exhibitions may be obtained from the curator in charge.

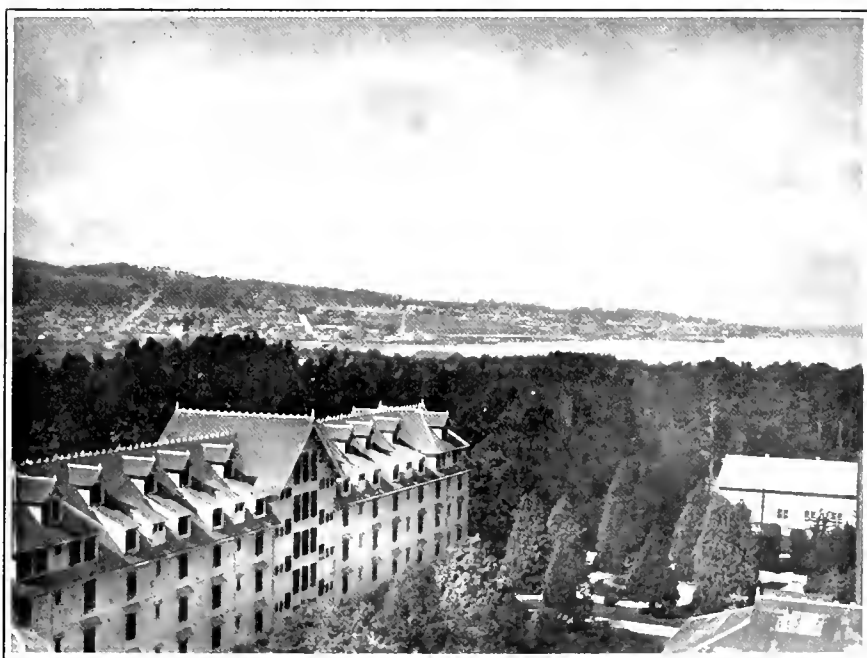
Here, also, is the great Del Monte pipe organ on which splendid concerts are given each week, in conjunction with the regular orchestra.

The Hotel Del Monte Golf Course

Del Monte is peculiarly fortunate in the situation of its golf course. Five minutes' walk from the hotel office finds one on the grounds. This proximity enables one to dress for the game in their own rooms if desired. The golf course is full 18 holes. The distance around is 4,934 yards. The course is laid beneath the spreading live oaks, over rolling ground. The arrangement of the holes is such as to bring out the individuality of each

player's game. This golf course attracts not only the skilled player who appreciates the superlative excellence of its arrangement and condition, but the average player as well. The putting greens, all of which are of grass, are big and wide enough to hold a pitched approach, and the bunkers guarding them are so constructed as to forbid the possibility of "steeple-chasing" which is easy and remunerative on hard ground with the resilient rubber-cored ball. The greens are not only large, but are kept in the best possible condition, water being conveyed by pipe to all of them and men being constantly employed in cutting and rolling.

The teeing-grounds and the fair greens are grass sown, and on most of the holes a long straight drive will enable the player to reach the green in two. In nearly every case, however, the second shot must be straight, as



Birdseye View from main tower of Hotel Del Monte, showing east wing and Monterey Bay.

not only are the greens guarded by bunkers in front, but a sliced, pulled, or over-approached shot will land the player in trouble. Many of the greens are so placed that the trees on the course form good sporting hazards.

The salt ocean breezes blend with the balsams from the pine forests which cover the encircling hills—producing a tonic atmosphere full of life and health.

One can enjoy the game under the full sun of the hot midsummer day, without harmful effect—a condition almost impossible anywhere else. The days of the fall and winter are absolutely superb in brilliance of sunshine and clarity of air.

The golf grounds are kept in perfect condition at all times. The course has been under the care of expert gardeners for more than ten years and is rated by experts as the best eighteen-hole course on the Pacific Coast and one of the best in the world. It is one of the very few links on which the putting greens, teeing greens, and fair greens are all of grass.

The putting greens are the delight of every player, being set entirely in grass, which is kept constantly watered and rolled, with the result that they are springy and elusive.

The tees are also grass sown, as are the fair greens.



View of the Ranch House at Rancho Del Monte.

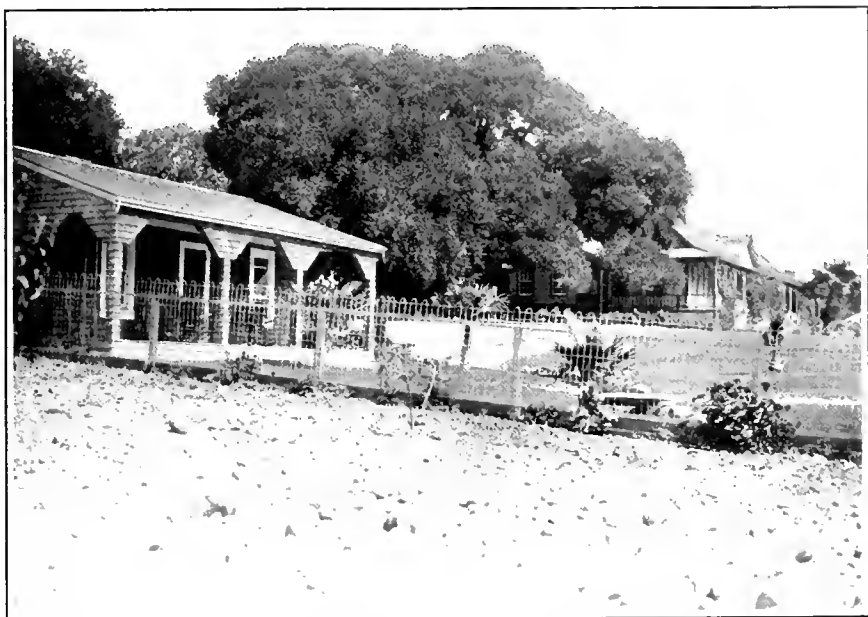
The whole field is studded with beautiful live oak trees which form natural hazards. It is bounded by ravines and cut by water channels and clumps of brush, which add zest to game. In addition to the rolling contour of the ground there have been added various artificial bunkers and hazards, giving a decided individuality to each hole. Diagrams of both the 18-hole and 9-hole courses are given on other pages.

It is the ideal place for those who come to California for the winter because they can golf on this excellent course every day and find ample variety of other sports as well.

Tennis and Other Outdoor Sports at Del Monte

The tonic climate of Del Monte invites one to live much out of doors in active enjoyment. Horses can be secured at the hotel for pleasant rides about the hills.

There are six splendid tennis courts at Del Monte. These are made of bitumen and kept in perfect condition. Two of them, shown in the engravings, are known as the "professional" courts. They are close to the hotel and are laid out with strict regard for sun and wind, light and shade. Bounded on one side by the cool and sparkling waters of Laguna Del Rey and on the other side by terraced lawns with a shady background and



At Rancho Del Monte there are small cottages, where guests can be made comfortable

majestic pines and ivy-covered cypresses—they are the scene of the annual championship tournaments of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, which are held each September.

The best men and women players of the coast meet at these games and settle the championship questions. Oftentimes the honors are contested for by Eastern players who come out to match their skill against the residents of the coast.

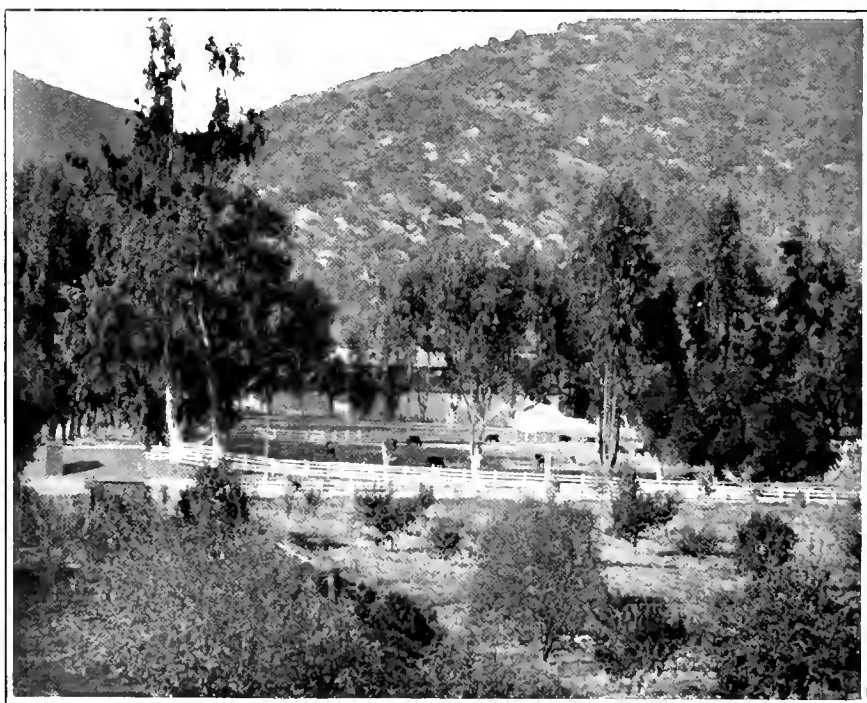
Miss May Sutton, the champion woman player of the world, has won many of her games against the best of both East and West here. Del Monte as a center of interest in the tennis world holds as high a place as it does in the golfing circles.

The bowling green, where bowls are played on the grass in the old style, is a novel diversion.

Clock golf course provides a practice putting game, not so tiring as on the regular field.

Croquet and quoits are also provided, with many other facilities for sport.

The Del Monte Bathhouse is a commodious and attractive building, not a great distance from the hotel. It is well lighted, well ventilated, and decorated with baskets of tropical flowers and growing plants hanging from the roof. The tank is lined with white tile and has a complete equipment of springboards, slides, etc. It is filled with warm salt water which is continuously changed. From the bathhouse entrance is given to the pleasure pier and the long, smooth stretch of sandy beach. The surf comes rolling



Scene at Rancho Del Monte in the Carmel Valley

in here with just the right violence, and an entire absence of undertow makes the surf bathing particularly delightful. The wide expanse of beach invites to sun baths between dips in the waves. Competent instructors are in attendance and provide every facility for the experienced as well as the inexperienced swimmer.

The annual dog shows are held at Hotel Del Monte under the auspices of the Ladies' Kennel Association of California.

These always bring out a large exhibition of high-bred canines from all over the State.

The judging is done in the open under the trees of Del Monte lawn, the dogs being staked out about the ring instead of being held in cages, as

is usual. These events are very popular and much social gaiety takes place at the time they are being held.

Among the many outdoor attractions of Del Monte, none has a greater fascination than the deep-sea fishing. The Bay of Monterey is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is also one of the most prolific in all forms of marine life. It is said by no less competent an authority than David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, that more forms of marine animal life are to be found here than in any similar body of water in the world. While barracuda, sea bass, rock cod, yellow tail, sea trout, pompano, smelt, sand dabs, sole, flounder, and tuna are caught in varying



On the New Scenic Boulevards, showing massive concrete bridgework.

quantities according to the season, the chief delight of the sportsman is the gamey "King salmon." These are usually caught by trolling with a heavy sinker.

The Del Monte Rancho is eighteen miles from Del Monte, up the Carmel Valley. Here are produced the butter, eggs, milk, cream and vegetables used at the hotel. At the Rancho are a number of comfortable cottages, which are used by the guests of the hotel while on hunting and fishing trips.

The Carmel river, during the season, affords excellent trout fishing. In the valley of Carmel quail, doves, rabbits, ducks, snipe, ibis and curlew can be found. The mountain fastnesses therabouts abound in deer and larger game. The ride to the Rancho makes a splendid motor trip.



Birdseye View of the Monterey Peninsula showing the 17-mile Drive and the New Street Boulevards.

The World-Famed Seventeen-Mile Drive

In addition to the pleasure of golf and tennis, Del Monte affords a wonderful opportunity for the motorist. It is the beginning and end of a system of the most magnificent scenic boulevards in the world.

The Monterey Peninsula is of an irregular shape. It is bounded on the north by the Bay of Monterey, on the west by the Pacific ocean, and on the south by Pescadero Bay. It contains some 7,000 acres of rolling wooded land. Its shore line is very diversified and broken, sandy beaches alternating with rugged rocky headlands.



Thousand-year-old Cypress Trees on the 17-mile Drive.

One of the most notable drives or tours known to man is that which takes one around this Monterey Peninsula. It extends over carefully-kept roads for seventeen miles—a constant delight and wonderment. By taking this drive a very excellent idea of Del Monte and the vicinity is gained.

Not far from the hotel is the old Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, established June 3, 1770, by Father Junipera Serra. Here the authorities in charge will show the visitor some of the ancient vestments of the padres, including rich gold-embroidered silk and satin robes which were once worn by the sainted Junipera Serra, founder of the California missions. To attend the service in this old mission church is a matter of especial interest, and the stranger may also be attracted to the ancient cemetery close at hand,



View of Monterey Bay from Casapita Del Monte on the New Scenic Boulevard of the Monterey Peninsula

where rest the remains of many of the early settlers who made history here when this country was a province of early Spain.

Within the mission yard may be seen all that remains of the famous Junipera Oak, under which the venerable Father Serra celebrated the first Mass when he landed in Monterey in 1770. It was cut down in 1905 and has been preserved here.

Old Town of Monterey

The old town of Monterey is a constant delight and it should be seen by all tourists. History has been making here ever since the early part of the fifteenth century. The place was named, it is well to remember, by Vizcaino, in 1602, after the Count of Monterey, ninth viceroy of Mexico, whose portrait hangs in the lobby of the hotel. It was good Padre Serra who established an outpost of the faith here. Along with his party came the soldiers, and the equipment of the Presidio of Monterey followed. Here one may see the point where Father Serra landed. The other points of special interest include the old customs house, San Carlos Mission, the old home where Robert Louis Stevenson once lived, Colton Hall, where the first constitution of California was adopted; Washington Hotel, once used as headquarters by General Neve and the Spanish troops, and a dozen other places of equal and absorbing interest. Here one may also see bits of old harpoon and other reminiscences of the whaling industry, told about and celebrated by Richard Henry Dana in his book, "Two Years Before the Mast"; the first theater in California, where Jenny Lind sang in the early '60's; the first lumber house, the first brick house in California, and many other points of great historic value.

Presidio of Monterey

A visit to the Presidio of Monterey is well worth while. This is now one of the most important military posts in the United States, growing from an obscure reservation to a 10-company post in consequence of the war with Spain and the acquisition of the Philippines. Here the soldiers come for rest and recuperation prior to a voyage across the Pacific and after their return from arduous campaigns in the Philippines. This Presidio was once controlled by the Spaniards, and later, in 1822, by the Mexican government. The monument erected in honor of Father Junipera Serra by Mrs. Leland Stanford, shown elsewhere in this book, is located in a commanding position. Here also is the Sloat monument, which has been built by gifts of blocks of stone from each county in California, to commemorate the landing here of Commodore Sloat, July 7, 1846. The cross near the entrance which marks the landing place of Father Serra was erected by Mr. James Murray of Monterey. At guardmount or at the other military exercises of the day, the troops assemble and form an interesting spectacle.



Members of the three parties at Bel Monte, after that indescribable seventeen-mile drive

Picturesque Pacific Grove

Pacific Grove is situated on the Monterey Peninsula. It lies in the midst of a pine forest, facing the Bay of Monterey—a great indentation in the coast—70 miles in extent. The bay is famous as one of the most beautiful bodies of water on the Pacific. It affords a safe and convenient anchorage for vessels of every size, at all times.



Pebble Beach Lodge. A unique place of resort in the Pine Forest on the 17-mile Drive.

It is on the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific Railroad—128 miles from San Francisco—350 miles from Los Angeles. There is direct parlor car and express train service daily from both north and south. It takes less than four hours' time from the city to Pacific Grove. The roads from various parts of the State are excellent, and the average time by automobile from San Francisco is about eight hours. From the great interior valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, fast train service is maintained, and low summer rates are quoted by the railroad. The resident of these interior localities can therefore reach the cool breezes and bracing air of Pacific Grove within a few hours, enjoying on their journey the ride through a country offering a constantly changing picture of valley and mountain, forest and meadow, orchard and ranch life. To them Pacific Grove provides a

complete change of air and scenery, and is therefore a most pleasant place for vacations. The charm of the mountains, the beauty of the pine forest unite with the pleasures of the sea, and one can indulge his fancy for recreation of every sort without great trouble or expense.

Possessing as it does the finest all-the-year-round climate in the State, free from the chill of the interior, nestling in the pines and facing one of the most beautiful bays in the world, Pacific Grove is an ideal place to live.

Pacific Grove takes its name from the forest of virgin pines and oaks in which it is located, while about it on every side is the sea. This ocean environment accounts for the phenomenal climate—mild without variation,



Pacific Grove Hotel is a comfortable and homelike hotel under the same management as Hotel Del Monte

and yet tonic with the salt of the sea and the balsam of the pines, which saves it from the languid element which commonly marks even climates.

Not enough rain falls in the winter to interfere with out-door life. Frost is rarely seen. Verdure appears with the first rains. There is a carpet of green all the winter, and wild flowers spring in profusion. Pacific Grove is the natural home of all varieties of cultivated flowers and plants, especially the more delicate varieties—nasturtiums, fuchsias, heliotrope and callas, which flourish and bloom best in the winter. The summer is very pleasant and the Grove is the place to come for cool refreshing sea air, and exemption from heat and dust. For those who live in the interior of California, or

Eastern people seeking such advantages, the winter is really the most pleasant portion of the year. The atmosphere is so clear, the air so balmy, the scenery so charming, that to live out-of-doors is a luxury.

Pacific Grove Hotel

The Pacific Grove Hotel is the leading hostelry of this town and sits in its own private park of trees and flowers in the civic center of the place. The situation of the Hotel is ideal, being close to the bathing beach and wharf, for the glass bottom boats, the numerous attractions of Monterey, Pacific Grove and the vicinity. The street cars pass its doors, connect with Del Monte and the Peninsula. Pacific Grove Hotel has nearly two hundred rooms, is equipped with all modern conveniences and is a very popular family hotel. A thorough overhauling of the entire building has just been made and at this time it stands first among the hotels of its class in California. It has an added advantage over all others, because it is under the same management as Hotel Del Monte, and its guests are accorded all the privileges of the beautiful Del Monte golf links, bathhouse, tennis courts and grounds.

A Delightful Place of Resort

Pacific Grove presents all the attractions of the usual seaside resort to better advantage than any other. The Del Monte golf links green all-year-round are close by, and are open to guests of the Pacific Grove Hotel the same as to the guests of Hotel Del Monte. The bathing beach and pavilion invite to surf bathing, warm plunge or hot sea water tub-baths. Promenade band concerts are a feature during the summer season. The wonderful submarine gardens at Pacific Grove are among the finest in the world, and arrangements for viewing them through the glass bottom boats are both safe and convenient.

Public Museum

The public museum, free to all, offers special attractions to those interested in the remarkable life of the bay and peninsula. It contains about 12,000 specimens, including one of the finest collections of mounted marine animals on the Pacific Coast, also local and foreign birds and birds' eggs, marine and land plants, and a reference library of scientific works.

Chautauqua

Pacific Grove is often called "Chautauqua-by-the-Sea," because here is held each summer the Chautauqua Assembly of Northern California, and thousands of people enjoy the lectures of distinguished scholars and scientists, while the summer schools of various useful and ornamental arts (such as school of cooking, school of music, school of painting, etc.) are conducted at the lowest rates by prominent instructors.

The unique aquatic Lantern Festival, which takes place in July with its myriads of colored lights on the waters, and the pyrotechnic display, is a fascinating feature.

The marine biological laboratory of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University conducts regular courses of instruction in Zoology, Botany and Physiology during the summer.

The Farmers' Institute convenes in August.

The California Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church meets in September; as well as the Itinerants' Club of the California Annual Conference.

The students' winter school of the Young Men's Christian Association begins in December.

A Comfortable Place to Dwell

Pacific Grove offers all the attractions of forest, mountain and seaside resorts, together with the civic advantages of a long established munici-



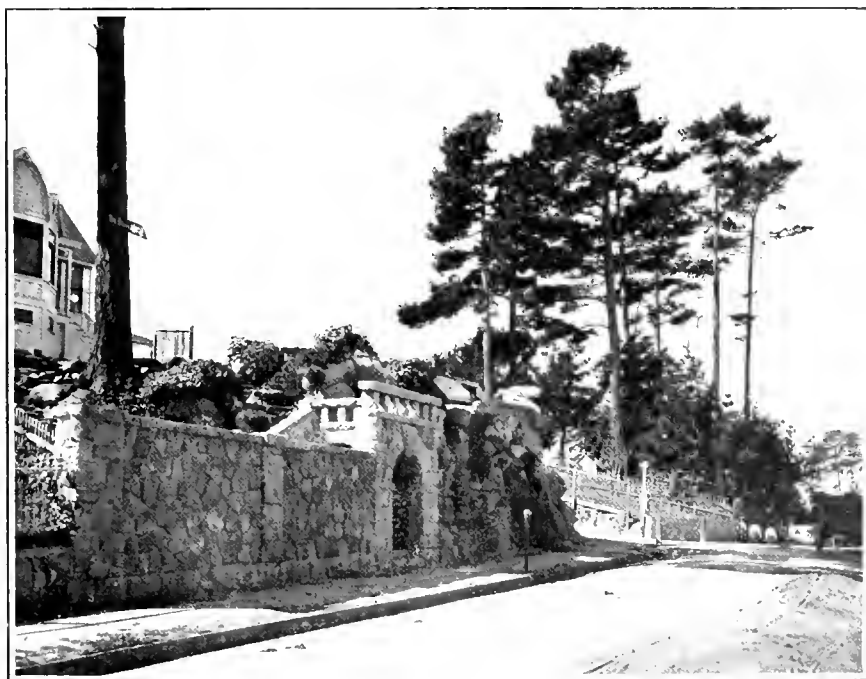
View of Pacific Grove from hill overlooking the Bay.

pality. One may enjoy surf or tank bathing, yachting, fishing, mountain climbing, riding, motoring, golf or tennis, within a few minutes' walk of their own home. It has good stores, streets, gas and electric lights, a fine sanitary sewer system and an abundance of pure, clear, soft water, pronounced by experts to be the purest in the State. Frost and snow and the chill penetrating fogs of the interior valleys are unknown here. The climate is always exhilarating and bracing rather than warm and enervating—a fine virile atmosphere that makes for life and health. This is evident from the following table.

The average temperature for 1907-8-9 is as follows:

January	54	50	58	July	56	61	63
February	55	55	55	August	60	63	62
March	55	55	55	September	61	62	61
April	55	58	61	October	61	64	64
May	57	55	60	November	62	62	63
June	59	60	62	December	57	60	59

Pacific Grove, with its magnificent location and matchless surroundings, offers an unequalled opportunity for profitable investment. Because of its



Pacific Grove has many picturesque and beautiful homes nesting in the trees.

superior commercial advantages, it is a steadily growing, thriving town. Pacific Grove has an unsurpassed natural surrounding, and a community of socially inclined and cultured people. Here is held the annual meeting of the Chautauqua Assembly of Northern California, bringing hundreds of refined men and women from all over the State. Pacific Grove is a city of churches; nearly every denomination being represented with its substantial house of worship. It has no saloons, and can have none, as prohibitory conditions are made perpetual in every deed to real estate. It has fine schools, primary, grammar and high grades. Every condition needful for a prosperous, progressive place is to be found here. It has both rail and water transportation. It is the shipping point of the Associated Oil Co., which has established

an immense depot here. The oil is delivered through a large pipe line from Coalinga, and delivers fuel oil at less cost than in San Francisco. Oil vessels arrive and depart daily for all parts of the world. The harbor is commodious and quiet, thus offering a safe anchorage for any vessel. Pacific Grove property is constantly advancing in value—lots in the Third and Fourth Additions being all sold, and those in the Fifth and Sixth Additions being nearly all sold. The lots are large size, and all the improvements are now in. Prices are very low, and the chance for profit absolutely certain.

On the 17-Mile Drive

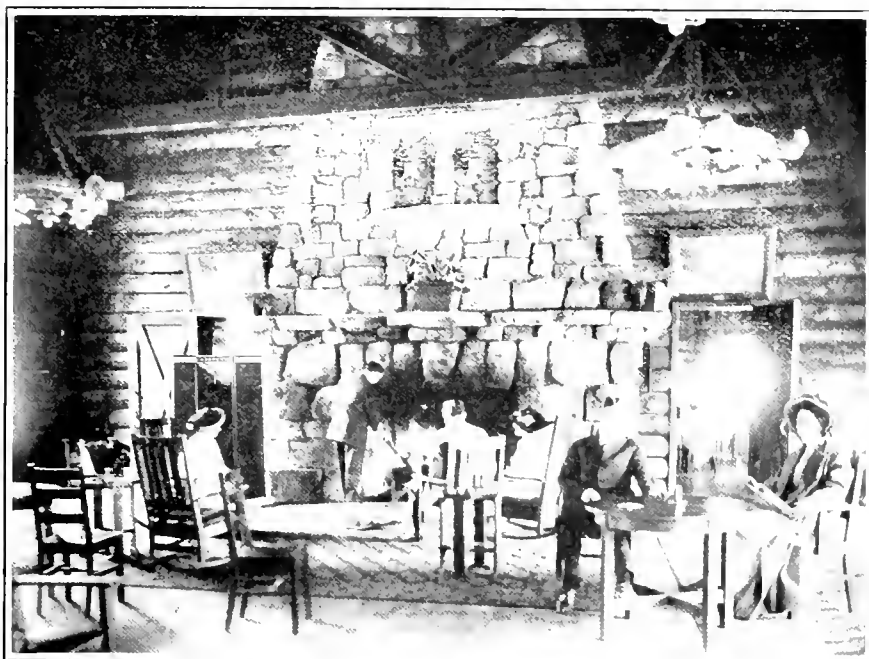
Leaving picturesque Pacific Grove, one proceeds along the Seventeen-mile Drive. Just outside town this enters a dense pine forest; winding and turning through this it reaches the shore at Moss Beach, whence it follows the ocean around the peninsula to Pebble Beach. The points of interest follow each other in quick succession—Point Joe, Restless Sea, Bird Rocks, Seal Rocks, with their colony of seals; Fan Shell Beach, the Ostrich Tree, Cypress Point, the Cypress groves, Midway Point.

Along the tortuous course of the drive, encircling the edge of the peninsula, one passes many interesting sights. The quaint huts of the Chinese fishermen cling to rocks, bits of spars, masts and wreckage of ships that have met their doom on the rocky coast are scattered about. At "Restless Sea," the peculiar meeting place of the tides, the spectacle of seething surf and immense waves breaking far off the land is inspiring. The Ostrich Tree, a great cypress so formed as to closely resemble a giant ostrich, stands out boldly against the skyline just beyond Fan Shell Beach.

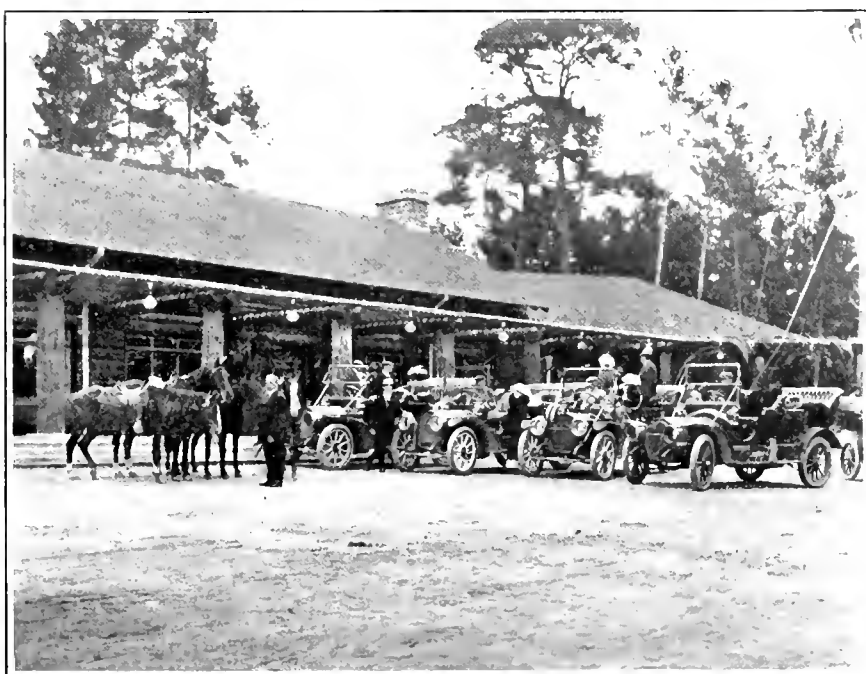
The drive winds on through ancient cypress groves whose origin is lost in the mist of history. Trees of this curious species, it is said, grow only in Japan, and the supposition is that ages ago the ocean currents washed the seeds ashore for growth and development at this far-away point. Others claim that they are identical with the cedars of Lebanon, but are unable to explain how they got here. The cypresses here are the delight of painters, who come from the ends of the world to put them upon canvases.

Pebble Beach, on the 17-Mile Drive, Monterey County

At Pebble Beach which is midway on the world famous 17-mile Drive the Pacific Improvement Company have laid out an ideal residence park. At this point the sea has made a great indentation in the shore which is known as Pescadero Bay. The dark forbidding point of land which juts out into the sea on the extreme south is called Point Lobos, a "point of wolves." Here in this sheltered valley facing the Southern sun, many acres have been laid off in charming homesites. The magnificent new scenic boulevards which cross the Peninsula radiate from this spot affording one ample choice of roadway to either Pacific Grove, Monterey or Del Monte. These roads are forty feet wide, are hard and smooth as a billiard table and wind through the forests and up over the hills at a grade not exceeding three per cent. All in



One of the great Stone Fireplaces in the Assembly Hall of Pebble Beach Lodge.



Pebble Beach Lodge is a popular place of rendezvous for automobilists and equestrians

all this is unquestionably the finest system of motor boulevards in America if not in the whole world.

The roads are brought into Pebble Beach in such a manner that they form the streets of the new colony without changing their character. Pebble Beach is divided into acreage tracts and villa sites. Each homesite is so situated as to command a wonderful view of forest, mountain or sea, and in many cases a superb combination of them all. The 17-mile Drive which skirts the shore forms the main thoroughfare and the lots facing on it are of rare beauty of situation. The whole of Pebble Beach Tract is covered with great pines and oaks. Each lot having a number of these splendid trees on it. The climate



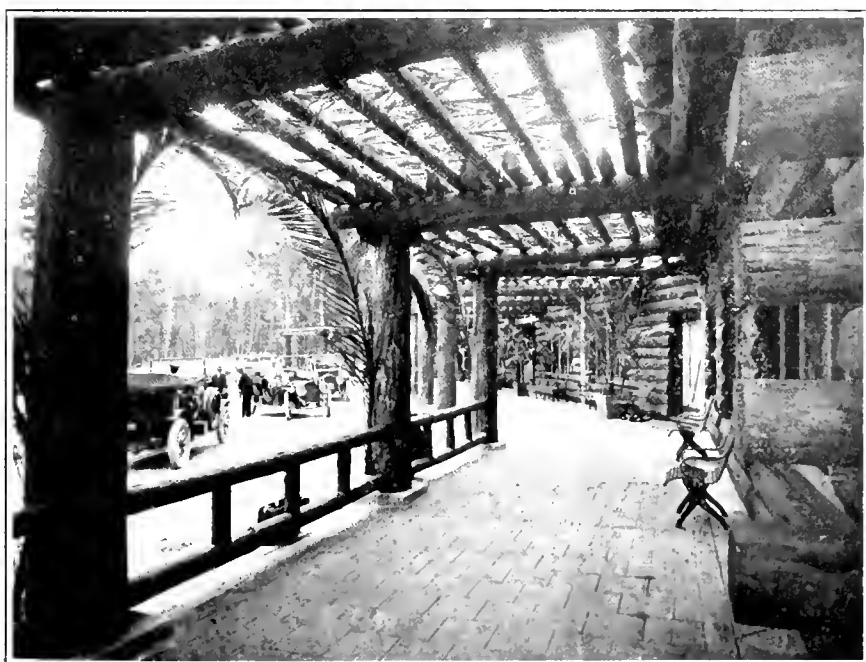
Great Hall of Pebble Beach Lodge, Monterey County.

at Pebble Beach is one of continuous summer. It faces the Southern sun and is amply protected on north, east and west by the forest-covered hills which encircle it. These forests come down in many cases clear to the water's edge. Already there are a number of charming homes being built among the trees, but another year will see this place as thickly settled as can be desired.

The owners, realizing the importance of the transportation problem, have installed a line of electric automobiles capable of carrying twenty passengers which run from Pacific Grove to Pebble Beach Lodge. This Lodge is the center of activity at Pebble Beach.



Pergola and Porch of Pebble Beach Lodge. Note the massive log pillars



Looking west along the Pergola of Pebble Beach Lodge

Pebble Beach Lodge a Unique Log Building



It stands on a knoll overlooking the Bay and the sea. In front of it is a wide terrace and springly lawns and flower gardens, which extend down to the beach. The Lodge itself is a great log structure built of huge timbers cut from the surrounding forests. Its main assembly hall is some thirty-five feet wide by twice as long and has an immense stone fireplace at either end. These fire places are built of granite rock and contain 100 tons of material. They extend from the floor to the gable of the roof, and are so arranged as to have a fire place on both sides. Thus the great hall has a fire place at either end while the adjoining rooms also have fire places using the same chimney. The hall is furnished with massive oak furniture and is a favorite place of rendezvous for automobile parties. At one end adjoining this hall is the buffet and grill, flanked by the kitchen in a wing by itself. The cuisine and service are under the same management as Hotel Del Monte and make a specialty of fish, game and sea foods.

The Lodge was designed as a nucleus for the resident colony which is springing up here. Purchasers of property can build on their premises and feel safe from all servant problems and the attendant owners as the Lodge is open at all hours and provides meals for all.

It has become a favorite place of resort for Del Monte guests who find it a lovely place in which to spend all or part of the day in the open. The property at Pebble Beach is being sold at very low prices and extremely reasonable terms. It requires no prophet to foresee an ultimate development of this section within the next few years which will outclass any other residence part of California.

Carmel Mission

Carmel Mission, properly known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo, located on the Rio Carmelo, is seven miles away, but is reached, as all points around Del Monte, by most excellent roads. It is on the road to Point Lobos. This is one of the most characteristic of the California missions, since, from the time of its founding, it remained the headquarters and home of Padre Junipera Serra, the head of the Franciscan Missions of Alta California. This mission was founded July 10, 1771. The padres and their Indian neophytes moved from the Mission San Carlos at Monterey because of the desire of the priests to remove their charges from the foreign influences to which they were likely to be subjected in a seaport and military post. Here rest the remains of Padre Serra, who died in 1784. The caretaker close by will show the sight-seer every attention.

The sea is close at hand, and the fertile Carmel Valley stretches away in full view from the historic old pile. Once the Indian disciples of the padres here numbered several hundred, and the mission was the centering point for all travelers.



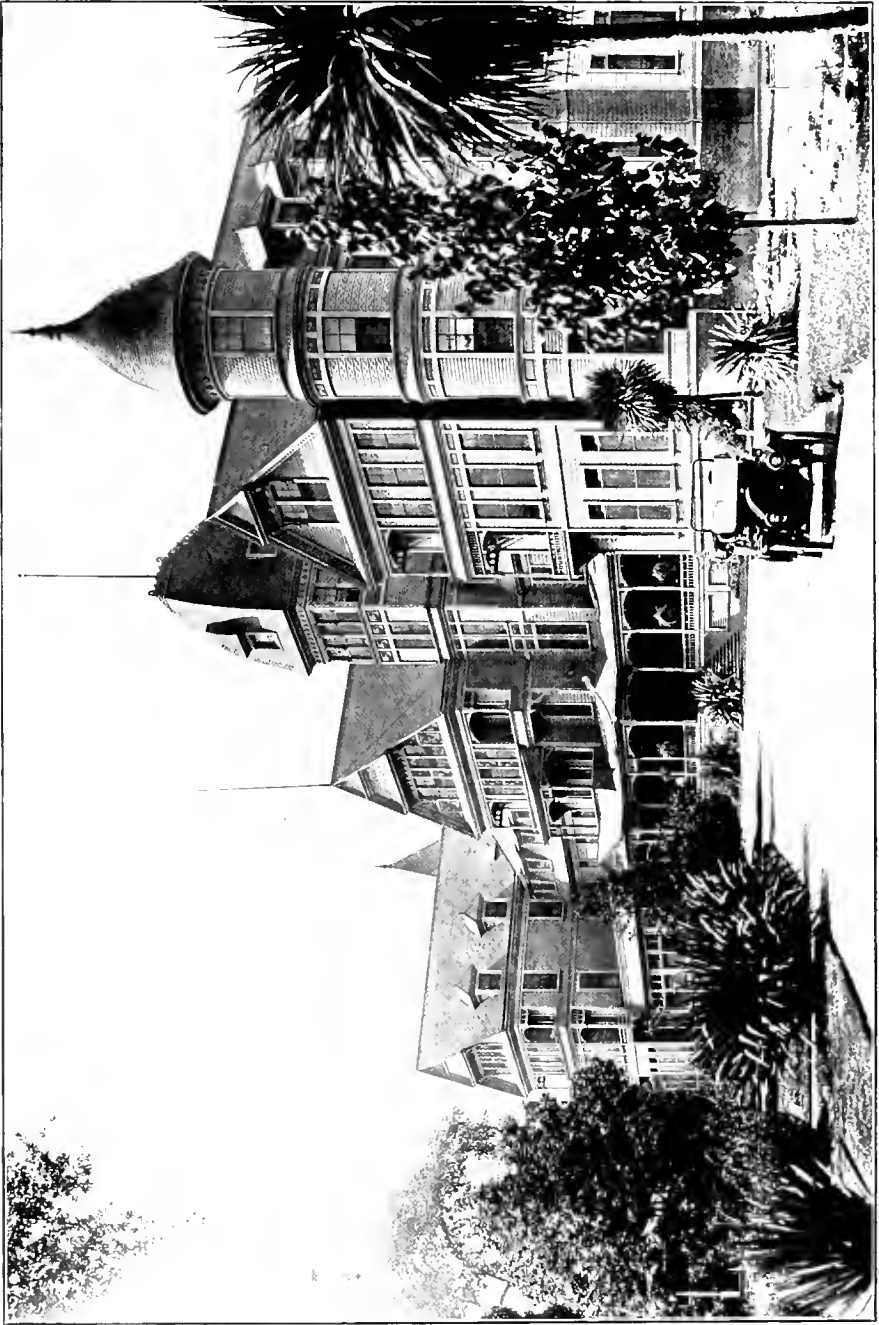
Top.—Under the Big Trees, at the foot of the "Giant," looking heavenward more than 300 feet low.—A Chicago-Kansas City-Los Angeles B. M. R. A. crowd being "looked" at the Big Trees by Max Tojch.

Big Tree Grove

After luncheon at Del Monte the trains were speedily whirled by way of Santa Cruz to the Big Trees. Henry J. Bohn wrote of this trip:

"We arrive there at 3:30, while the sun is yet high in the sky, giving our kodak friends a chance to get in their work in the sunny spots at the foot of the giant trees. The latest estimate or conclusion reached by forestry experts is that the largest of these trees are some six thousand years old. Did you ever stop to think that these are the oldest living things in the world?—nowhere else in the world is anything so ancient. Tourists come from all parts of the world to see them, and yet, strange to say, in our party are people, some who have lived in California for many years, others born in the State, who have never looked upon these wonderful giants until this minute. Our stay is short, and we go across the little mountain and again strike our train, at a point farther along the route.

It has been decided to cut out San Jose, which some of us regret just a bit, for we remember our visit in 1896 and the great prune orchards through which we were driven at that time."



Hotel Vendome, San Jose, California H. Wingate Lake, Manager

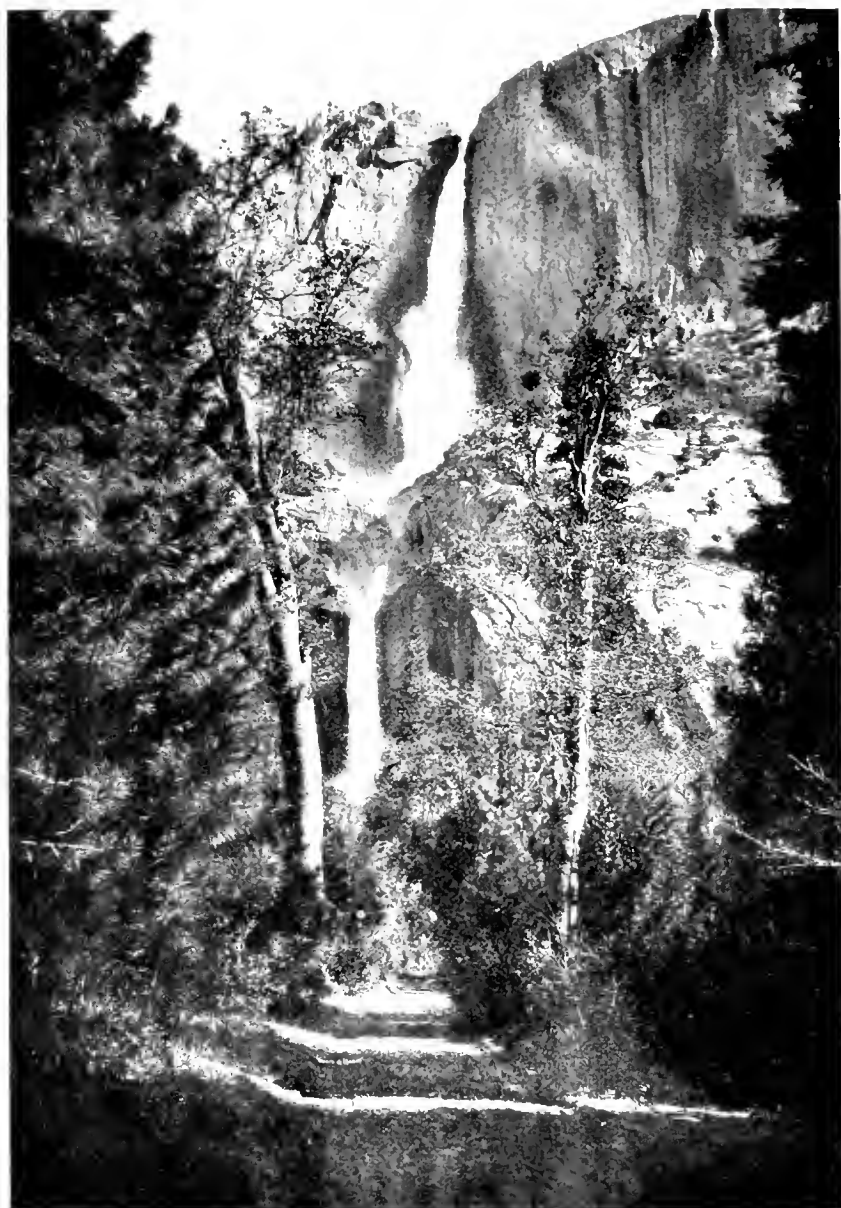
San Jose, Hotel Vendome and the Lick Observatory

While the trains did not stop at San Jose to give our guests the opportunity to visit the Hotel Vendome, all those who were present fourteen years ago recalled the hospitality of dear G. P. Snell, then its manager, and longed to see the beautiful Santa Clara Valley once again. Three or four, who had seen San Francisco recently, cut out some of the doings there and returned to San Jose. They were delightfully entertained by Mr. H. Wingate Lake, the manager of the new Vendome, who made himself as dear to the hearts of the new travelers as his predecessor had done to those of years ago.

This beautiful hotel, entirely reconstructed in 1907, is set in its own park, where green lawns enlivened by brilliant flower beds, ever blooming, and traversed by enticing pathways, are shaded by lofty and umbrageous trees. The grounds and the fine building combine all the charm and seclusion of a country estate. In appointments and service the hotel is unexcelled, unsurpassed. It is in the heart of the city, but a few blocks from the principal railroad station whence trains depart every few minutes, while from its gates the famous resorts of the Santa Clara Valley can be reached in less than an hour's ride. These include the famous Congress Springs, with their mineral waters, mountain springs and charming forest in the cañon of the Santa Cruz Mountains! Alum Rock Springs, with its wooded stream, its sixteen kinds of mineral waters and natural park in the mountains east of San Jose, of the delights of which the community is justly proud; Nippon Mura, the Japanese resort, and the general sweep of the valley with its 125 square miles of fruit trees, wonderful in the spring, when the blossoms seem to cover the trees like foam, and wonderful in the fall and summer when golden apricots, blushing peaches, scarlet cherries and purple plums make of it an Aladdin's forest of enchantment—the largest and most productive stretch of orchard in the world.

Twenty-six miles away is the famous Lick Observatory on the top of Mount Hamilton, reached by a mountain road of wonderful construction that in its hundreds of windings reveals a most romantic panorama of mountains, cañons, valleys and, far away, the gleaming waters of the San Francisco Bay.

This observatory was founded by James Lick, the eccentric millionaire, who left a million and a quarter for its endowment, and then turned it over to the University of California. It is one of the best equipped in the world and contains several most powerful telescopes. Though an automobile conveys mail and passengers, the old-fashioned stage coach ride is by far the most enjoyable. Mr. Fred Ross, manager of the Hotel Vendome Stables and the Mount Hamilton Stage Company, arranges these trips for visitors, and it is one of the most interesting and enjoyable of all the mountain drives in California. I have made it several times and each time with increasing pleasure.



Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California.

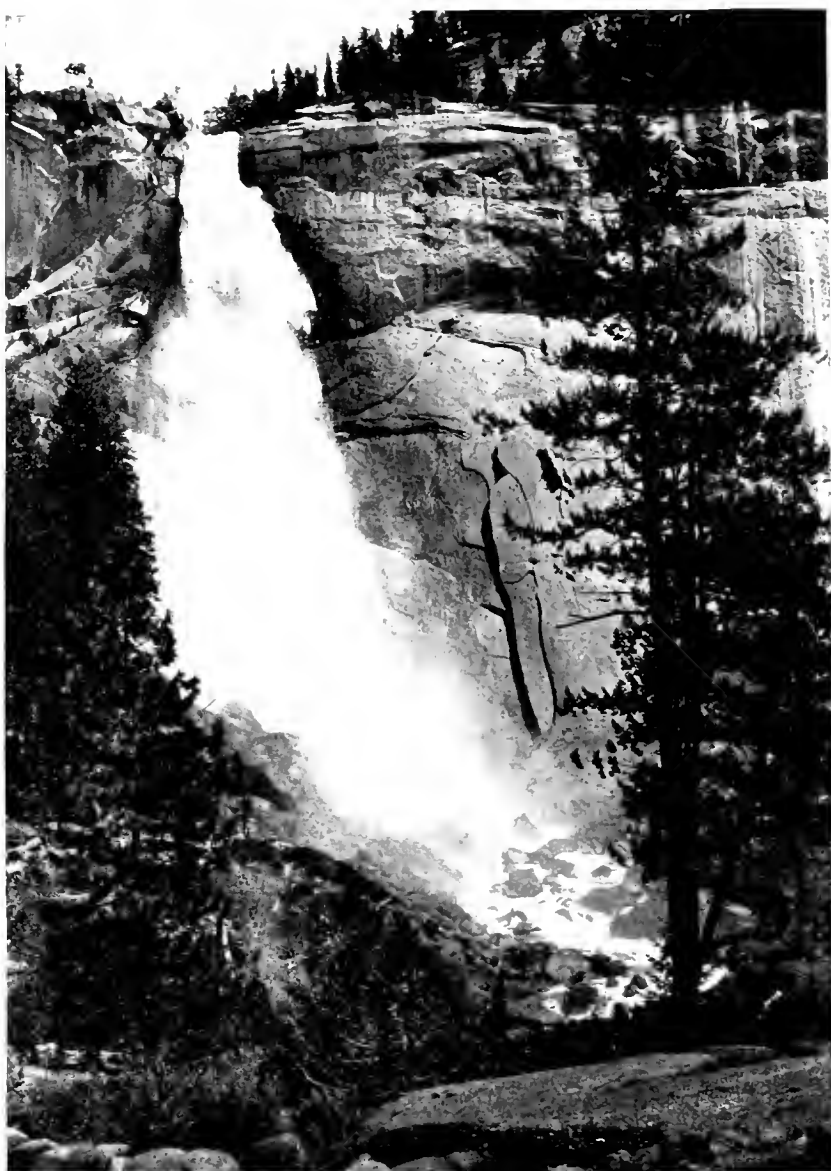
The Yosemite National Park

Another trip that many members of the H. M. M. B. A. would have enjoyed making was a visit to the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees. This trip is one of the most delightful in California. The rail and stage ride through the scenic Merced canyon—the grand and beautiful Yosemite Valley with its towering walls and stupendous waterfalls—the romantic stage trip across the mountains to delightful Wawona and the wonderful Big Trees groves; these are features that go to make up the grandest trip in the world.

It is a picturesque trip from Merced to the park line in luxuriously finished coaches and observation cars. Eighty miles of ever-changing mountain scenery, the beautiful Merced river within a stone's throw of the car window the entire distance. A splendid line of stages carry the traveler through the park, being a three-hour drive from the railroad terminus to the hotels and camps. This wagon road is now sprinkled daily during the dry months, which completely lays the dust and keeps the roadbed in smooth condition, and is a source of great satisfaction to the thousands of tourists who visit the valley each year. This is one of the features of the trip to Yosemite, for the road continues up the wild and rocky cañon to the entrance of the valley, where the traveler gets his first grand view of Yosemite, and ere he reaches his stopping place on the floor of the valley has passed many of the great points of interest, El Capitan, Bridal Veil Falls, the Three Graces, Three Brothers, Eagle Peak, Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Falls, and has received his first impressions of this masterpiece of Nature.

Trails and carriage drives radiate from the Yosemite village to points of interest, which vary in distance from three-quarters of a mile to fifteen miles, and even farther. Many are nice walking distances and others are best taken by saddle horse or carriage, according to the inclination of the traveler.

The Yosemite Valley is accessible the year around, winter and summer, and visitors need not wait for a particular season to view its grandeur. It is a delightful trip during the winter months; the floor of the valley is protected by its great walls, there is no deep snow and the winter climate is mild and invigorating. The winter months are November, December and January. The autumn months, September and October, are charming and romantic, the spell of Indian summer holding sway, while the autumn hues of tree and mountain are most gorgeous. The spring and summer months are the times when the large numbers of visitors throng the valley, but people are going in and out all the seasons and are beginning to find that it is a trip worth while any time of the year.



Nevada Falls, Yosemite Valley — California

CHAPTER XIII

SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS MAJESTIC HOTELS

San Francisco was reached on Monday evening, April 18th, in time for dinner, and owing to the perfect arrangements made by the committee, headed by Mr. Cooke the guests were taken by autos, tally-hos and buses to their hotels as fast as they could enter them. The New York delegation went to the St. Francis, to be cared for by their much-loved and former citizen, "Jimmie" Woods, the Yankees to the palatial Fairmont on the summit of the hill, and the Chicago Mid-Westerns to the Palace. So, in effect, wrote Henry J. Bohn. He continued: "Of course, there are some scattering delegates who distribute themselves among the other hotels. And as we reach our rooms and gaze from the windows out over the beautiful city, and as we go to the dining-rooms and take our first dinner in San Francisco, we feel somewhat in a dream, for little can we realize that this is the city which but four years ago had a sort of an ague shake and then was smashed to smithereens by a fire. We see no traces here of disaster—all is gold and glitter and marble and color, architecture, artifice and art. After dinner we stroll about in the heart of the city, drop in at the St. Francis and other hotels, and altogether are 'just as happy as we can be' after this most delightful day."

The Palace Hotel

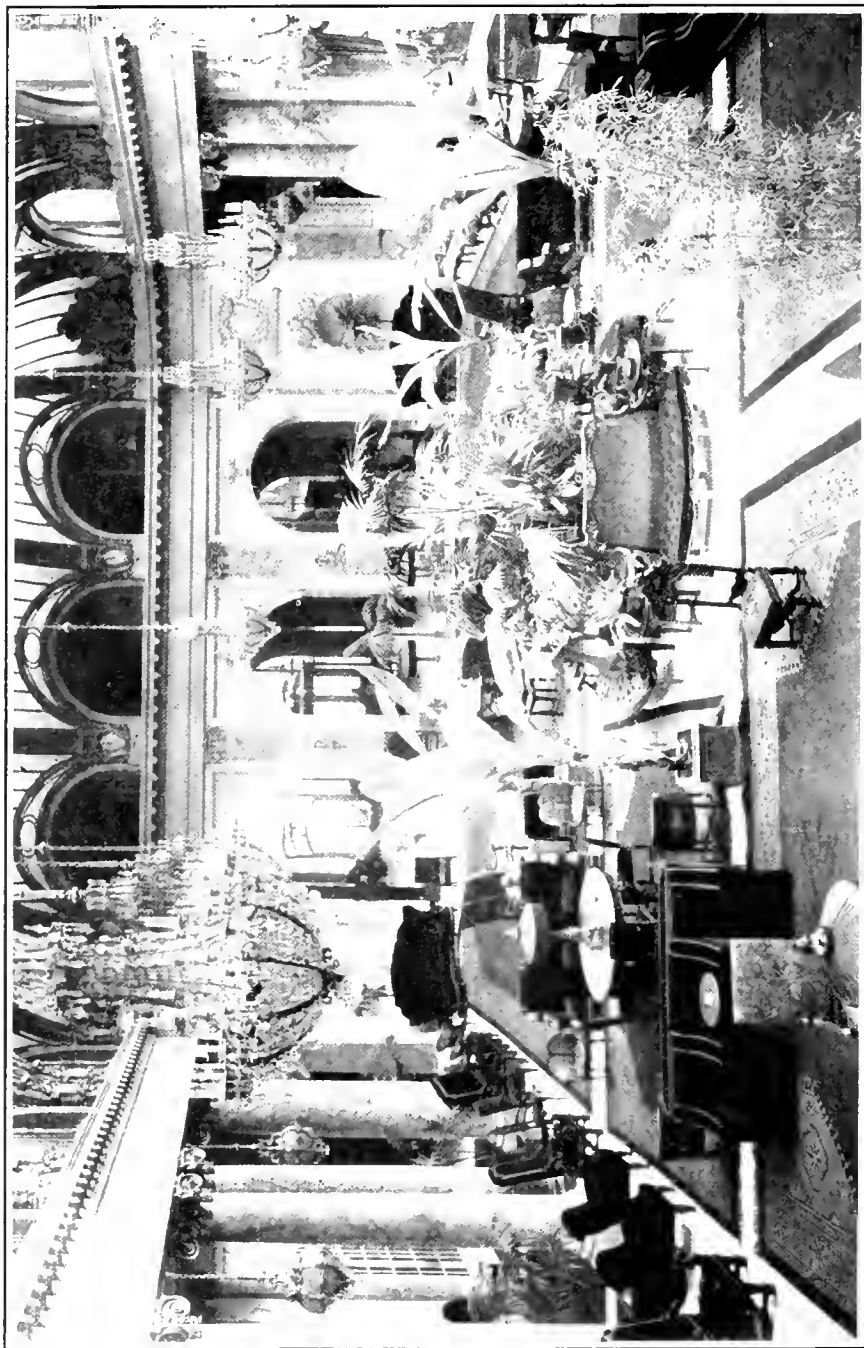
It was hard to realize that the old Palace was gone, but all acknowledged that the new Palace was a great advance upon the older and world-famed building.

Since its first inception the Palace has been unique in the hotel world and in its new home the same unique features which made the old house famous in two hemispheres have been reproduced and many new ones exclusively its own have been introduced.

Palace One of the Largest Hotels in the World

The Palace occupies an entire city block in the heart of San Francisco's commercial and financial centers. Its Market Street frontage is 275 feet, while it extends over 350 feet along New Montgomery and Annie streets. This gives it an area of some ninety-five thousand square feet, or a little more than two and one-half acres. On the ground floor the whole of this enormous space is devoted to the offices, dining-rooms, ball and banquet rooms, the Great Court (itself without counterpart) and the numerous kitchens.

The upper floors, of which there are eight, occupy the same space, save that the various courts serve as light and air shafts, thus making every one of the 700 rooms an outside room.



A view in the Great Court of the Palace Hotel.

The Palace building is of cream Milwaukee brick faced on the two lower floors and trimmed on all floors with white granite. The brick work surrounds a giant steel frame of the heaviest girders and beams used in any construction on the Coast and designed, when the necessity arises, to carry four additional floors with perfect safety. Every element used in its construction is as fireproof as human ingenuity can devise, put together with the idea of withstanding, without damage, any action of fire or the elements. The same general plans as laid down in the first house have been followed, except where a change would work a marked improvement.

Great Central Court Still Is the Motif

Generally speaking, the plan of the Palace consists of a great Central Court or lounge around which the rest of the house is built. This court is 150 feet long by nearly 100 feet wide and from its marble floor to the arching dome is 100 feet in the clear. On the north and south sides of the court are wide corridors, separating it from the men's grill room and the main restaurant respectively. On the east another wide corridor extends full length from Market and Jesse Streets opening into the court on the west. Along this are found the public conveniences: telephones, telegraph offices, newspaper booth, parcel room, ladies' waiting room, etc. The court is flanked by a double row of massive Italian marble columns. It is furnished with heavy and comfortable chairs, divans and lounges, and the marble floor is covered with thick rugs.

The Inner Court—Palace Hotel

There never was a fairyland imagined or pictured by writer or artist that equaled the reality that one may enjoy every evening after dinner in the Palace Hotel Court. With its arched over-glass roof, its supports picked out in dull gold, and terminated on the wall entablature with marble shields, its color is rich though subdued. Marble columns, curved mural faces, dazzling Venetian chandeliers, blazing with electric candles and globes, red silk shaded reading lamps, palms, chairs upholstered in red velvet, and dull gold, or leather and dull gold, solid oak and mahogany settees richly upholstered, writing tables, green and blue-bordered red velvet carpets, exquisitely shaded marble arches leading on each side into gentlemen's and ladies' dining-rooms, it is a veritable fairyland, and when the orchestra—one of the finest in the West—discourses sweet music, offering charming strains to suit every taste, from the purest classics of Wagner, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Mozart, Beethoven, and even Bach, to the simplest and most plaintive airs, with harp, organ and other unusual accompaniments, there is no wonder that guests from afar, and citizens of San Francisco equally flock to the attractive place and enjoy the rich feast that only such a hotel as the Palace could possibly provide for them. Many a professional concert tour is made with far less effective and soul-stirring music than that daily presented by the Palace orchestra.



Palace Hotel, entirely rebuilt since the fire, on the original Market Street site. A notable addition to the great buildings of the metropolis.

The Men's Grill of Great Size

On the north of the court lies the men's grill and still farther north the bar is situated, having its own entrance to Market Street. The bar is paneled in solid oak and lighted by a heavy leaded glass skylight. Behind the bar is a magnificent \$10,000 picture entitled, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."



The Men's Grill of the Palace Hotel where the business men of the city congregate daily at the lunch hour.

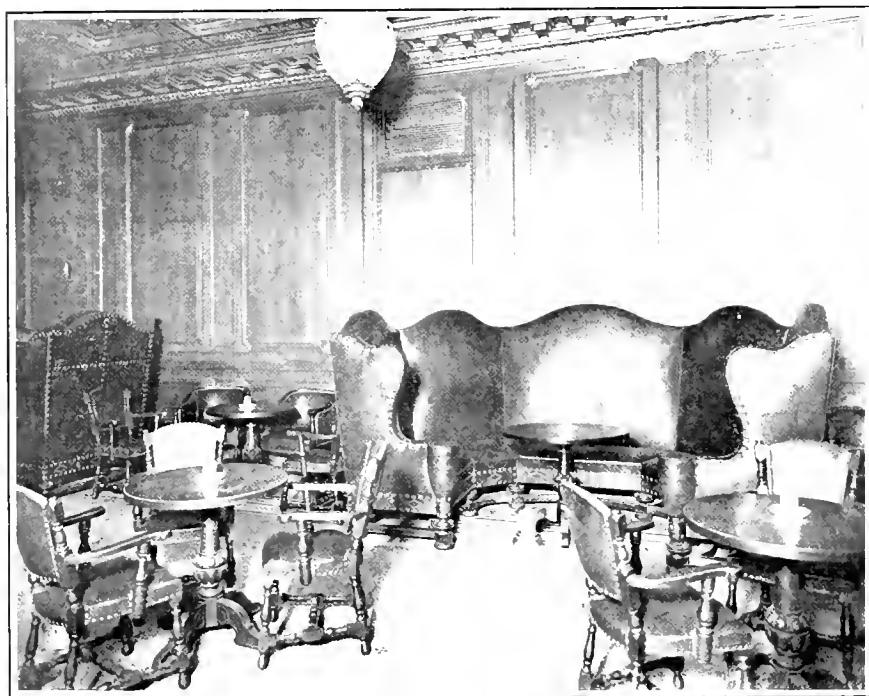
Maxfield Parrish's Picture in Palace Hotel Buffet

The picture is one of Maxfield Parrish's masterpieces. It is the one touch of striking color in a room singularly plain, though rich and elegant in appointment. Framed in simple dull gold, it is a most effective picture. To the right are the rugged, craggy mountain peaks, set off on the left by a gnarled rugged old monarch of a tree. Between the two in the far distance is a glimpse of the valley, over which silvery clouds play.

But the whole interest of the picture centers in the main figure and its followers—the Pied Piper and the happy band of children that precede and follow him. The piper himself is apparently engrossed in his piping,—playing on an old-fashioned pipe, after the style of a modern oboe. He wears a peaked red hat, and clad in a dangling cloak that is pied or plaid enough to please a Highlandman, he is striding forward, earnestly intent on his work. Before him, alongside of him, behind him, cluster the boys and girls who are enchanted with his piping, and even though one had never read Browning's spirited poem would feel what he so graphically expresses:



Looking into the great Sun Court of the Palace Hotel from the office



Massive Spanish Leather Lounges invite you in the Palace Hotel Bar

Once more he stepped into the street,
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
 Small feet pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running,
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 This wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

Note, also, how the artist has caught the very spirit of the poet's description of the piper:

"The strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red,
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips with smiles went out and in;
 There was no guessing his kith and kin:
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: 'It's as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!'"

Though the road is rough, rugged and difficult, the children cheerfully stay by the piper, and those ahead look cagerly back to watch his face, while those in the rear follow with happy, earnest, zealous trust expressed in their faces. Each child's face is a study, and had Mr. Parrish never painted any other child picture this would at once have placed him upon a high pedestal as an artist of childhood.

The picture is worthy a better place, for with all due deference to the men who regard it no harm to "take a drink when they feel like it," a barroom, however well conducted, is not the place into which to bring boys and girls, and I would personally be glad to have this picture placed where



Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, Managing Director Palace Hotel Company.

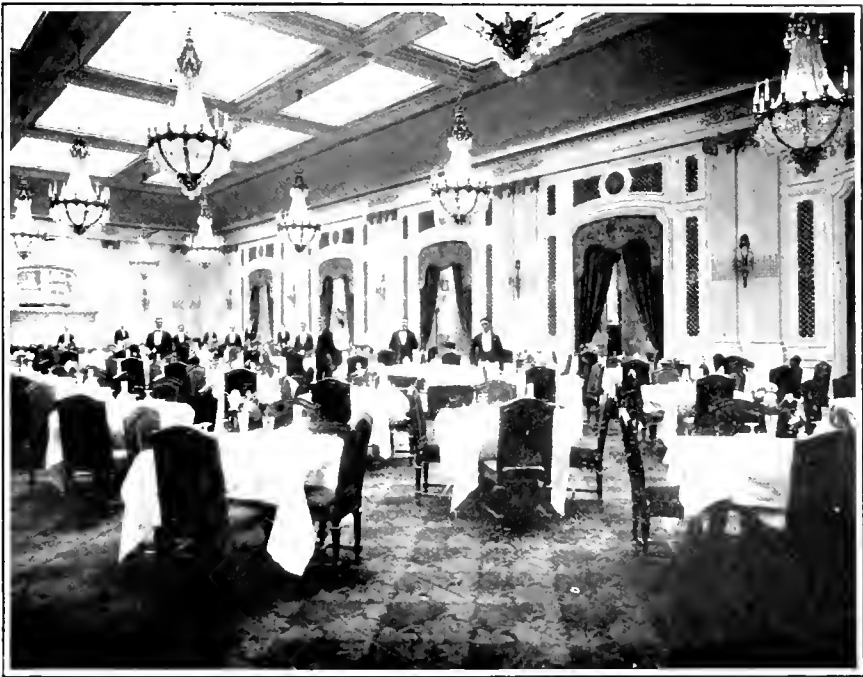
—Engraving by courtesy of Hotel Monthly.

I could take every boy and girl friend I have so that they might see and enjoy it, as they assuredly would.

The men's grill—of a name and fame to conjure with—is a great room, as long as the court and almost as wide. It is floored with large red tiles and its ceiling springs in a wide arch of a strictly Gothic type. The grill is finished in dull white with candelabra of hammered copper. At the west end is the electric and coal grill, insuring quick and perfect cuisine and service.

The Main Restaurant a Study in Dull Gold and Gray

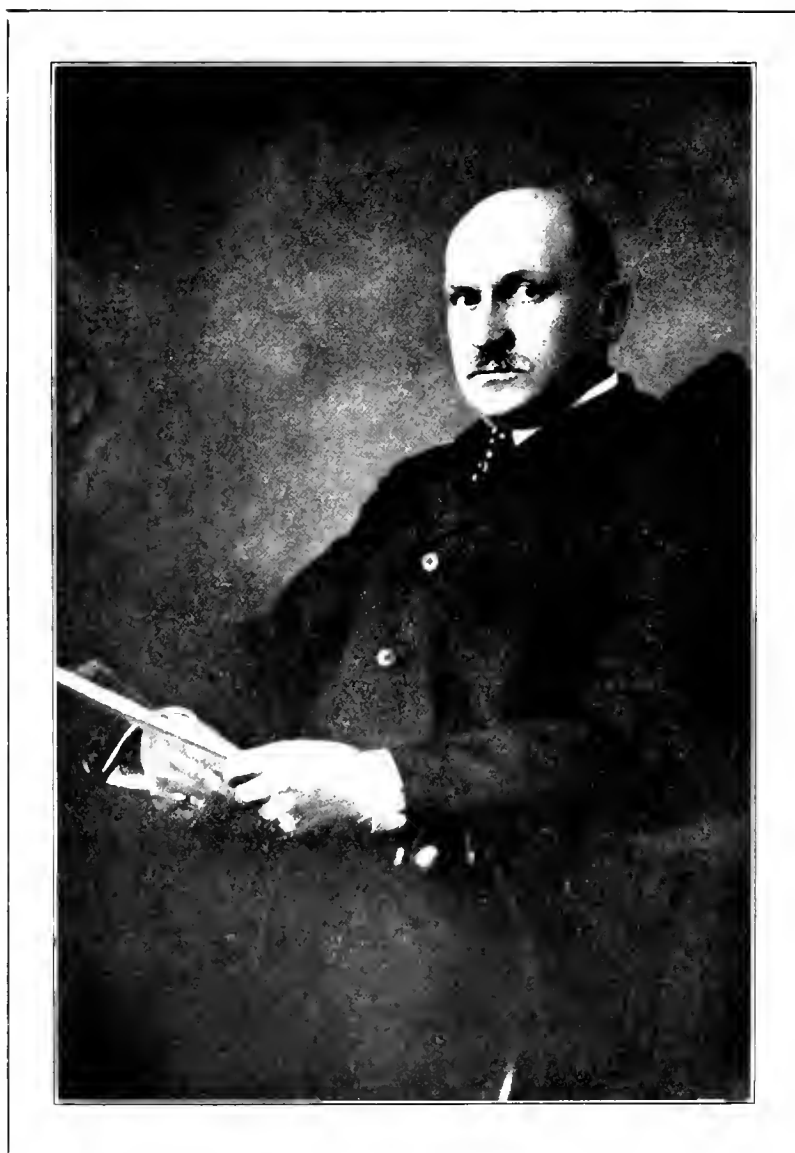
This room is situated on the south side of the court and is of great size, with a seating capacity of 400 guests. The room is classic in its simplicity,



The Main Restaurant of the Palace Hotel. A study in grey and gold

the only attempt at ornamentation being the beaten gold capitals of the half pillars in the walls and on the cornices. Its quiet restfulness soothes and pleases, being strictly in keeping with the faultless service and cuisine.

On the south of the main restaurant is the banquet room, another symphony in grey and gold, with polished hardwood floor and small paneled glass doors. This is the favorite room for banquets and affairs of a size insufficient for use of the great Louis XV. ballroom, which is close by. Another long corridor extends parallel with Jessie Street from the east corridor to the ballroom. The banquet room is on one side of this and on the Jessie Street side are the numerous checking and toilet rooms for men



OBADIAH RICH

To have served over thirty years successfully with one hotel company, and to have risen to occupy the distinguished and responsible position of assistant to the director of two of the noted and famous hotels of the world, is the proud record of Obadiah Rich. He was born at Truro, Mass., December 8, 1853. In February, 1879, he entered the employ of Messrs. Ridgeway & Johnson, then the proprietors of the Grand Hotel, San Francisco. In 1880, when Senator Sharon took over the Grand Hotel, Mr. Rich entered his employ and

has been with the Palace Hotel Company ever since. In 1894 he was appointed assistant manager of the Palace, under Col. J. C. Kirkpatrick, which position of honor and responsibility he has ever since filled. In 1897 he was made the buyer for both hotels, which office he held until about a year ago, still retaining, under the directorship of Colonel Kirkpatrick, the supervision of the Grand Hotel, until it was destroyed by the fire of 1906.

and women, reception parlors and a number of small rooms for private dinners and like affairs.

The ballroom occupies the entire southwest corner of the building. It is a superb room, finished after Louis XV. period, in dull tones of gold, making an effective background for any gown. This room is about 50 x 100 feet in size and is finished with a hardwood parquetry floor, which is especially delightful for dancing. The ballroom has its own private carriage and automobile entrance on Jessie Street, as has the banquet room at the end of the east corridor. By this means two functions may be held at the same time, one in the ballroom and the other in the banquet room, without interference with each other in any way.



View of the great Sun Court of the Palace Hotel. One of the most remarkable pieces of hotel architecture in the world.

The Palace Kitchen

But to hotelmen the chief interest centers in the kitchen and its arrangements for service.

To arrange the kitchen of so large a hotel as the Palace so that all its many and exacting patrons shall have perfect service is one of the greatest and most difficult problems that the architect of a modern hotel is called upon to solve.

The fact is, there is not one architect in a million, who, unaided and alone, is competent to the task. No man, whatever his architectural genius,

unless he is perfectly familiar with the tremendous and varying demands made upon the kitchen of such a hotel, can possibly plan satisfactorily to meet those demands.

In the case of the Palace Hotel, Colonel Kirkpatrick's practical experience enabled him to solve the problem with comparative ease. He, better than any architect, knew the needs and how to meet them. First of all was the grill room and gentlemen's dining-room. Next to this came the world-famed court, with tables on each side, one for gentlemen only and the other for ladies and gentlemen, with occasional service that extends into the large part of the main body of the court. On the opposite side of the court from the grill room is the ladies' dining-room. Beyond this is the large banquet hall and two smaller ones, each capable of banqueting from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five guests, then the five or six smaller banquet rooms for lesser groups and family parties. In addition to this, there is the service to the private rooms. Hence it will be seen that the kitchen of the Palace must be prepared to meet the demands of two dining-rooms, two auxiliary dining-rooms in the corridor of the court, another special room in the court itself; three large banquet rooms, five or six smaller ones, and the service of the private rooms. To meet these complex problems satisfactorily was an achievement of which any man might be proud, and I am free to confess, after going through the kitchens of practically all the leading hotels in America, and many of those in Europe, I have seen no kitchen that will begin to compare with this of the Palace when its tremendous demands are considered in all their minute details.

The kitchen takes up a large part of one side of the entire building. It is therefore directly in contact with the street, which insures absolute ventilation from freely circulating air, as well as an abundance of light. The range extends across the major part of the length of the kitchen. Nearly at one end is a small glass booth, in which the chef has his office. This enables him to see everything that goes on, and he can turn his attention in any direction he chooses without leaving his revolving chair.

Without entering into the details as to the kitchen equipment, it is sufficient to say that in every respect it measures up to the high standard of the Palace Hotel.

Let me now explain how easy it has been made to serve from this kitchen all these respective dining and banquet rooms without confusion and absolutely without any one set of diners knowing anything, practically speaking, of what is transpiring with another set of diners. In other words, at the Palace Hotel, a grand banquet may be served to five hundred people at any hour of the day or night, and the ordinary guests of the hotel be unaware that anything of the kind is going on. This is accomplished by the fact that the kitchen extends, as I have explained, across practically the whole of one end of the building, and that the banqueting portion of the hotel has its own separate private entrance upon a street of its own.

One end of the gentlemen's grill room adjoins the kitchen, with its entrance and exit. Next comes the gentlemen's corridor of the inner court, also adjoining, and having its own exit and entrance. Following this comes the inner court, next the ladies' corridor of the court and the ladies' dining-room, each with its own exit and entrance.

In the kitchen, at each entrance to the main dining-rooms, are all the heaters necessary for the chinaware, closets for the silverware, etc.

At the farther end of the kitchen there is another complete equipment of heaters for china, closets for the silverware, etc., devoted entirely to banquet service. The main banquet hall has its private entrance from the kitchen, including a good sized anteroom for facilitating the service and enabling the maitre d' hotel to supervise his forces. A similar anteroom is provided for the lesser banquet halls, and, as there is a grand banquet entrance on what we might term the rear side of the hotel, carriages and automobiles deposit their guests and receive them here, where there are suitable reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen, etc., so that several banquets and a ball or two, participated in by several hundreds of people may all be going on at the same time on this side of the house, without, as I have remarked, any of the ordinary patrons or guests of the hotel being cognizant of it.

I have been thus explicit in detailing the kitchen arrangements of the Palace Hotel, and Colonel Kirkpatrick's work in planning them. To him is owing the foresight, knowledge and genius which have made this apparently impossible task one of ease and simplicity.

Here, in this realm of sunshine and cleanliness, reigns Ernest Arbogast over his hundred and twenty-five cooks. His glass enclosed office is placed in the middle of the room, from which he can actually see everything that is going on, speaking tubes, telephones and push bells put him in closest touch with every part of his department, and each cook feels the eye of the master upon him, and must needs strive to do the best he knows. Arbogast is a man of vast experience and has a reputation that is world-wide. To him has been given to serve banquets to five presidents of the United States—Presidents Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft all having been the guests of honor for whom he has prepared the menu. The banquets to Taft, Roosevelt and McKinley were given by the Palace Hotel Company.

As yet I have made no reference to the private service of the Palace Hotel. There are several suites of rooms that are provided with every detail for individualistic cookery as well as service, but in the main, all meals for private service are prepared in the kitchen. One department is set apart for this service. Then, instead of sending up the tables and all its equipment separately and having the waiter "set up" the table in the room where it is required, annoying the guests with this unnecessary detail, the whole table is set up in the kitchen and taken up complete in the private service elevator.

Victor Reiter, the maitre d' hotel, both of the Palace and Fairmont Hotels, entered the employ of the Palace Hotel nineteen years ago, coming to San Francisco from New York as an expert on service; and his influence in dining-room service on the Pacific Coast is marked, and extends over the continent. In fact, there are many skilled men to-day, working in New York, who got their training from Mr. Reiter. He has conducted a School of Service, and it is months after a new waiter is on the payroll before he is graduated as a first-class waiter, to be entrusted with the all-around service of the standard the Palace and Fairmont Hotels demand.

In a conversation held with Mr. Reiter, he said: "Our waiters are mostly Europeans, men who have had experience as butlers, etc., especially those employed for the upstairs service. You may be surprised to hear it, but our guests are accustomed to better service than they receive in New York. We are in position to give better service than in the East, for the reason that waiters here are paid \$2 a day, exclusive of their tips. It takes the average New York waiter who comes here some months of training before he fills all our requirements."

The banquet tables are of ingenious construction. The table tops are in sections, and the legs all have their tops pierced with pegs extending half an inch or so from the leg on both sides; and these legs fit into sockets in the table top as a key fits into the keyhole, and the turning of the leg in the socket locks it in.

At each checker's stand there is a board for keeping track of the waiters' names and numbers, and a diagram showing location of tables and the number of the waiter assigned to each particular table. The waiter's number, in the Palace Hotel, remains the same all the time he is employed; but the captain is required to change the tables, so that the waiter may not have the same table all the time.

At the private waiters' stand there is a bulletin which gives the bin numbers of the wines most called for; this is for the convenience of the waiters.

The private waiter's table measures thirty-six by eighteen inches and is set up in units. Thus, a table for two diners would be thirty-six by thirty-six inches, by placing the two units together.

Dumb waiter service is not favored in the Palace or Fairmont Hotels. They believe that the best service is the way they do it; for it is more under the control of the maitre d' hotel and less liable to accident or delay.

Mr. Reiter has devised a novel method of keeping track of the private waiters. The captain has a book ruled which shows on the left-hand page "time on and off" in the first column, waiter's "name" in the second column, and the columns for assignments to rooms extending across the folio page; thus, I will illustrate the waiters' turn list for breakfast: For instance, Jacquet is entered as going on duty at 6:30 and off duty at 9:30. He served orders in rooms 856, 320, 416 and 325. When a waiter is assigned, the room number is entered in the first vacant column opposite

his name. When the order is served a ring is made around that number, and when the meal is finished and the table returned, a line is drawn across the room number figures, thus indicating that the service for that particular room is complete, and the table and tableware is returned. Another entry shows that Miles came to work at 6:30; that he has completed services in four rooms and has just been assigned to room 890, but has not yet started on the service elevator with his table.

Upper Floor Arrangements Perfect

On the upper floors the rooms are arranged so that an entire series can be thrown en suite or in pairs as desired. Every room is an outside room and nearly every one of them has private bath. All are furnished in mahogany with heavy brass beds of special design.

On the second, sixth, seventh and eighth floors in each corner of the building there are a number of specially arranged suites. These are the "state" and "royal" suites, consisting of reception salon, dining room, parlors and bedrooms, etc. These rooms are furnished in different woods, tapestries, brocades, etc., and are among the richest provided in any hotel for the accommodation of the guests.

A Perfect Ventilation System

Throughout the whole building one is impressed by the perfection of ventilation which has been attained. The hotel has its own electric light, pumping and power plant, located in the basement. Here also are the fan rooms, both blowers and exhausts, each connected and operated by its own individual motor. Thermostats placed on every floor connect with these fans and automatically control the operation of both exhaust fans or the blowers which provide the fresh air. The fresh air is brought into the house through specially arranged channels and is filtered and washed before being sent to the rooms. The exhaust fans connect with every room and the entire air body is changed continuously. In the great court this entire change takes place every five minutes. In the men's grill and main restaurant every three minutes, in the ballroom and banquet rooms every four minutes. Such movement can, of course, be increased or decreased at the will of the engineers. Expert architects and engineers who have watched the operation of this system since its beginning are unanimous in the declaration that this is the one instance in which a theoretically perfect ventilation system proved all that was expected in practice.

The Palace the Furthest Advance in Hotel Building

The Palace Hotel, as it stands to-day, represents the epitome of hotel excellence, the furthest advance in the science of hotel building and hotel keeping. It is built to last for all time.

Since the opening days of the Palace Hotel in 1875, when, under orders from William Sharon, "no expense was spared to make it the best house in the world," it has occupied a peculiar position. Here on the western

shore of the continent, it was the last place of American comfort which the outgoing traveler enjoyed. In like manner it was the first place of welcome for the one returning from foreign shores, holding this unique position and maintaining it for years by a constantly bettered service and equipment.

The news of the burning of the Palace came like a blow to thousands scattered over the world, and if its loss thus affected the guests, whose acquaintance with it was formed during a short stay in the city, with how much greater force did it fall on residents of the city and State. Here in San Francisco, and, in fact, through the entire coast, the Palace was for years the center of things social, political, industrial and financial. Social functions, however smart, lacked the true hall mark of elegance unless the invitation read Palace Hotel. Here the political victories of the early days were planned, careers started and ended and vast industrial enterprises launched. Here the men who had made millions gathered and enjoyed themselves, as did other pleasure seekers from every land.

The Palace the Home of Distinguished Travelers from Everywhere

But what a multitude of great and distinguished people the Palace has housed during the past thirty years! Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, McClellan, Schofield and Miles, Longstreet, Joe Johnson, Gordon, Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee; Presidents Hayes, Harrison and Roosevelt; Morgan, of Alabama; Frye, of Maine; Joe Brown, of Georgia; Fenton, of New York, and hundreds of other Senators and Congressmen; Dana and Amos Cummings, of the Sun; Pulitzer, of the World; Jones, of the Times, and Reid, of the Tribune; Medill, of the Chicago Tribune; Crosby Noyes, of the Washington Star; James Gordon Bennett and scores of other distinguished journalists; George Augustus Sala, George Alfred Townsend, Beecher, Talmage, Moody, Henry Irving, Booth, Barrett, Patti, Proctor, De Lesseps, Stevenson, James, Kipling, Hawthorne, Haggard, Melba, Jeremiah Black, Andy Curtin, C. P. Huntington, George Gould, Harriman, Hill, Fish, and thousands of others altogether too numerous to mention.

Palace Hotel Entirely Rebuilt

With the destruction of the Palace in April, 1906, the question which arose was not "Will the Palace be rebuilt?" but "When will the Palace be rebuilt?" No one doubted for a minute that the historic structure would again be erected on the old site, and the question of how and when was on every tongue. For a long time, however, the matter of rebuilding and using the old walls and plans was one of serious debate. There stood the walls, gutted by the fire, robbed of their ornate embellishment of bay windows, but still standing erect and perfect, a splendid testimonial to the work and the men who planned and built them. That they were absolutely safe and worthy of rebuilding none could doubt. Committee after committee visited them, engineers and architects of the highest rank inspected and sounded them and all pronounced them absolutely safe. But the Palace Hotel Company decided that they would present to their guests an entirely new building, as proof against all action of the elements as human ingenuity could make it

As a result of this decision and forty-five months of unremitting labor, the Palace Hotel was reopened in its new home on December 15th with appropriate ceremony.

The building occupies the same space as the old one, 275 feet on Market street and 350 feet on New Montgomery street. It is built on a solid steel framework, which was put up in the record time of 83 days. No wood has been used in the construction where it could be avoided, marble, steel, tile, copper, concrete being used everywhere. Everything is of the richest and most substantial character. The corridors are lined with magnificently grained Italian marble—the great pillars supporting the court are of the same. The chandeliers are of heavy brass and crystal, the stairs marble with solid bronze railings.

The decorations are refined and stately. Simplicity marks the entire scheme—an utter absence of elaboration or the spectacular.

In 1875 the ground occupied by the Palace was valued at \$400,000. To-day a conservative estimate values this great square block at \$3,000,000.

The Palace has 700 rooms and 670 bathrooms. On the second, seventh and eighth floors are located the "royal suites," which present the highest examples of elegance and luxury in hotel life. These apartments have from four to ten connecting rooms, consisting of reception salon, dining rooms, parlor, bedrooms, etc. They are beautifully decorated and richly furnished, and present the acme of modern hotel luxury.

The old Palace Hotel was equipped with furniture built especially by a furniture factory established in this city for that purpose. It was the intention at first to use nothing but California woods, but that was found impractical, and the bulk of it was made from South American mahogany. Although many European firms made flattering offers for the furnishing of the new Palace building, it is pleasing to learn that scarcely a piece of furniture nor a bit of equipment was purchased outside of our own country. The industries of the United States found a market for their products here, and preference was given to the home product in every instance.

Executive Staff

The Palace Hotel is capably managed by the following executive staff: Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, managing director; Obadiah Rich, assistant manager; Julian M. Brownell, assistant manager; O. Shannan, auditor; John C. Newlands, secretary; B. F. Downs and O. L. Chaffin, room clerks; F. C. Martin and S. W. Barr, cashiers; Victor Reiter, maitre d'hotel; Ernest Arbogast, chef; James Christian, steward; J. F. Dougherty, purchasing agent; Mrs. L. Bailey, housekeeper; W. F. Flint, superintending engineer; W. J. Trimble, assistant engineer; Edgar Gribble, chief electrician; Herman Riedel, wine steward; Gus Lindregren, storekeeper.

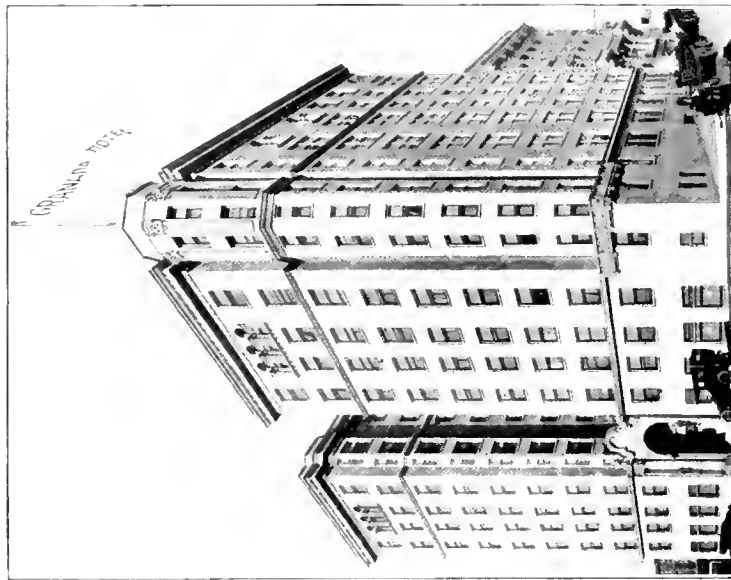
Hotel Granada

San Francisco is still a city of hotels. It has always been noted for its great hostelrys, and not even its historic hotels surpass in grandeur, magnificence and comfort the new Granada Hotel. Looming majestically the



E. De Wolfe,
Granada Hotel, San Francisco.

E. De Wolfe was born in New York City, October 5, 1868. Seventeen years ago he came to San Francisco, and was engaged with Mr. O. M. Brennan, as night clerk at the Hotel Pleasanton. Here he soon became assistant manager, and in 1903 he bought the hotel and became its proprietor and manager. In January, 1906, he sold out, and while still looking for a new hotel the earthquake and fire occurred. There was an opportunity, and wiring for furniture, etc., he had the full equipment for the Hotel Imperial, three days after the fire, on its way from the East, and in six weeks this house of 112 rooms was opened for business. The lease ran for 18 months only, after which he assumed, July 15, 1908, the management, for the owning company, of the Granada Hotel, which is still under his successful control. Mr. De Wolfe is the vice-president of the California Hotel Association, which he was largely instrumental in starting again after the fire, and a member of the executive committee of the Western Hotel Protective Association. He was the chairman of the committee for the banquet given to the U. M. M. B. A. in San Francisco, and to him much of its great artistic success was due.



Granada Hotel.

imposing building dominates the skyline of San Francisco. Built solidly of concrete and steel, this magnificent structure is described in a few words—Ten Stories of Solid Comfort. Situated on the northwest corner of Sutter and Hyde streets, convenient both to the business district and the residential section, and by means of a main car line passing the door, all points of the city are easily accessible.

The main entrance on Sutter street leads into a large foyer, beautifully paneled in marble, the walls and the immense dome above being exquisitely decorated in gold and set with hundreds of lights, making a most harmonious and inviting effect.

On the first floor are situated a ladies' parlor and reception room, two dining-rooms and convenient to these are the cafe and billiard room. Two passenger elevators, entirely enclosed with mirrors, assure the guests of rapid access to and from their rooms.

The hotel is thoroughly equipped with fire protection and its employees are drilled into an efficient fire guard. This, together with the fireproof building affords absolute safety.

What the Granada Hotel has to offer may be summed up in one small word, Service.

Run on the American and European plan, the Granada offers ideal surroundings to families making it their permanent home as well as to the temporary guest who wishes an exclusive hotel at moderate rates. The cuisine will satisfy the most fastidious epicure. To live at the Granada Hotel is to have every convenience and luxury of the twentieth century.

When it is recalled that the Granada is conducted by Mr. E. de Wolfe, nothing further as to its high character need be said.

Hotel Victoria

The Hotel Victoria, at Bush and Stockton streets, has one of the finest locations in San Francisco—within two or three blocks of the retail shopping district, theaters, cafes and railroad ticket offices.

It is very easily reached from the Ferry by taking any street car up Market street and transferring to Powell street; or from Third and Townsend streets station by taking "Ocean" or "Hayes" cars on Townsend street and transferring to Powell.

Being in an elevated portion of the city, from almost every room in the house a magnificent panorama of San Francisco, the bay and mountains may be seen. This is a feature of the Victoria which few other hotels possess. The structure itself is a most handsome, solid, substantial and fireproof building, occupying not only a commanding position physically by reason of its superb location, but in the hearts of all hotel patrons by its superior management and service. Mrs. Morris's tact, ability, good judgment and efficiency have rendered her name a household word among the hotel-keepers of the west.



Mrs. W. F. Morris

Mrs. W. F. Morris is the only lady member in San Francisco of the San Francisco Hotel Men's Association. Also a member of the Hotel Men's Protective Association.

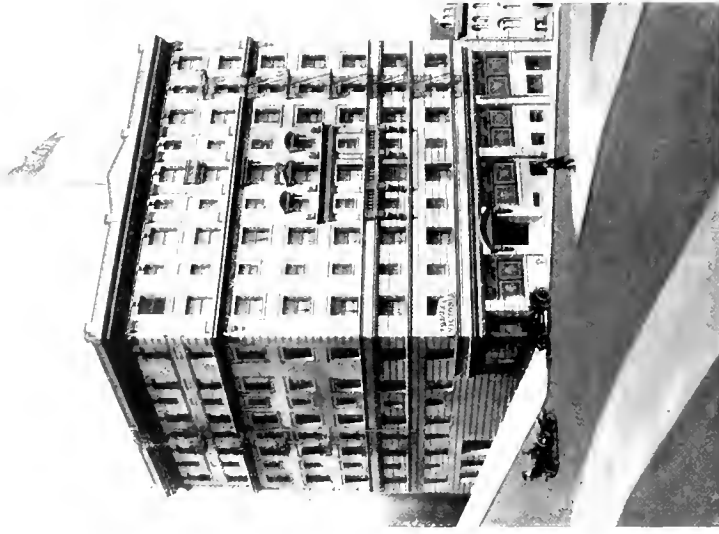
Mrs. Morris was chairman of the Ladies Reception Committee during the visit of the H. M. E. A. in San Francisco. The others associated with her on the committee were Mrs. Edwin Mendes, Mrs. G. Lavin, Miss Stewart, Miss Hazel Cook, Mrs. H. K. Detendorf.

Mrs. Morris is a woman who knows how to do things. Fifteen years ago she opened her first hotel in San Francisco. It was not a large one, but it had behind it the impelling force of a woman's desire to please. The result was that the time of the fire claim found her operating the Hotel Cecil, 900 Rush street, with 125 rooms. Gradually this hotel grew very popular. Nothing daunted by the great disaster, Mrs. Morris moved to Berkeley, across the bay, and exactly two weeks after the fire she gained control of a fraternity house in the college town and filled it with guests from the Cecil.

Shortly after that she opened the Carlton Hotel on Durant street and Telegraph avenue. But her love for San Francisco moved her to return to the new city rising on its many hills, and to-day she is settled again in control of the splendid Hotel Victoria, within two blocks of her former location.

Mrs. Morris also runs the Castle Craig Farm in Shasta county a beautiful spot in the high Sierras where nature runs free in its grandeur. The comforts here in the midst of the pine forests and rocky crags are quite astonishing until one realizes that a woman's hand directs things.

Who was it said a woman couldn't successfully run a hotel? Nobody, or if he did say it he was a Nobody anyhow.

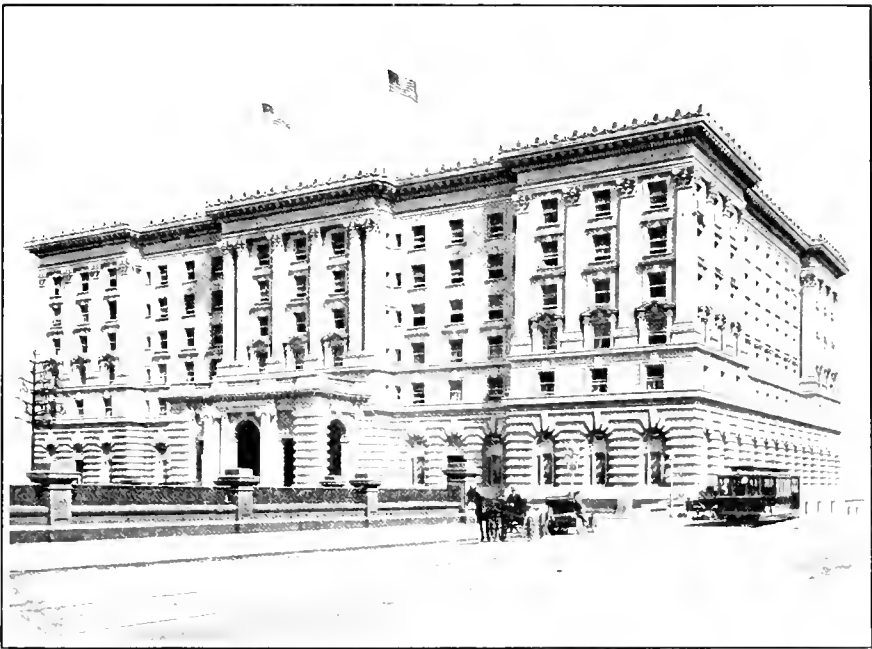


Hotel Victoria, San Francisco, Cal.

The Fairmont Hotel

The Fairmont Hotel is the most superbly situated hotel in the world.

As one enters the city of San Francisco whether it be by transpacific steamer, by ferry from Oakland and the Southern Pacific mole, or by rail from the south by way of the Third and Townsend street station, the first sight that greets the eye is the gleaming white marble walls of the Fairmont Hotel crowning Nob Hill, a great marble palace that is without counterpart on earth. From every viewpoint the Fairmont dominates the San Francisco skyline. It is the last thing that the traveler enroute to the Orient sees as he looks back at the city. It is the last thing that the traveler east-bound on the luxurious Overland Limited sees as he leaves the upper rear deck of



Mason street front of Fairmont Hotel

the ferry as he prepares to take the train at Oakland mole. As the "Lark" swings down the Peninsula on its nightly flight to Los Angeles and the South the gleaming lights of the Fairmont flash a farewell to the erstwhile guest from between the low hills of the city.

In point of situation the Fairmont is unique and unequalled in all the world. It has been compared to the Peak Hotel at Hong Kong and to the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, but even these two magnificently situated hotel must give the palm to the Fairmont. No other hotel on earth commands such alluringly beautiful views as does the Fairmont. On the north lies the far-famed Golden Gate, which has been written about in nearly every language. The windows of the hotel command a fine view of this beautiful

entrance to the great San Francisco harbor, with its forts on either side and its fortified islands in the stream. To the northeast can be seen the purple mountains of Marin county with the picturesque town of Sausalito nestling at the water's brink and Mount Tamalpais thrusting its rugged skyline into



Corner of Laurel Court, Fairmont Hotel, where after-dinner coffee is served.

the background. Midway across the bay lie the islands Alcatraz (the military prison of the United States) towered and pinnacled like one of the old islands of the Rhine, then Yerba Buena or Goat Island where the United States Naval Training School is established, and between them is Angel Island, the headquarters of the Immigration Service and the Quarantine

Station. To the east lie the busy cities of Oakland and Berkeley and Alameda, by day a mass of houses, by night a glistening circlet of diamonds. Beyond these are the rolling hills with the dark summit of Mount Diablo rising sinister into the clouds. In the near foreground is the shifting waterfront with its busy scenes, where ships from every clime and every port gather to take or leave their cargoes. River boats slip in and out leaving a great trail of foam from their stern wheels. Huge ferries cross back and forth like great spiders weaving a net of white and silver. In "Man-o'-war row" can be seen the great fighting ships of the world, while the transports which carry the troops back and forth from the Philippines remain in waiting at their own slips. "Wind-jammers" from the south seas, lumber schooners



Japanese Room in the Fairmont Hotel, one of the finest in the world.

from the Sound, tramp steamers from the four parts of the world, great ocean liners, pass in through the Golden Gate an unending procession before the windows of the Fairmont. To the east and to the southeast lies the city, spread out before the hotel, a place where great things have been, and are being done.

The Fairmont crowns Nob Hill, in the heart of the city of San Francisco, yet up and above the noise, dust, and confusion of the busier downtown streets. It covers an entire city block, being bounded by four streets, Mason, Sacramento, Powell and California. On all of these except Mason (on which the Fairmont fronts), are street car lines that place it within five

minutes of any part of the business districts. Before the fire of 1906 Nob Hill was the home of the millionaires and bonanza kings of the Pacific Coast. Here they built their mansions and laid out their beautiful grounds. Not far from where the Fairmont now stands was the home of James Fair, foremost among the powerful men in those days of gold and power. The Fairmont was first designed and built by the daughter of James Fair on this historic site and it is from the family name that the present name is taken. Nob Hill is now the site of the most exclusive clubs in the city and the beautiful Fairmont makes up for the loss of many of the fine old residences which formerly were the glory of the place. The magnificent Pacific Union Club is just across Mason street, while the beautiful University Club is opposite on Powell street.



Hotel men at the Fairmont Hotel about to start on automobile trip about San Francisco.

The Fairmont is built of steel and concrete, granite and marble. In form, design and architectural beauty it is so different from any other hotel that one comes to regard it as a great palace rather than a hotel built for commercial purposes. At every point one is impressed with the spaciousness and loftiness of it, and instinctively feels that the builders were inspired to do something greater and better than had ever been done in this line before, which should be in keeping with the superb setting which its owners had chosen. In its spacious lobby of gold and Italian marble half a thousand guests can rest in comfort without feeling crowded in the slightest. Its great ballrooms, banquet rooms, cafes, grills, reception rooms and other

places for social functions are magnificent in appointment and perfect in their arrangement. Some idea of the immensity of these apartments can be gained from the following descriptions. It is because of these wonderful facilities and the general atmosphere of dignity, elegance and refinement that the Fairmont is recognized as the social center of the city.

Main Floor of the Fairmont a Marvel

When one enters the massive granite portal of the Fairmont he steps immediately into the grand lobby. This is perhaps the largest and loftiest room of its kind in America. Its high ceiling is of beaten gold supported by immense columns of Italian marble. The office is on the fore side to



The Marble Lobby of the Fairmont exceeds all others in height and spaciousness.

the right while at the extreme left is the grand staircase leading to the mezzanine and upper floor. There are two sets of elevators, one at each end of the great room. The Lobby is carpeted with great thick rugs of rich red hue and furnished with many easy chairs, settees, sofas and lounging seats. To the right of the entrance are the ladies' reception and retiring rooms with maids constantly in attendance while to the left is the library and reading room with its great fireplace and fine rich furnishings.

Wonderful Laurel Court of the Fairmont

Directly across the lobby from the main entrance is the beautiful Laurel Court. This is one of the most uniquely beautiful lounging places and tea

rooms in the world. Through the thickly leaded glass of the arching domes that cover this magnificent room, the light filters softly down on rich foliage and shrubbery on gleaming silver and spotless napery. The Laurel Court is a favorite rendezvous for San Francisco's socially select. A stringed orchestra gives a special concert each afternoon during the tea hours of from four to six. Here also the pleasing custom of serving after dinner coffee and cigars is observed and each evening the court is filled with smartly gowned women and men in evening clothes. The court is also a favored place for private dinner parties. On such occasions, it is frequently screened off with palms and flowers making a very secluded banquet room.



View of the beautiful Laurel Court Tea Room of the Fairmont Hotel.

Main Dining Salon Overlooking the Bay and Mountains

Just beyond the Laurel Court is the magnificent main dining salon of the Fairmont extending almost the full width of the building. From its high trench windows a wonderful panorama of San Francisco Bay, the water front and the new city is obtained. This dining room is of great size and is capable of seating over five hundred persons at one time. To the right of the main dining room is the grey breakfast room a great room frequently used for banquet rooms as well as for breakfast uses. It is furnished and finished in soft shades of grey. Both the dining room and the grey room have extremely high ceilings and not a single post or pillar mars the symmetry of its proportions. The dining room is decorated in cream color with ornamentation of nugget gold presenting simple, dignified, yet extremely rich effect.



CHARLES ALDEN COOKE
Manager Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco

When Charles Alden Cooke, the genial and popular manager of the Fairmont Hotel, first left the paternal nest in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1878, he entered into his work with the same vim and energy that has characterized his subsequent career. His first job

was that of porter on one of the old Eastern Railroads, but at the time he was nineteen, was promoted to the position of conductor, being the youngest train conductor in the State of Massachusetts, if not in this country. Four years later he was on the Northern

Pacific Railroad, running out of St. Paul, Minnesota. In six months he was again promoted to the car accountants' office in St. Paul.

In 1885 he left St. Paul to become assistant to the superintendent of the Wagner Sleeping Car Company in Boston. After a year's work in this position he resigned to accept service with Raymond & Whitecomb's. He was sent West as assistant to the agent in Southern California. In this position, where he was thrown in contact with hundreds of strangers each month, Cooke found his real work. He capitalized his tact, diplomacy, good nature and good fellowship and made a friend of everyone with whom he came in contact. Rapidly he became conductor of their Southern California parties and then general Pacific Coast agent.

In June, 1899, he resigned from the Raymond & Whitecomb Company, and accepted the position of manager of the palatial Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, under Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, director general of the Palace Hotel Company, which operates both the Fairmont and Palace Hotels in that city.

His advent into the hotel business occasioned a great deal of comment throughout the country, and his career has been watched with keenest interest. Friends and acquaintances alike (no Cooke has no enemies) were curious to see how this man, without any previous

experience in the hotel business, would handle the vast problem of operating a magnificent hostelry like the Fairmont, one of the greatest hotels in the world. Those who knew him were not at all surprised at the wonderful success he has made since the very start, for it is in line with the things he had done in the past.

He is especially esteemed by the high class orientals, both Japanese and Chinese, who have made his hotel their headquarters in San Francisco. He has a whole safe filled with superb presents which these guests have given him in token of their personal esteem and regard. Among these may be mentioned the diamond mounted cigarette case from the hand of Prince Kuni of Japan, who stayed at the Fairmont for some weeks; the handsome pearl scarf pin and cuff links from Baron Shibusawa, the Rothschild of Japan, who was at the Fairmont with the Honorable Commercial Commissioners, and the great silver loving cup from Baron Kanda and other members of the Commission. Lord Northcliffe, the great English publisher of the London Times and other journals, was also Cooke's guest, and was extremely pleased with his house and management.

He was in the forefront in everything that was done to entertain the H. M. M. B. A., and it is needless to say that he has thereby added largely to his circle of friends.

Louis XV. Ball Room a Revelation

The ball room of the Fairmont is the largest in San Francisco and the most popular. The records of the hotel show that during the season it is



The main restaurant of the Fairmont Hotel, with its row of French windows overlooking San Francisco Bay.

in use an average of three nights each week which is a record even in fun-loving, socially inclined, San Francisco. In its magnificent ivory and gold decorations, heavy blue silken tapestries, and immense plate glass mirrors covering one full side, it is in every detail a replica of the famous ball room in the Palace of the Tuileries. On the north side the great windows overlook the Golden Gate and the foreign quarter of the city, which has been rebuilt on the bay shore to the northward. The ball room is flanked by numerous reception rooms, cloak rooms, and check rooms for men and women. Numerous boxes overlooking the dancing floor opening on to the wide corridor of the mezzanine floor. These are given over to musicians and also to visitors. The ball room floor is of especially prepared hard



The Bar of the Fairmont is in the Men's Crypt Grill.

maple. It is built along original lines. Its great width, in which the girders make a single span, gives it a peculiar elasticity, making it one of the finest dancing floors in America. The ball room can accommodate four hundred people on its floor without over-crowding. It has been the scene of most of the brilliant army and navy receptions, banquets, balls and assemblies that have been held in San Francisco. Here was held the wonderful "Reception to the Fleet, at which some three thousand people were present. The famous Greenway assemblies and cotillions, as well as all the private balls and entertainments.

Red Banquet Room Adjoining the Ball Room

At the east end of the ball room is the superb Red Room, a banquet room that has taken a place in the history of such events on the Coast. The Red Room takes its name from its furnishings. The walls are covered with heavy silk tapestries, the floor is covered with thick, heavy rugs of the same color, the chairs and sofas being finished to harmonize. Here are held the private dinners and banquets given by and to the men of affairs of the Coast. The record event of this kind took place in this room when Raphael Weil, one of the merchant princes of San Francisco banqueted 125 of his friends on the occasion of his decoration by the French government with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. On this occasion the entire number sat at a single huge round table in this red room. The red room is most frequently used in connection with the ball room forming an ideal lounging salon in which refreshments are usually served.

The Norman Hall

Another Banquet Room of Immense Size and Stately Proportions

The Fairmont is built on the summit of Nob Hill and its unique situation has been fully appreciated by the builders. The main floor is on the level of Mason street. The sharp slope of the hill from Mason to Powell permits of several other stories on the eastern side. On the floor below the lobby is situated the baronial Norman Hall, the largest assembly room of its kind in any hotel west of Chicago. The room itself is of vast proportions and stately in its simplicity. In it 800 persons can be seated and served at one time as on the occasion of the magnificent banquet which was given to President Taft by the associated civic bodies of San Francisco. The floor of the Norman Hall is tessellated mosaic in quaint Norman designs. Its lofty ceiling is spanned by great walnut girders, without a pillar. The chandeliers are of hand wrought iron in old Norse designs, reproduced with unflinching fidelity from one of the old Normandy cathedrals. The entire east side of the Norman Hall is lined with high French windows which extend clear to the floor. These open directly on to the terrace, a stone flagged, open air court some hundred and fifty feet long by half as wide. A circular railing separates it from the gardens to which entrance is given by the grand staircase. Below the terrace is the private park with its grassy lawns, slopes, graveled walks and flower beds. The Terrace is flanked by two low wings, given up to the bachelor apartments of the hotel, and is therefore, amply protected from wind and sun. A more delightful place in which to take "luncheon al frisco" can not be imagined, and the numerous parties which are held here daily attest to its popularity.

Tunnel Entrance a Novelty

At the southeast corner of the Fairmont entering underneath the private park and grounds is a long tunnel that leads directly to the elevator. This

gives direct access to all parts of the house from the Powell street level or four floors below the lobby.

Upstairs Arrangements Perfect

Every room of the five hundred and fifty rooms in the Fairmont is an outside room, opening onto the great court or the various streets. Being removed above the noise, dust and confusion of the busier down town streets, the rooms of the Fairmont provide perfectly pure air, quiet and rest.

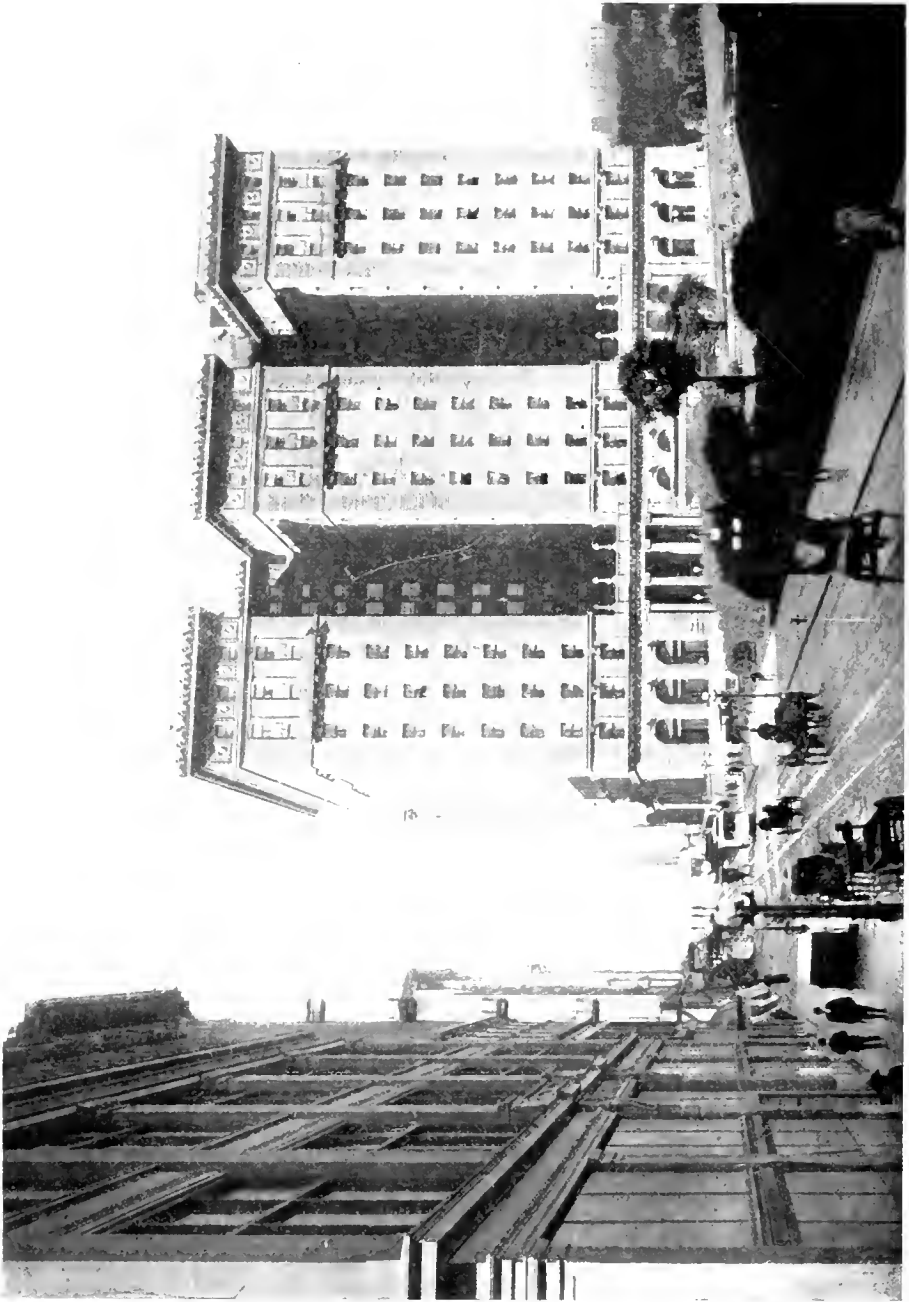


View from the dining-room windows of the Fairmont Hotel.

Each of the rooms has a large clothes closet and also an immense private bath room of white porcelain and tile. They are richly furnished and are equipped with every convenience and luxury for the pleasures of the Fairmont guests.

The St. Francis Hotel

The St. Francis completes the trio of San Francisco's great hotels, and it will be fully described in the next chapter.



Hotel St. Francis facing Union Square

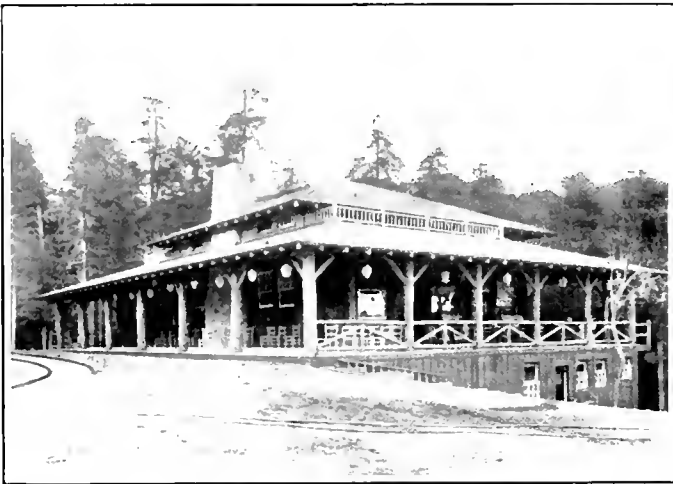
CHAPTER XIV

TUESDAY, APRIL 19

TAMALPAIS DAY, THE ST. FRANCIS SMOKER AND THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

This was the one unfortunate day of the trip. The weather, which should have been of the best, was of the worst, for sightseeing. The H. M. M. B. A., as guests of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad and the Mill Valley & Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway, were taken over the "crookedest mountain railway in the world." Let Mr. Henry J. Bohn tell the story:

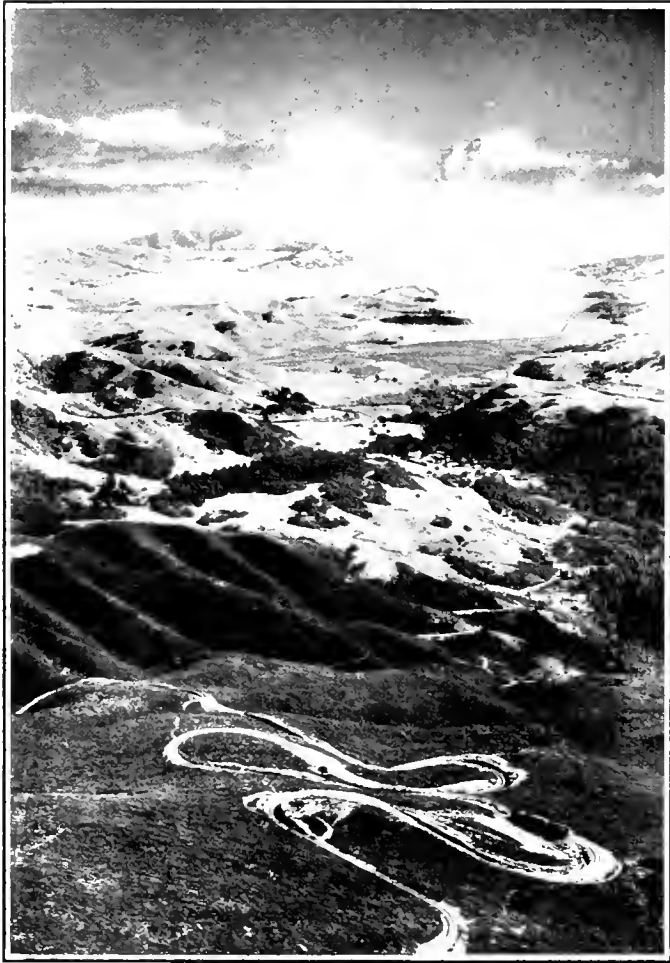
"At 1:15 we gather at the Market Street Ferry and the ferryboat takes us to Sausalito and thence by train to Mill Valley, and now we are in the cars that take the tourists back and forth over the 'crookedest railroad



Muir Inn at Muir Woods on Mt. Tamalpais Railway

in the world,' up Mt. Tamalpais. And here at last we have struck a Jonah, and a Jonah that spouts water and fog. What would have been one of the very gems of the whole entertainment is spoiled by the unkind action of Jupiter Phivius, but it is hard to dampen our enthusiasm, and as the two trains follow each other at some distance around curve after curve, rise after rise, across spindling bridges and alongside beetling crags and sheer precipices, the crowd sings and yells and waves, and the echoes of 'Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly,' 'Rings on Her Fingers and Bells on Her Toes,' and other such classic music reverberates along the mountain side. We reach the summit, and swamp for coffee and sandwiches the Tamalpais

Tavern. Of course, Dr. James is with us, and as we start up the mountain he keeps promising us that it will be bright and clear on the summit, and now that we are at the top and can't see more than fifty feet, we threaten to throw the promisorial doctor off the top of the mountain! But you can't spoil a day for the H. M. M. B. A.—the organization rises above all conditions and environment and is bound to have a good time wherever you land it."



The Double Bow-knot on the Mt. Tamalpais Railway. "The crookedest railroad on earth."

The facts of the case were that, just before we started for the summit, Mr. C. F. Runyon, the president of the Mt. Tamalpais railway, who was with the party, had received a telephone communication from the hotel above saying that it had cleared off and the sun was shining brightly. He desired me to make this announcement. As I have hundreds of times seen



Observatory
on the
summit of
Mt. Tamalpais.



The Tavern
of Tamalpais
near the top
of the mountain



Profile Rock
near the Tavern,
from which
a magnificent
view is obtained.

the sun shine brightly above the clouds through which I have just ascended, I made the announcement and stuck to it that it would be bright the higher we got. Unfortunately the clouds descended before we ascended, so I was called upon to make good. I tried my best by assuring the wind-blown and fog-bedraggled ladies and the male "sissies"—no one else found any

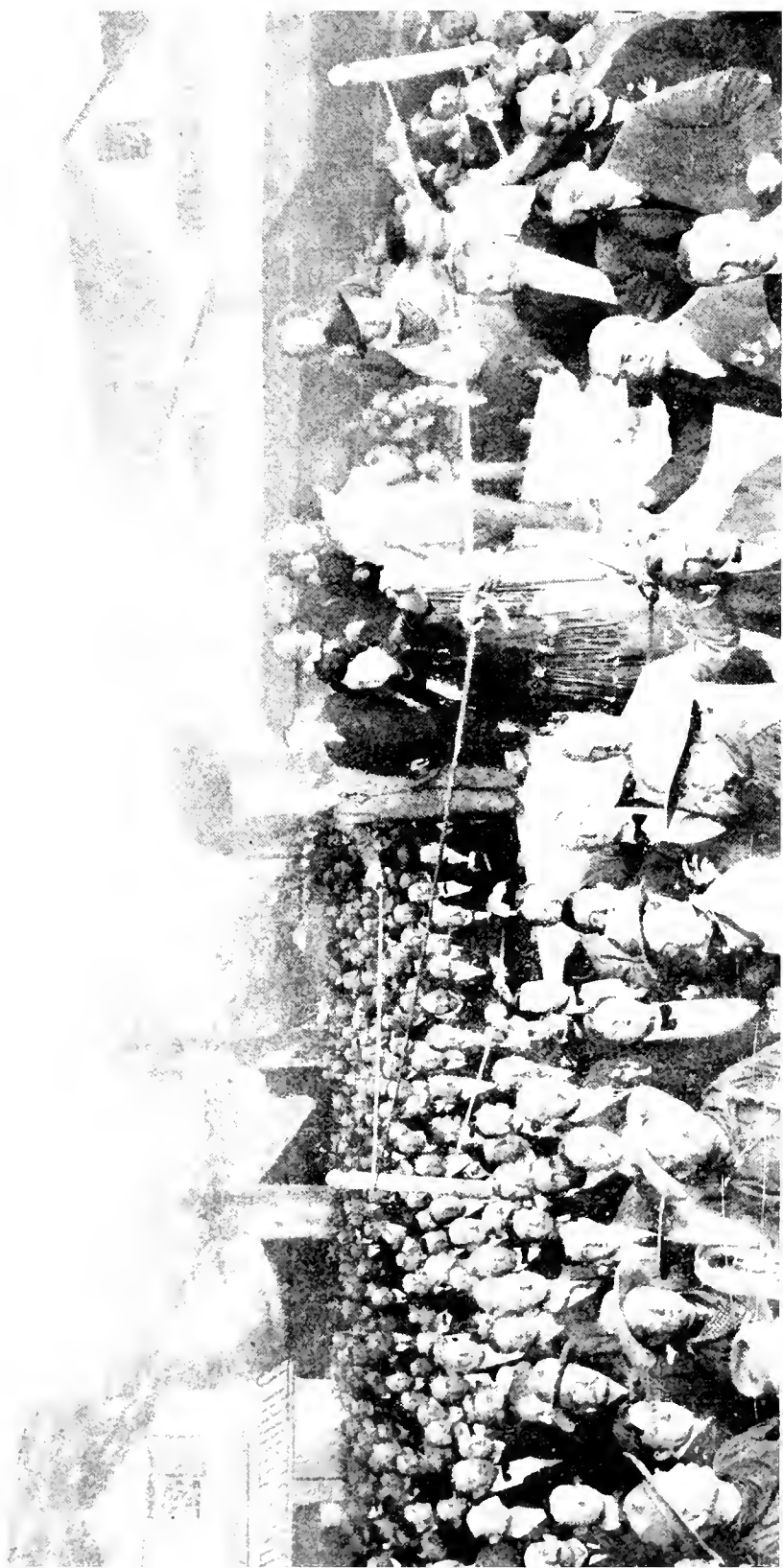


Gravity Car, on the Mt. Tamalpais Railway, coming down the mountain side through beautiful woodland scenery.

fault or needed to be comforted—that there was always sunshine in the heart of a healthy member of the H. M. M. B. A.

Now to give our guests an idea of what they actually missed, here is a true picture of the ride and the scene presented from the summit:

On the summit there is a contrivance called a Locator, which, of its kind, is the best thing we have seen for locating points of interest from a high altitude. A pillar supports a circular dial lying perfectly flat. Around



The Arena and Mending Camp at Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, April 19, 1910

the rim of this dial is stamped in the names of about fifty or sixty points of interest within the line of vision. In the center of the dial is a pin supporting a heavy iron tube about one inch in diameter and twelve inches long. This tube swings around. One end of it is slightly heavier than the other, and the heavier end of it rests upon pins of varying height set into the disc opposite the names of the locator points. Thus, if you wish to see Mount Hamilton, sixty-six miles away, you rest the heavy end of the iron tube on the pin opposite the name Mount Hamilton. You look through the tube and it locates the spot exactly. In this way the Sierra Nevadas, 145 miles distant; the State Capitol dome at Sacramento, 75 miles distant; San Francisco, 14 miles distant; the Cliff House site and seal rocks, 11 miles distant; Golden Gate, the islands, Berkeley, San Rafael, the Muir Redwoods, and all other points marked on the disc are easily and quickly located.

The Smoker at Hotel St. Francis

Here is what the San Francisco "Chronicle" said of this smoker:

"Backward for fifty years stepped the old man with the scythe at the St. Francis last night, and in the ballroom there appeared a prototype of 'Roaring Camp,' so vividly real that the 300 'tenderfeet' who manage that many hotels in the United States were completely bewildered. Every character of the mining camp was there save only that which brought 'luck' to the roaring settlement.

"Behind the bar, where 'straight drinks only' were served, stood a black-mustached individual with two pistols in his belt. The bar occupied one corner of the room. In another corner the 'tiger,' snarling and hungry mawed, braved miner and tenderfoot alike, its keeper calling out the familiar calls of mining camps, "Five, red, odd, first eighteen, first twelve, center column wins.' Real money was played at this reawakening of Salome Jane, and gold was more in evidence than silver.

"In another part of the great hall cowboys, with sombreros, chaps and lassos, rode bucking bronchos, using lash and spur and also calling with equal vehemence upon the blasphemous deities of the old-time hero of the camps. It was only the equine portion of the reproduction that was unreal last night, for in this make-believe array the bucking broncho was only a hobby horse grown tall. The effect was the same, however.

The 'Heathen Chinees'

"In still another portion of the wide St. Francis hall were groups of miners, long-queued and frightened Orientals, and all the other characters that made the old-time California famed not only for its gold, but for its romantic settings. In addition to the reproduction of the mining camp there was, in the center of the hall, a stage upon which vaudeville entertainment continued, mingling the old with the new in startling contrast. Above the songs and stories of the actors arose the calls of the dealers at the various games.

"Into the St. Francis ballroom was crowded all the flavor of the mining camp of long ago. From the soubrette of the dance hall to the cowboy in camp, every character introduced to the world in Bret Harte's romances was present. Even the 'sky pilot' was there, for at intervals a lanky, long-haired individual passed from group to group around the gambling games, exhorting them to turn from the vain pursuit of chance.

"Two roulette wheels, two faro banks and a crap table provided all the play wanted by those who believed their luck was with them. All the games were well patronized, and at the 'crap' table especially the 'seven-eleven' devotees gathered in great numbers. Those who were unable to get near enough to play were forced to solace themselves with the automatic roulettes in another portion of the room.

"Another feature of this night of novelty was a prize fight that was really a fight. Two 'scrappers' were engaged at a fixed sum with the understanding that there would be no fixed sum unless there was something doing every minute. As a result there was a lively fight that many a promoter would have wished to have staged.

"The novelty was conceived and arranged by the combined efforts of Manager Woods of the St. Francis, Assistant Managers Childs, Sword and Alexander and Thomas Keating, superintendent of service at the big hotel. It was attended by practically every visiting hotelman in the city and by many others who were fortunate enough to gain admittance. The affair was pronounced to have been one of the most novel and successful witnessed by the visitors."

Henry J. Bohn of the "Hotel World" thus tells the story:

"Way down at Los Angeles we saw Brother James Woods for only a little bit one day, but during that time he was passing out a suspicious looking long green ticket that read in part, 'H. M. M. B. A. Championship Smoker.' It was a box ticket and the price of it was \$100 in big red figures. The one I got specified Section P, East Side, Box 23, and in the body of the ticket appear the words, 'Hotel St. Francis Arena.' It all looked a little mysterious to me, and the twinkle in Woods' eye as he handed me the ticket meant something. And so to-night our itinerary reads, 'A smoker for the gentlemen at the St. Francis.' We have also been furnished with a ticket of admission which reads: 'This entitles the holder to one Prayer Book, souvenir of H. M. M. B. A. If presented at the smoker to be held at the Hotel St. Francis, Tuesday evening, April 19th, 1910, San Francisco, California; retain this ticket; not transferable.' And as we enter the Prayer Book is handed to us. It is the most beautiful pack of cards ever conceived and is bound into a leather binding in the form of a book. That is the Prayer Book. At the same time we are handed a copy of 'The Evening Prayer', 'the only illustrated newspaper in any mining camp in the world.' It claims to print 'All the news that is fit to print,' but some of our boys declare it prints all the things that are unfit to print!

"Well, here we are! In the greatest mining camp on earth—back in '49! To describe our surroundings is simply impossible. The great and



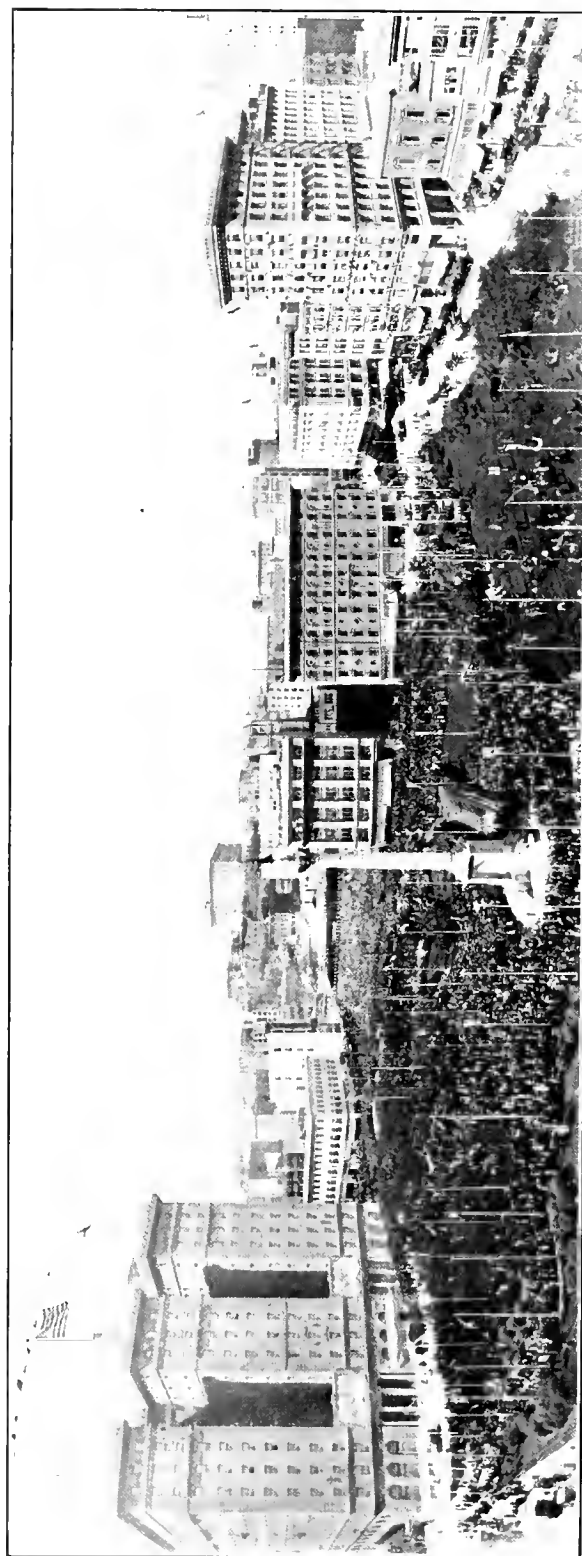
James Woods, Manager St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, California

beautiful ballroom of the St. Francis has been converted into a mining camp with a prize-fighting ring in the center, with all the accoutrements and appliances thereto belonging. Never, no, never, since the days of '49 has man seen anything like this. The vaudeville program that is put on the stage in the middle of the room would fill the biggest auditorium in the world at \$20 for standing room only. It is useless to try to describe or tell anything about the details of this show because our eastern friends would

simply charge us with being wholesale prevaricators, and what's the use of ruining our reputation for veracity and sanity? The smoker at Los Angeles was beautiful and artistic; in fact, a 'ladies' function,' and the ladies were invited, and it is doubtful if H. M. M. B. A. ladies ever took in a show that was enjoyed half so much, but the St. Francis smoker was gotten up for the 'boys.' Recently there has been a 'Mothers' Day' all over our land. Some thoughtless man asked why they shouldn't have a 'Fathers' Day,' and an experienced matron replied sharply that 'Father has the nights.' Surely this is 'fathers' night' at the St. Francis, and 'father' won't forget it very soon. Here is everything to eat and drink that the hungry 'miners' can wish without money and without price, and yet there is a chance here to get rid of your boodle, if you are a good sport!

"But I will have to draw a curtain over this indescribable, inconceivable and unforgettable night's entertainment. We have never seen anything like it before and we will never see it again, and there are thousands of men who would pay the price of a trip across the continent just for that one night."

It was hard to realize that all this transpired in the exquisite classical ballroom of the St. Francis, where the most exclusive social affairs of the city are given. Given carte blanche by Mr. Woods, the committee in charge temporarily wrecked that vast and noble hall. They roofed and walled it with canvas, floored it with tan bark, and then with this circus tent as a background, created a picture of a typical California mining camp—wooded foothills rolling back to lofty mountains on all sides, a mist of gold for the horizon and a blue sky above. The thing was a triumph of scenic illusion, and when one saw real old-time miners panning out gold from a real stream in the foreground, it was hard to tell just at what point that stream merged into the painting, and it was equally hard to tell which was the last of the real telegraph poles that ran to the stock-broker's office. These wires led not only to a stock-broker's office, but to a mining town of the old sort, inhabited largely by men of the old days. Some of them were running faro games, some were presiding over roulette, some arbitrated battles of craps. There were also dance halls which announced fandangoes every night, and a series of bars where everything from beer to champagne not only flowed free, but was free all night. All the well known characters of the old days were present in costume, and never a dull moment from the start, which was made by a band of mounted cowboys who cavorted through the lobby and the big dining rooms, blaring an overture on their brass instruments before leading the crowd up to the camp. There was plenty of alfresco fun, not planned on the program, one feature of which was when Al Severance was escorted into the ring and presented with a medal (leather) as the champion "dog catcher" of the party. He had seven or seventeen frankfurters to his credit in as many minutes. The "medal" was a neat creation, about the size of a baseball catcher's breast protector.



Scene at Union Square in front of Hotel St. Francis during Admission Day Festival

The St. Francis Hotel

The most San Franciscan place in San Francisco, the St. Francis, has gained an individuality possessed by no other hotel. It is the scene of the Patronesses', Mardi Gras and Colonial balls and the most exclusive functions of local society—yet the atmosphere is essentially democratic. It has been patronized by President Taft, Prince Fushimi of Japan, the uncles of the Emperor of China, the ambassadors, nobility, and eminent men of Occident and Orient—yet the humblest citizen of San Francisco feels a proprietary interest in the establishment.



This beautiful room, with sculptured marble pillars and tapestry panels, is the scene of the regular Sunday symphony concerts

Union Square, in front of the hotel, is the theater of all important carnivals and public celebrations like the New Year's festival just closed. Here Don Gaspar and the Queen were welcomed during the Portola. Here the Queen was crowned at the base of the Dewey Monument during the Admission Day festival. Here practically every public ceremony or fete is held.

Within two blocks of Union Square are located the fashionable theaters, most of the clubs, and the smart shopping district. Chinatown is a walk of only six blocks away on Grant avenue.

This open space in the heart of the city offers exceptional opportunity for day and night display during public festivals. During the Portola celebration the Japanese colony decorated the park with huge floating fishes and

bizarre oriental devices, and sent up day fireworks, releasing grotesque images in the sky that floated all over the city. At night the usual brilliant pyrotechnical display was given, the hotel in the background being outlined in incandescents. On such occasion the carnival parades circle the park, and on events like the visit of the Chinese Prince at the St. Francis the military escorts follow the same line of march.

In no other metropolis is there a like example of the city's activities being centered in one place.

* * * * *

Two Irishmen were riding on a Geary street car in San Francisco some years ago.

"Working hard, Pat?" said one. "Work, is it? Sure I've a snap. I'm tearing down a Presbyterian church—an' gettin' paid for it."

This Presbyterian church occupied part of a block that faced Union Square about 1901. At that time the park had been beautified by the municipal commissioners to a point at which the public began to realize its importance as a decorative feature of the city. In the very heart of the down-town district it diffused an old world atmosphere that could hardly be found elsewhere in busy America. The principal clubs established luxurious quarters overlooking the tropical expanse surrounding the monument which commemorates Dewey's victory at Manila Bay; and the leading merchants sought quarters around this square, to which a native love of whatever is beautiful or picturesque attracted San Franciscans and travelers.

At this time, also, a general awakening of wealthy Americans to the attractions of their own country and the fascinations of the Orient had diverted to California a large number of travelers who had formerly sought recreation in Europe; and of these tourists, San Francisco, the city which represents to America what Paris does to the continent, received the most generous share.

The local hotel accommodations then existing were quite inadequate to cope with the demands of an unprecedented influx of luxury-loving visitors and the situation became one that appealed not alone to business enterprise but to civic pride. At this juncture a number of the important interests of the city formed the corporation known as the San Francisco Hotel Company, for the purpose of establishing a caravansary worthy of standing at the threshold of the Occident as the representative of California hospitality. The board of directors of this organization is practically the same to-day as when the company was organized, and is composed of the following gentlemen: Mr. H. T. Scott, president; William Thomas, S. L. Goldstein, Wm. L. Gerstle, F. W. Dohrmann, A. B. C. Dohrmann, C. E. Green, C. T. Crocker and J. J. Mahony.

In determining upon a site many things were considered. It was desirable, of course, that the local color of the city should be emphasized in the surroundings of the building; while at the same time, the greatest convenience

and accessibility of location were necessary. For these requirements the selection of Union Square was inevitable.

The designing and planning of the building is the result of an exhaustive study of the great caravansaries in every important metropolis in the world. The members of this firm resolved to create in the St. Francis a new ideal for modern hotels. With this object in view every prominent hostelry in Europe was visited; and chateaux, art galleries and palaces were studied. The result was the erection of a stately wing-formed structure flanking one side of Union Square.



Society Merry-makers in the White and Gold Room of the St. Francis after the famous Mardi Gras.

Every room in this building was an outside room, and as the structure faced the east, all apartments were sunswept during the day. Each detail of the vast work was executed with a fine appreciation of values, and the creation of an unusually beautiful and harmonious interior was in no case retarded by limitations of expense.

Two wings of the hotel were completed and the institution opened its doors to the public March 21, 1904. After a few days, during which the citizens were entertained by the management and allowed to inspect the building, the St. Francis settled down to business and began a career of success that has earned the hostelry a reputation for "luck" among hotelmen everywhere. The fashionable balls were given in the regal White and Gold Room, and in this same spacious hall series of concerts by the greatest musical artists of the world were enjoyed by patrons of the Muses. The Sequoia Club met regularly on the mezzanine floor, using the Red Room for refreshments and the Green Room for exhibitions of paintings by the prominent Western artists. Thus the St. Francis became almost immediately the

center of the social, literary and artistic life of the city. It was pervaded by the atmosphere that has given personality to the city of San Francisco.

It was not "luck" that blest the enterprise of the San Francisco Hotel Company, but a judicious recognition of existing local conditions and future needs.

From one of the upper windows on the Powell street side one could see diagonally across the square the quarters of the Union League Club and the impressive building of the Pacific Union Club. A few doors from the corner were the Bohemian and the Family clubs. The Columbia, Orpheum and Fischer's theaters and all the fashionable shops were within a radius of about four blocks. All car lines passed or transferred to the doors of the hostelry. No more convenient site could have been chosen.

From the same window one could see below stretching before the very doors of the hostelry an expanse of tropical park that lent the warm color feeling of California to all its surroundings. In the distance, past the serrated skyline, one's gaze swept the wonderful panorama of the Bay—battleships at anchor; Neapolitan feluccas sailing to the fishing, fleets of pleasure craft flashing dots of white in and out amid the archipelago, picturesquely rugged islands forming a beautiful composition in every vista, wooded foothills, rolling back to lofty mountains. No more beautiful location could be found.

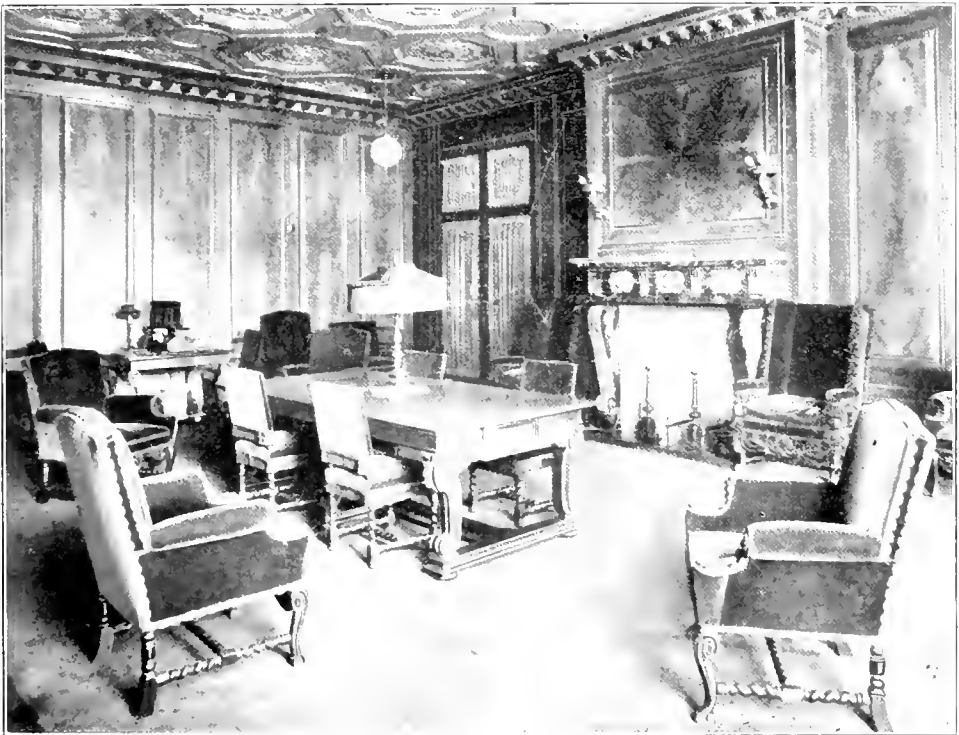
Not only did parties of distinguished travelers (like Prince Fushimi and his suite during his notable tour) make the St. Francis their headquarters, but the policy of reasonable rates that has always been maintained gained instant and wide favor among the general traveling public. The hotel was sharing most bountifully in the general prosperity of San Francisco when———!

It is futile to attempt a description of the situation in San Francisco immediately after the cataclysmic disaster of April 18, 1906. Briefly one might say that the city was, for the time being, effaced—the accomplishments of the past, the plans for the future. There was one thing left, however, the grit of the fighting frontiersman, the blood of the pathfinding pioneer. The ashes were still smouldering in the ruins around Union Square when the San Francisco Hotel Company asked permission to erect immediately in the park a temporary hostelry that would offer every convenience of advanced hotel science and thus demonstrate to the traveling public that San Francisco was equal to any situation, and would emerge triumphantly from adversity. The company agreed to turn over to the city all profits that might be made during its occupancy of the temporary structure (to continue until a reasonable time had been allowed for the refitting of the main building), to present the temporary hotel building to the city upon moving into the permanent quarters, and to restore Union Square Park to the condition it was in prior to the disaster.

This timely exhibition of public spirit acted as a "call to quarters." One big firm after another came to the front and announced its intention to rebuild on downtown sites in a form worthy of the future that destiny has planned for the "Gateway to the Orient."

It is needless to say that the generous offer of the San Francisco Hotel Company was promptly accepted and work on a temporary hotel of simple classic design was immediately started. Almost simultaneously men were set to work on the main three-wing structure and property owners all around the square and throughout the civic center gave rush orders on the massive class of buildings that have since arisen.

As a little incident of human interest, it may be mentioned that a small dog belonging to one of the employees of the hotel was forgotten in the general exodus from the building when the flames drew near, and remained in the wine-cellar for four days without food or water. The animal, a fox-



The "Littlest" Reception Room, fitted out in Chicago in walnut and rich fabrics

terrier, was rescued after this harrowing experience, and was presented to the manager, James Woods, who immediately adopted it as the mascot of the hotel, and christened it "Francis."

Luck surely smiled upon the enterprise of the San Francisco Hotel Company. Far and wide through the publicity of the press and the numberless connections of the railroad companies, travelers became acquainted with the fact that it was possible to visit San Francisco and view the titanic ruins while enjoying every comfort of modern hotel life at the "Little" St. Francis. The old staff was there under the direction of Mr. Woods, the Grill Room

was open in the main building with Victor, the chief, Lieb, the maitre de hotel, and all the familiar faces; and the little hotel in the park provided the highest class of accommodations for 200 guests.

The day the temporary St. Francis opened its doors 100 guests were on the register, and practically thereafter the demand for rooms was so great that it was necessary to place cots in the lobby and parlor.

Under such conditions it was imperative to hasten the completion of the main structure, and every effort was exerted to expedite the colossal work that had to be done in refitting the building.



The St. Francis identifies itself with every movement for the promotion of Native Art.

On November 30, 1907, with two wings fully completed and 450 rooms ready for occupancy, the restored Hotel St. Francis opened its doors to the public.

Nothing could better symbolize the triumph of San Francisco over adversity than the Hotel St. Francis as it appeared on the opening night, nineteen months after the fire. It was a building fitly described as the "farthest advance of science in hotel service," and the guests who assembled, representing practically every prominent family in California, appreciated the significance of this fact.

The brilliant gathering which filled every table in the house was typically Californian, not only in the representation of old families, but in the color and social atmosphere it diffused. Beautiful, charmingly-gowned women; a

tropical profusion of flowers: a witty, spirited company: an ideal setting—everything contributed to make the evening historic in the social annals of San Francisco. This was the formal announcement to the world of San Francisco's successful rehabilitation.

The first impression received by one entering the building is that of the unusually effective rendering of big distances. Standing in the lobby one catches vistas of the Cafe, the White and Gold Room, and, looking through the Ladies' Reception Room, the Tapestry Room. The Lobby is an admirable example of color and composition. Massive cut glass electroliers hang from a ceiling of dull gold, supported by deep green marble columns. The walls are likewise paneled in the dark marble which throws into relief the masses of dark red formed by the great rugs and the furniture.



The Colonial Ballroom is devoted not only to the smartest functions of the "inner circle," but to the concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, at which such artists as Galski, Schumann-Heineck, Nordica, Bonci, Kreissler, Sembrich, Scotti, Pasquale, and Jonelli are presented.

In the cafe, avenues of pillars of deep brown and gold support a ceiling of unusual beauty, which received its inspiration in the Chateau Brissac in France. From the ceiling depend huge gilded baskets carrying a wealth of greens, perfecting the remarkable tone sympathy of this interior.

The White and Gold Room suggests, in its regal simplicity, the ballroom of an imperial palace on the continent. The Tapestry Room, individualized by sculptured marble pillars and tapestry panels, is one of the most interesting halls in the world.

Between the Tapestry Room and the Lobby is the Ladies' Reception Room, where guests of the gentler sex find a restful place to chat with their friends or to wait while rooms are being assigned. This room is remarkable for the fine hand-carving of the Old English furniture and the subtle gradations of color formed by rare fabrics and Circassian walnut panels. It is improbable that better tone values were ever attained in interior decorations.

In the Writing and Reading Rooms—an expression of the Renaissance—and in the Gentlemen's Clubroom the fine color sympathy that pervades the hotel is evident. The floor of the clubroom is of red Moravian tiles; comfortable settees, upholstered with leather, are built in the walls around



White and gold Supper Room where society gathers after the play. The fashionable theaters are grouped within a radius of two blocks from the St. Francis.

the room; the walls are wainscoted with gray mahogany; and the ceiling is supported by great beams of the same beautiful wood. A large Italian mantelpiece, high enough to stand under, completes the decoration of this luxurious retreat.

To any one who visited the St. Francis before the fire, one of the pleasantest experiences is to find so many of the popular old features retained. There are few sights more welcome to the gourmet than the Rathskeller in the basement with its snug aspect of an old hunting lodge. Some changes have been made, however. An electric grill that cooks a steak or chop in five minutes has been installed; then there are perambulators that bring the roast to one's table, where it is served piping hot. In this room a new method of treating fine woodwork has been introduced. The late Stanford White had



A Nocturne St. Francis Grill Room

planned to use this scheme, which consists of subjecting the wood to a powerful sand blast that eliminates all the soft fiber and leaves a rugged indurated surface that is very beautiful.

Many new features have been introduced on the upper floors. Perhaps the most important is the ballroom, which is en suite with a series of reception rooms on the mezzanine. A sequence of delicate tints and gold furniture characterize the decoration. The dancing floor, 56 by 76 feet, is made of black walnut, with ball bearings, laid upon elastic second-growth ash. Around the dancing floor is a promenade along which guests may walk without crossing the dancing floor, and above this promenade are boxes and lodges.

On the third floor there is a series of beautiful private banquet rooms of varying dimensions, so that one may choose a room suited to the number of guests to be entertained.

On the twelfth floor are the Bachelors' Rooms, with gymnasium, shower baths and fresh and salt water baths.

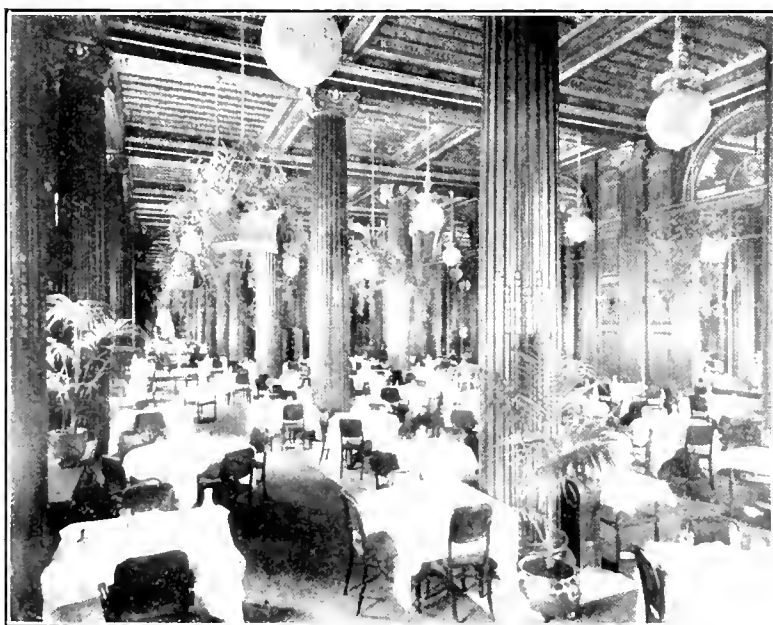
Esthetically, the salient feature of the north addition is the Clubroom and Buffet, undoubtedly the most beautiful interior ever created for a comfortable lounging place. It is difficult to describe the luxury of cozy corners built in walls paneled with rare woods and snug, big leather-seated chairs in which one enjoys the warmth thrown from burning logs in the huge carved Italian fireplace. Still harder it is to suggest the color values of the inlaid ceiling, presenting a unique color scheme of the grays of warm colors or the decorative effect of the back bar modeled by one of America's foremost sculptors.

In the arrangement for service one sees the results that have been gained by the dominant ambition of the management. By the pneumatic-tube service orders may be sent instantly from any floor or dining-room, and visitors' cards sent up. The service pantries on every other floor (furnished with ovens and refrigerators) insure prompt and satisfactory service to every room. The hotel maintains under its roof its own electric and cold storage plant, its tailor-shop with valet service, its own laundry, etc. All water is filtered, and the air filtered, heated and washed, and a new supply provided to the entire hotel every ten minutes without causing a draught, by a perfect system of pumps and exhaust pipes.

Briefly, there is no finer interpretation of the art of public hospitality in the United States to-day, than is presented by the completed three-winged St. Francis, which, with over 800 guest rooms, has the largest capacity of any hotel on the Pacific Coast.



Scene at the St. Francis during the civic celebrations of the city



One of the Hotel St. Francis, inspired by the famous hall in the Chateau de Versailles



The Cover of the Complimentary Banquet tendered to the H. M. M. B. A. at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

CHAPTER XV

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th

SAN FRANCISCO DAY AND THE GRAND BANQUET AT THE PALACE HOTEL

Between a hundred and two hundred automobiles, bearing flying streamers, lined up on Union Square in front of Hotel St. Francis, and in a short time the whole of the guests were comfortably seated and the procession gaily whirling along down Market street through the choicest residence section to the Presidio, and through famous Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House, where a halt was made for a view of the Seal Rocks, and a visit to the Sutro Baths; then over the Ocean boulevard to Golden Gate; returning by another route through the great Park and the residence district to the Fairmont Hotel. In this ride the visitors learned to appreciate the attractions of San Francisco, and why its sons and daughters are loyal to it, and why the entrance to its magnificent harbor is called the Golden Gate.

The Fairmont Luncheon

It had been arranged by the San Francisco entertainment committee to give a luncheon at the Cliff House; but owing to the size of the party it was decided to change the program. They quickly decided that the baronial Norman hall of the Fairmont Hotel, opening on the great terrace, was the only dining room in San Francisco large enough to accommodate the party. So, at a day's notice, Manager Cooke prepared for this luncheon (a banquet it was), of 500 covers. The tables were eight seat; the floral decoration profuse, and the service faultless. It was a magnificent entertainment, entirely unexpected by the visitors, since it did not even appear on the programs, and at its close the enthusiasm gave vent in round after round of applause.

Several impromptu speeches were made, the one of the Rev. W. A. Keefe, of Norwich, Conn., being especially eloquent and appropriate. The reverend gentlemen's speech was as much enjoyed by the minds of the guests as Manager Cooke's banquet was by the palates. And no praise can be higher than that.

The beautiful hotel was inspected, then a few hours spent in seeing Chinatown and other sights, before preparing for the other great events of the day, the Mandarin banquet in the Palace Hotel for the men, and the theater party and supper at the St. Francis for the ladies.

Mandarin Banquet at Palace Hotel

The ticket of admission for the Mandarin banquet at the Palace Hotel was a red card in a red envelope with a red band for a fastener, all with Chinese inscriptions. This was the keynote to the whole affair. The idea that the Chinese motif be followed at the banquet was suggested by Mr. E. de Wolfe, of Hotel Granada, the chairman of the banquet committee. But in the working out of the details Mr. de Wolfe and his assistants showed nothing less than genius. The result was simply epoch forming. It revealed the western spirit, determined to free itself from unnecessary conventional restrictions, and the daring that seizes upon old ideas, renders them available in new dress or conditions and modifies them to suit immediate needs. We all confess that Japan and China are essentially artistic in some features—even above ourselves. But how to modify the art of China to meet the needs of the most exacting body of banquet connoisseurs in America was artistic achievement that might have daunted the spirit of anyone but a genius or a westerner. Both these elements combined in one man made daunting impossible. Mr. de Wolfe called upon Carl Rosa, a scene-painter, decorator and artist of considerable merit, whose connections with the Chinese enabled him not only to secure real accessories, but to follow in spirit the true Chinese idea. He secured furniture, table decorations—everything in fact—that was necessary, painted the scenery, fifty-six distinct pieces, hung the walls with priceless Chinese tapestries and embroideries, swathed the ceiling in netting, completely hid the massive glass chandeliers and disguised them with appropriate ornamentation, suspended Chinese lanterns everywhere, provided at one end of the room a faithful presentation of a portion of Chinatown, with houses, balconied and decorated in pure Chinese fashion, arranged a proper Chinese stage for the singing, Chinese acting and other events, made an entrance to the banquet room over a Chinese bridge, over flowing water and altogether carried out the motif artistically throughout. Perhaps there is that in the de Wolfe blood that enables one to do these things for Mr. de Wolfe's sister. Miss Elsie de Wolfe is as well known in New York as in San Francisco for her marvellous genius in the decorative field.

The result was as much of a surprise to the San Francisco and other California guests familiar with Chinatown in all its most artistic phases, as it was to our eastern guests.

I have described the general effect. The special artistic design was a mandarin's garden, and all the details were worked out perfectly.

The table decorations were in form of Chinese cymbals, trumpets, flutes and other instruments of music, Chinese flags, bouquets of peacock feathers and of Chinese lilies, dwarf trees trimmed to resemble birds and animals, and pagodas and temples done in sugar.

The menu card was in form of a book of twenty-eight pages, tied with a golden cord, and printed in Chinese, English and French. It presented many clever sketches of San Francisco, old and new; of the '40ers; of Chinese life; and throughout was interspersed with words of welcome. Some of

these pages and the menu are reproduced elsewhere, the latter both in the Chinese characters and in French.

The fish course was announced with a procession of illuminated fish, each fish about ten feet long and carried by a Chinaman. The sherbert was served in a cup of ice with maidenhair ferns frozen into the ice, and the cup set on a gold mat covered with sprays of the ferns. The ice cream was in form of a Chinaman sitting in a sugar basket and holding up an umbrella.

Here is what Henry J. Bohn said of this banquet:

"Really and truly, I would like to escape the task of trying to tell anything about this Oriental banquet, the greatest gastronomic feast that has ever been placed before H. M. M. B. A. people. We have probably had as good things to eat and drink at other banquets during the past thirty years, but never before have we had any such a thing upon which to feast our eyes and ears. For some days we have been in possession of a big red envelope enclosing a Chinese program. We haven't been able to guess what it meant or what it was good for any more than we surmised what was coming when we looked at that smoker coupon ticket, but to-night we have to present it as we cross a Chinese bridge into the dining room. As we step into this room we behold a scene which the imagination can not picture, and first a thousand big and little illuminated lanterns are suspended from the ceiling. At one end of the room there is a Chinese theater, and in the boxes are seated mandarins and real Chinese ladies of fashion. In and out and over and across the stage run scores of prettily dressed Chinese children, and a Chinese orchestra is performing music that we do not believe we will ever hear either in heaven or the other place, but it is all a part of the program. As we sit down Chinese girls pass along back of us and distribute flowers to us, and literally and truly it is China in front of us, China back of us, China to right of us and China to left of us. We doubt indeed if in Pekin or any other place in the Celestial empire there ever was a banquet tendered that had more of the glitter and color and art and picturesqueness of Orientalism than we behold as we feast this night on the best that the chef and the maitre d'hotel of the great Palace Hotel can produce. If it was going across the continent to be a participant in the smoker last night, it is worth crossing two continents to see what we see to-night. You know what kind of a fix the boy is in when he is trying to watch a three-ring circus. This dining room was worse than a six-ring circus, for there is not only something novel to us in every square foot of the ceiling and walls, but performances and all over our tables, where is a wealth of every conceivable sort of Chinese art ware, while our ears are listening to beautiful songs and music."

At the front of the stage was a Chinese band. Solemn and dignified with their big straw hats and grim faces, the bandsmen made a fitting foil for a score of the cutest little Chinese girls that ever roamed away from Chinatown.

It was the little Chinese maidens that called straight to the hearts of the visitors. They were admired during the first courses, they were loved when the entrees appeared and then they grouped on the stage and sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

As the orchestra above the stage played the first bars of the anthem, every man in the hall leaped to his feet and stood silently. Then the sweet young voices, terribly nervous at first, but gaining courage as they went on, wandered out into the big room in the words of the one song that appeals to the very foundation of American manhood.

Absolute silence was preserved until the singing was finished, and then pandemonium rushed from confinement. Everybody cheered and waved anything they could lay hands on, napkins, flowers and even chairs. But that was merely a prelude to the silver shower. Men stood on chairs so as to get a good view of the stage, and threw money as fast as they could take it from their pockets and get change.

It was a great sight. Laughing little Chinese girls, shrieking with the joy of it all, tumbled over each other in their eagerness to pick up the coins that were showering around them.

They giggled and fought and then giggled again and finally ran in all directions to their smiling mothers, who were watching it all, to shower their silver gatherings in the motherly laps.

Then one of the Easterners took a laughing little Chinese girl in his arms and carried her around the room. She was a princess, a fairy, a recipient of homage and a bestower of smiling favors. That started it, and all thoughts of the next course were forgotten in the general rush to claim a dainty little Chinese partner.

When the sedate mothers of all the charming little people rose and said that it was time to go home there was a loud sigh. Stolid men from the East who have done nothing but worry about what other people's children were going to do in their hotels for the last twenty five years objected. They wanted to adopt the kiddies, they would not let them go, and the final parting was almost heartbreaking.

雄雞尾酒	西班牙車厘酒	香濱酒	香濱酒	白石酒	脾蘭地酒	邊尼施天酒
菜	甘	蛤羊龍索燒燒初菜生生	雪	生	牛	咖
單	湯	魚翅鬚肥芽發	菜	菜	乳	餅
金	物	鷄之	生	蝦	餅	餅
剛	品	脾排菜必仔鴿菜蔬菜	樣	菜	牛	色
蠟			樣	羹	概蓋頭	菜計總
			之麗贊如成整	般一藍花之最成整	餅乳牛	啡



PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM
TRUTHFUL JAMES

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chineese is
peculiar,—
Which the same I would
rise to explain.
Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might
imply;
But his smile it was pensive
and child-like
As I frequent remarked to
Bill Nye.

—Bret Harte



TO CALIFORNIA AND THE PACIFIC COAST

CRESTA BLANCA WINES

Only those of the H. M. M. B. A. who do not drink wine are unfamiliar with the wines bearing the above name. The Cresta Blanca brands were supplied with generous abundance and used throughout the whole western half of the trip. They were served at all the hotels with the special luncheons, dinners and banquets, and the ice boxes of the special trains were lavishly furnished. The president and manager of the Wetmore-Bowen Company, Mr. Clarence J. Wetmore, is the founder of the business. He established the



Entrance to Wine Cellars, Cresta Blanca, Cal.

Cresta Blanca Vineyard in 1880. It is located at the mouth of the Arroya del Valle near Livermore, Alameda county, California, and comprises one square mile of diversified hill and valley land, all of which is adapted to grape culture. The tract was selected by reason of its peculiarly advantageous soil as well as the climatic conditions of the region, both of which are most favorable to the growing in full perfection of the several varieties of grapes from which the great wines of Europe are made.

Here were planted cuttings from the vines of world-renowned French vineyards, and here to-day those vines most worthily uphold the high standard of the parent stock.

THE 1910 TRIP OF THE H. M. M. B. A.

Great Cresta Blanca Caves

It is said that half the battle in successful wine making is its proper preservation and treatment during the aging period, or in other words, the proper care of the wine from the hour it leaves the cellars, bottled and ready for the table, years later. To secure desired results an unvarying temperature is absolutely necessary. There must be no fluctuating thermometer in the aging cellars—no violent changes from summer heat to winter cold.

In order to insure uniform temperature of about 60° F. throughout all seasons, the Cresta Blanca wines are stored in 9 real vaults or tunnels, bored in the solid rock at a depth of two hundred feet below the surface. There are 1,000 feet of these vaults. In these rocky caverns, far removed from the varying upper world, the wine rests quietly during the years of the aging period, acquiring with each successive season the rare delicacy of development which comes only with perfect handling and ideal conditions.

Time Necessary for Perfection

Nature moves slowly, mysteriously, surely. The delightful bouquet and flavor which she imparts to the perfect wine may be had from no other source. No man ever made an old and finished wine from a young and immature one. The years alone perform that miracle.

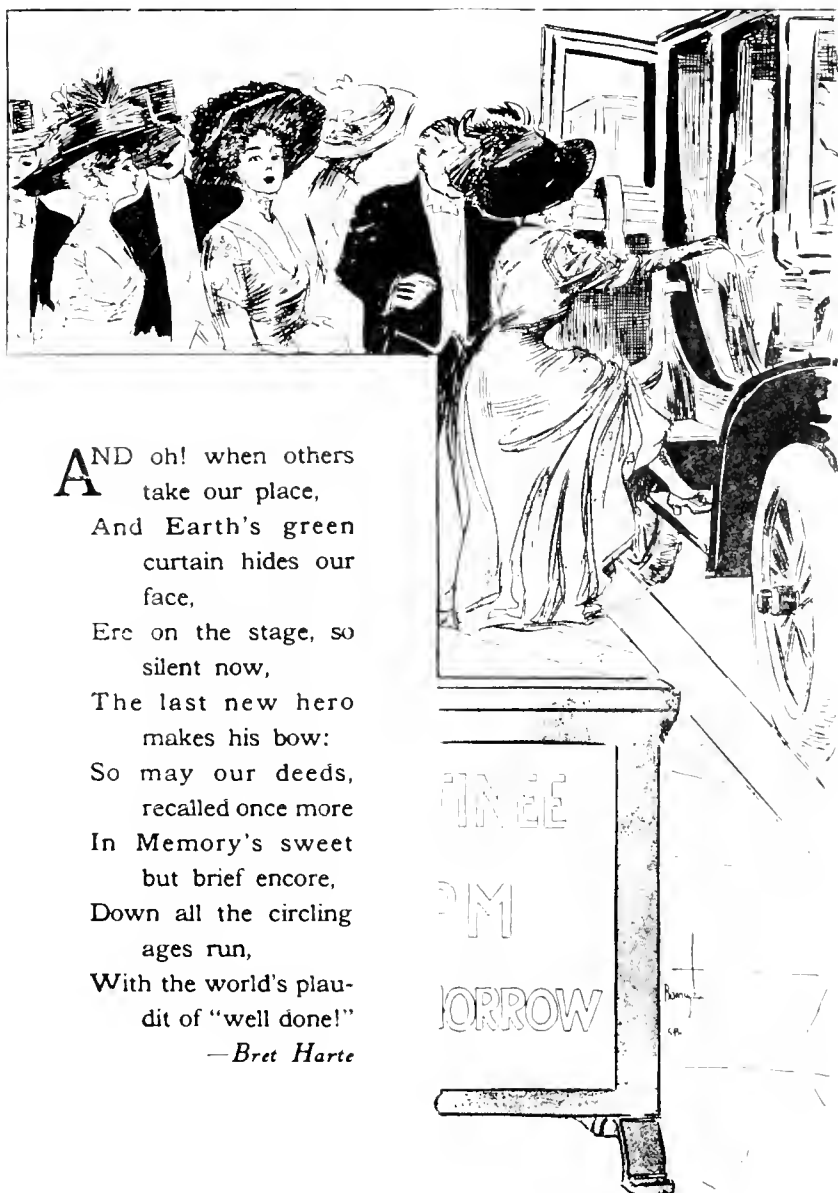
To produce a good wine the vintner must devote to it infinite care and years of time. This is nature's method—the expensive method—the Cresta Blanca Method.

The first wine made was in the year 1886, and it received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition in 1889. This was the first gold medal ever given to an American made wine. Since that time twenty gold medals and one grand prize have been awarded the Wetmore-Bowen Co., for the high standard of their product.

Mr. Clarence J. Wetmore is in complete charge of the producing department; he is an adept and understands the most minute detail of every phase of wine production. Every detail from the pruning of the vine to the aging of the perfected wine is executed under his personal supervision.

The secret of the great success of the Cresta Blanca wines is the careful manner in which they are made and the proper temperature in which they are aged.

It is now universally conceded that the Cresta Blanca wines equal those of the best known vineyards of the world, and they are rapidly finding their way to the most exclusive wine cellars of America. In Boston, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago they are regularly used and the Eastern demand is constantly increasing. They are never sold in bulk. They are carefully bottled under the personal supervision of the makers. Every opportunity is afforded to hotelmen throughout the country to give them the fullest trial, and correspondence with those interested is respectfully solicited. Communications addressed to the Wetmore-Bowen Co., 42 Davis street, San Francisco, Cal., will receive prompt and satisfactory attention.



AND oh! when others
 take our place,
 And Earth's green
 curtain hides our
 face,
 Ere on the stage, so
 silent now,
 The last new hero
 makes his bow:
 So may our deeds,
 recalled once more
 In Memory's sweet
 but brief encore,
 Down all the circling
 ages run,
 With the world's plau-
 dit of "well done!"

—*Bret Harte*

A Page from the Menu of Banquet tendered the H. M. M. B. A., Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California, April 20, 1910.

After the Chinese charmers had left there was some singing by Louise Brehany, a New York singer with a charm of manner and voice that soon made the banqueters forget their recent loss. "Annie Laurie" and other old ballads she sang and then slipped into a catching lilt about a see-saw. The chorus was taken up by the diners and all the singer had to do was wave her arms in time to the music.

Real Chinese actors and singers came on the stage and rendered selections from their repertoires, and great fun was caused by the appearance of the genuine Chinese processional dragon, with tremendous head, massive jaws, and T. R. teeth, carried by forty or fifty Chinamen, all expert at the business, who came threatening everybody in the hall. The Chinese band made an awful din, some hero or other appeared and fought with the monster, conquering and slaying him, to the manifest comfort and relief of many of the Eastern guests, who, after the generous hospitality in the liquid line of the past days had begun to wonder if this dragon might not mean something really serious.

To attempt to describe the food of the banquet and its service would be impossible. The guests present, constituted perhaps one of the most critical bodies of experts in America. They were absolutely unanimous in what might seem extravagant praise, if their words were quoted. But no words could be extravagant. Maître d'hôtel Reiter surpassed himself. No gathering of monarchs of old world, of ancient or modern times ever had such a gastronomic feast provided to them, or served with such perfection. Each separate article was served to each individual at almost precisely the same instant, and all so piping hot that a few moments of contemplation of the dishes was essential to comfort before the palate was tickled. Everyone agreed that it was the most wonderful thing that was ever seen. One enthusiast said: "I thought the Waldorf made a high mark three years ago, but believe me, this is something that will live in the hearts of all of us."

The post-prandial portion of the banquet was of a high order. Seated at the speakers' table, besides Chairman Woods and Toastmaster Kirkpatrick, were E. S. de Wolfe, Charles Cooke, George Parker, J. K. Blatchford, J. S. Mitchell, George P. Knight, Mayor McCarthy, Governor Gillett, H. F. Michael, F. Van Orman, E. M. Tierney, A. Fred Way, O. Rich, K. Harris and Gus Larm.

When the black coffee was on the table the chairman, James Woods, president of the San Francisco Hotel Men's Association, in his introductory remarks, said that while the Southern California hotelmen measure up with the best in the world, San Francisco asks no odds from Los Angeles in one respect at least, and that is in the esteem and affection this city entertains for the members of the Hotel Men's Association and its new president, John S. Mitchell. He added that he could not let the occasion pass without expressing his high appreciation of the splendid work of the committee having the present entertainment in charge. It was a magnificent program. He then introduced as toastmaster, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick, the most noted, the most efficient and the most successful hotel director in the known world.

When Colonel Kirkpatrick arose he was greeted with loud and long continued cheering. He addressed his hearers as "Beloved brethren," which was received in all seriousness because they knew that he meant it. He characterized the hotelmen as the great caretakers of the great throng, the careful watchers of the great world when away from home, "and we are glad to have you with us," he added. "Fourteen years ago you assembled on the Pacific Coast and we did what we could to entertain you, and we know that you have not forgotten that experience. We are glad to have you with us to-night, on this western shore—I shall not say anything about from the Rockies to the sea, but just 'this western shore.' From here to where you live there is a well-marked trail. When the sun rises in the east the shadow of your tall storied buildings can be seen by us leading to your home. And when you go home and in the evening when you look toward the west and see the ruddy glow in the sky, you will know that it is the reflection of the warmth of feeling that we have for you and all other good people. You will know, also, that here when the sun arrives we receive him with true hotelman's hospitality, that we give him a bath, wash his face, so that he may come up fresh and smiling to you in the morning."

Governor Gillett Speaks

This quaint poetical conceit evoked great applause. Colonel Kirkpatrick then introduced Governor Gillett.

The Governor was received with an ovation that was highly flattering. He caused a ripple of smiles and a round of applause when he addressed his hearers as "Fellow Mandarins" in reminiscence of the Oriental entertainment which they had enjoyed. He began by saying that they were no strangers to California, for they had registered in California hotels as hotelmen eight or ten days ago and had sampled the high quality of the caravansaries of Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara and other leading cities of this Golden State. "This is an apt name," he added, "for in the southland they found the golden orange groves, in the central part they were greeted with the golden glory of the California poppy, and here they had the historic vision of the Golden Gate and the gold nuggets of the north. They had certainly seen some part of this great State—not all of it—for it was greater than they could traverse in the time allotted them, but sufficient to impress them with its extent, its magnificent scenery and resources and its incomparable hotels.

The Governor then led up to the theme of the Panama Exposition being held in San Francisco in 1915, by inviting the visitors to hold their next convention in San Francisco when its Panama Exposition was open for the visitors of the world and industrial, scientific and art displays from every country under the sun.

His auditors rose and cheered, encouraging Governor Gillett to pursue his subject. This he did by dwelling upon the canal as a mighty achievement, what it would mean to the United States in times of peace and of

how it would be a great traffic highway for the nation. To commemorate its completion and its significance a great exposition should be held and San Francisco was the one place where it should and must be held.

"Tell your friends about us and our forthcoming exposition. Come when it is ready and bring all your friends with you," shouted the Governor.

"We will," was the reply all over the banquet hall.

This subject was also ably commented upon by Mayor McCarthy, who followed, welcoming the visitors to the greatest city on the Pacific Coast. He said that he had traveled over many parts of the United States and had always found the hotelmen the princes of entertainers.

John S. Mitchell told how encouraged he is with the number of pledges to get new members. "You are doing a great kindness to ask any eligible man to become a member. . . . To the member who secures the largest number of new members the coming year I will present a loving cup; and to the member securing the second largest number, a smaller loving cup. . . . The Pacific Coast Special Train will go to the Boston convention next year."

M. F. Michael toasted The Hotel Men's Social Outing and Dining Association: the grandest association on earth. He said: "Your coat of arms should be a snipe, rampant, with two plumbers. They have a nerve which reaches the length of their bill, and your motto should be Charge, Chester, Charge."

E. M. Tierney, of New York, referring to the glorious spectacle here presented, said: "As a hotelman who has seen most of the great banquets that have been given in America in the last twenty-five years, this one (without contrast with any on the way here) surpasses anything I have heretofore experienced. . . . You have a golden hospitality. . . . We of the New York delegation have been surprised all along the line; seeing the beautiful hotels of New Orleans, San Antonio, Los Angeles, and up the coast, and here in San Francisco to-day are three of the most magnificent hotels it has been my privilege to view in my lifetime."

Henry J. Bohn, some weeks after the event, wrote an article upon its significance in "The Hotel World," which is worthy of preservation. Here it is entire:

THE GREAT ORIENTAL BANQUET

The Most Unique and Costly Dinner Ever Devised for the H. M. M. B. A.

Any great gastronomic event should be of interest to hotelmen, but when that even relates strictly to hotel people, both as hosts and guests, then it is of special importance to the hotel fraternity.

Modern dinner giving does not consist merely of well cooked foods and rare wines. It means something much higher and finer. It means entertainment of the mind and heart, appeal not only to the digestive organs but to the eye and ear and the higher senses of culture.

We people to the eastward have heard much in the past thirty years about the intense opposition and bitter feeling toward the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. We remember Sand Lot Kearney, the sand-dune orator. Therefore the great "oriental banquet" tendered to the H. M. M. B. A. men at the Palace Hotel was not only a never-to-be-forgotten feast for those present, but it awakened in us another train of thought. To give a Mandarin banquet was in itself a compliment to the Chinese. To turn the magnificent banquet room of the hotel into a Mandarin garden, decorated with a wealth of Chinese articles of art, and enlivened with not only the only Chinese actress in America but with a Chinese theater and thirty pretty Chinese children with their mothers, with a full Chinese orchestra and with a bill of fare as distinctively Chinese as the rest of the function, all aided and abetted by the wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco, meant an entente cordiale between the two races in San Francisco that has never been evidenced by the American press. That it was an event of great local importance was proved by the attention given it by the daily papers of San Francisco. Months ago we had heard in the east that the hotelmen of the Phoenix City were going to do something to us and in two great functions they certainly did it. The \$10,000 that it was stated was spent upon this dinner does not adequately represent it, for the greatest Chinese merchant of the city had loaned for this occasion articles of art with which to decorate the tables that represented a vast fortune.

One of the gentlemen who had a hand in the preparation of this feast has kindly furnished the "Hotel World" on request with a few possibly forgotten points. The card of admission of red Chinese paper in a red envelope was unique and a charming souvenir. A striking feature was when the entire room was darkened, showing only the twinkling lights in the pagodas and lanterns, and just before the frogs' legs were served came in the big, tall, stately Chinese actors in Chinese costume and carried in a procession around the room illuminated fish six feet long, a most striking spectacle. The Chinese lady who danced and acted was the only Chinese actress in the United States. The approach to the banquet room over a bridge was all done in real wistaria and the lanterns with the water effect underneath was strikingly pretty. At the entranceway stood two tall Chinamen handing out the "Menu of Welcome" as the guests passed in. Over and about and through all were a thousand Chinese things, musical instruments, dragons, peacock feathers, candlesticks, yellow ribbons, a vast assemblage of novel and pretty things all brought from Chinatown. Only those who were present can know the enthusiasm of the hour when the little Chinese girls sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," when the guests showered the stage for them with silver coin, when Louise Brehany, the charming vocalist, sang "Annie Laurie" and finally when James Woods, president of the local hotel association, rapped for order and introduced Colonel Kirkpatrick as toastmaster, an office he filled so wittily and charmingly with his introductory remarks. Then came the excellent speeches by

Governor Gillett, Mayor McCarthy, John S. Mitchell, Hon. George A. Knight and E. M. Tierney.

It would be unjust not to say a word of credit about the men who carried out the details of this great function. President Woods and Colonel Kirkpatrick turned it over to E. S. de Wolfe as chairman of the banquet committee, and before he got through with it he felt nigh submerged, as the proposition expanded and expanded. For days and nights he worked incessantly—the greatest job of his life—but he had able assistants. The chef of the Palace is Ernest Arbogast and the maitre d'hotel is Victor Reiter, and in the culinary end they were the two captains with scores of able lieutenants in the kitchen, for whoever heard of serving to over three hundred men at a dinner "*Noisettes d'Agneau, sous Cloche, Rachel*," that is, under glass! who was the scenic artist, and to Otto Schiller, who arranged the children and the Chinese fish and decorations; to Mr. Stein, the florist, who did all the beautiful and magical table decorations with his own hands. Mr. Rich of the Palace and Mr. Wilson of the St. Francis also gave their counsel, advice and original ideas and proved able assistants. All these gentlemen, headed by Mr. De Wolfe, were delighted that the banquet went off without a single hitch and they feel repaid for their arduous labor in the charming letters they have received.

Much credit was due to the Schiller Carnival Company, which did the Chinese stunts with the thirty Chinese children; and to Carl Rosa, who painted the scenery and provided all the table and wall decorations, lanterns, furniture etc., from Chinatown.

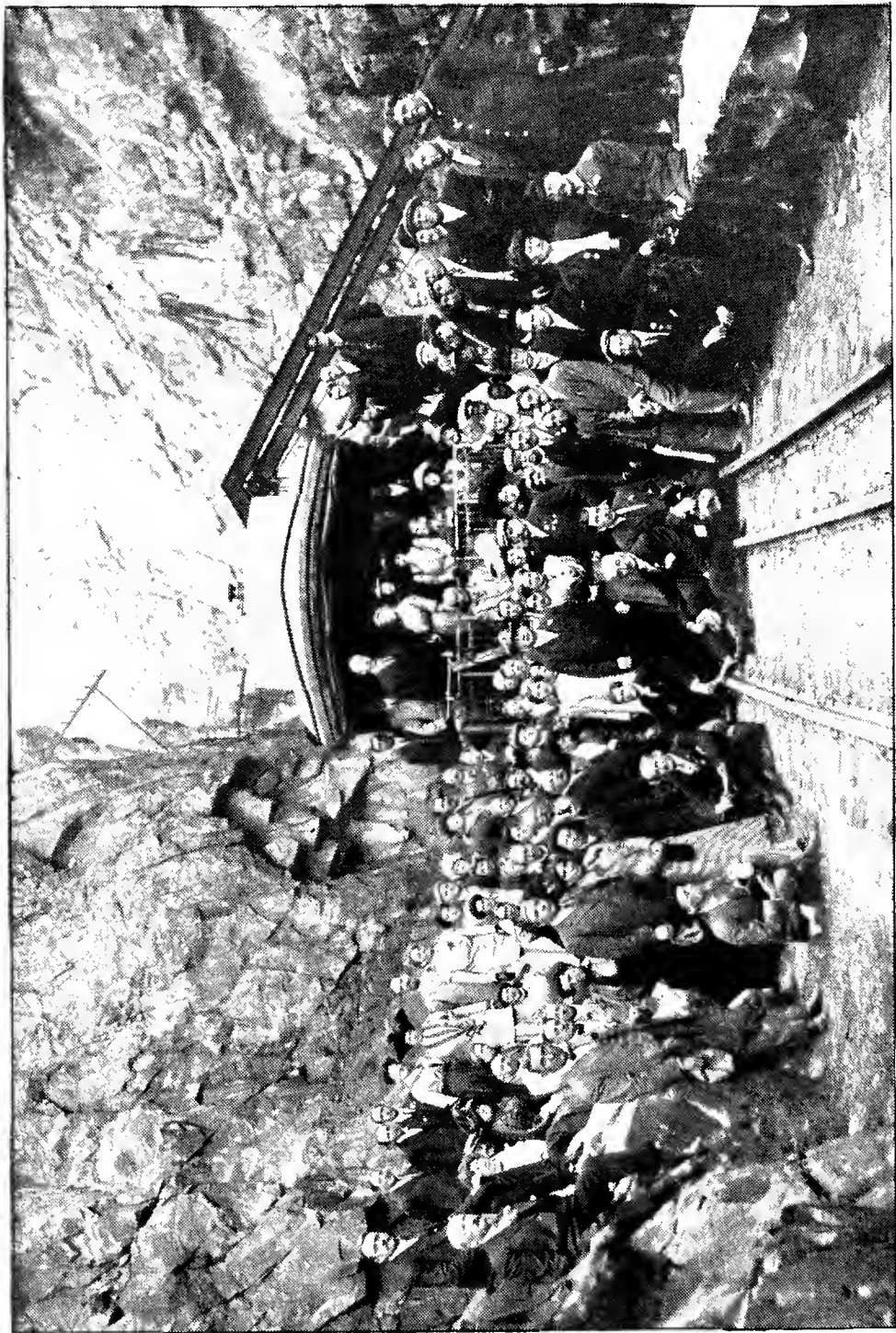
The menu card for this remarkable dinner was the most elaborate affair ever devised for the association. It was the work of Artist Randall Borough, of the Palace Hotel advertising department. On the title page was a plate 6½x9½ inches in size, printed in yellow, red, blue and green, of which plate a reduced engraving appears on our title page. The first page within the cover was an engraving of a Chinese dragon and the sun, with a Chinese inscription. The next page bears in carmine the symbol of the sun without any lettering, only a large circular red spot. Next following was the page of dedication, reading: "Banquet in honor of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association tendered by the San Francisco Hotel Men's Association, Palace Hotel, Wednesday evening, the 20th of April, 1910," appearing on a bulletin board held in place by the dragon, and on either side of this appeared the same words in carmine Chinese symbols. Next follows a page covered with Chinese lettering; then a half-tone engraving of San Francisco, the portrait taken from the middle of the bay. Then follows in regular order a half dozen leaves, two placer mining scenes with a poem by Bret Harte entitled the "Mountain Heartsease"; a Chinese shipping scene; a half-tone plate of San Francisco in the sixties with a few descriptive words, closing with: "Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music still fills the wide expanse, tingeing the somber twilight of the Present with color of

roses"; a Chinese scene; a half-tone plate of a photograph from the Flood Building looking down Market street; the menu entirely in Chinese characters and the menu in English, as published in the "Hotel World" last week; a welcome to the visitors, appearing in Chinese characters; a plate showing Union Square, the heart of San Francisco, and the George Dewey naval monument; another Chinese scene; "The New San Francisco," in a half-tone plate with a poem by Bret Harte, which opens with the words: "Sereene, indifferent of Fate, Thou sittest at the Western Gate," and closing with: "Thou drawest all things, great and small, to Thee, beside the Western Gate"; another Chinese scene and then the page with the first one of the plates here reproduced; an engraving of the symbolic and much revered peacock feathers, together with burning incense sticks, forming a suggestive and sentimental picture; half-tone plate of "The Chinese Lily Seller"; engraving in color of Chinese art articles as they appeared on the tables; another plate as here reproduced, showing H. M. M. B. A. ladies shopping in the Chinese district.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

The party were guests of the California Wine Association for a steamship excursion around San Francisco Bay, and a tour of inspection of Winchaven, where are located their principal cellars. They were given a luncheon at the company's hotel. In the tour of the establishment we were shown the wine presses and the fermenting vats. Superintendent S. Berndt explained the process of making the wine, and what is done with the by-products, as, converting the sediment in the fermenting tanks into cream of tartar for baking powder; getting tannin from the seeds, brandy from the skins, etc. Then he led us through the million-dollar storage houses where ten million gallons of wine are aging. The wine is first stored in casks of 30,000 gallon capacity for refining, and is kept four years in the wood. The method of blending or marrying was explained. "The wine is kept one year in the bottle before it is ripe, and is at its best after eight years, and does not improve after that time," said Mr. Berndt. He showed us the method of keeping track of the products of the different vineyards and how the different kinds of grape wines are treated. He also showed us the bottle-filling, capping, labeling and carbonating machinery in operation; and he explained the treatment of the non-alcoholic wine specialized by the California Wine Association; how it is sterilized, and its virtues when taken for the grape cure. He also showed the methods of converting still wines into imitation champagnes, and demonstrated the careful handling of the choice vintage wines.

"The California Wine Association," said Walter A. Dimmore of the Calva Distributing Co., "has \$10,000,000 invested in the industry, with an annual production from fifty winery plants, throughout the grape growing districts, of 30,000,000 gallons of wine."



The New York party in the Royal Gorge. On the way home.

CHAPTER XVI

HOMEWARD BOUND

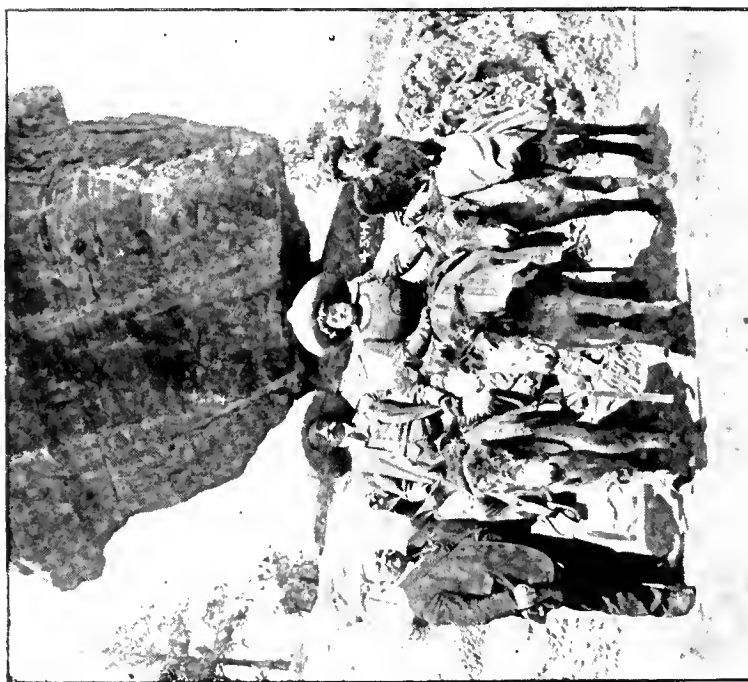
The New York and New England specials retained their identity until the return trip was completed, the one returning to New York, the other to Boston.

The Mid-West and Chicago delegation split into two parties at San Francisco, one returning by way of Salt Lake, the other going north to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, and home by way of Winnipeg and St. Paul. Mr. John Willey of the "Hotel Monthly," returned with the Mid-West delegation, by way of Salt Lake City, and to him we owe the following account:

"At Reno, Nev., H. J. Gosse, of the Riverside Hotel, was at the depot with a mess of fresh caught trout, which he put onto the dining car for our use, and for which he received hearty thanks.

"At Salt Lake City, Fred Wey, who came with the party, took us in charge. He gave us an automobile ride, a luncheon (banquet) at the Wilson Hotel (menu in another column), a trip by special train to Saltair, and opportunity for a swim in Salt Lake. He also arranged for a special organ recital in the Mormon Tabernacle by Prof. John McClellan, said to be the greatest organist in the world. The organ is the largest in America. The organist in his playing produced sounds and melodies such as none of the audience had ever before heard come from an instrument of music. He produced the sweetest sounds, clear and low, yet filling the vast hall; and deep and sonorous, as when thunder rolls in deafening roar. He imitated the viola, the bass viol, the trombone, the flute in its different forms; he brought out from his one instrument the rounded music of a great orchestra. As he played we heard birds sing, the rich contralto voice of a prima donna, a solo by Carnso, a duet, a quartet, a box tremolo and a mighty chorus of human voices. How he did it none of us could tell. It was as if an orchestra and the soloists and the chorus were actually there. Only the hand of a wizard, it would seem, could produce such wonderful sounds, such harmony, such range from the very lowest to the very highest conceivable notes; such music as sounded nearest to heavenly that mortal ears will ever hear. This recital alone was well worth the long journey to Salt Lake to hear. Prof. McClellan is Mormon born and a graduate of Ann Arbor University.

"The daylight ride through the Rocky Mountains from Glenwood Springs over the Tennessee Pass to Colorado Springs by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad was greatly enjoyed. The party found the mountains snow capped, the streams rushing, and the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas River, with its hanging bridge, an awe-inspiring sight.



When shall we "seven" meet again? In the Garden of the Gods, John W. Butler, William Search, Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Search, and three faithful friends.



M. C. Dickerson, President of Oregon Hotel Association

"We were cleverly entertained at the Antlers in Colorado Springs, also with a luncheon at the Cliff House in Manitou, and we saw the cañons, the Garden of the Gods, and other sights around about Pike's Peak.

"In Denver the Mid-West delegation was entertained by Sam Dutton of the Albany Hotel with an automobile ride round about the city, a visit to the parks, the museum, the auditorium, and other places of interest. He loaded us with souvenirs, and bid us Godspeed to our respective homes."

For the experiences of the other section of the Chicago delegation we are indebted to Henry J. Bohm of "Hotel World." He wrote as follows:

"About fifty of our Chicago-Mid-West delegation is in special cars attached to the regular evening train on the Mount Shasta route bound northward for the great Northwest.

"And now we stop at Shasta Springs, near which is the hotel run by Mrs. Morris of Hotel Victoria, San Francisco, and chairman of the women's reception committee. We get our fill of that incomparable natural sparkling soda water. It is an interesting ride. The crude mining towns, the new settlements in the agricultural valleys, all interest us 'tenderfeet.'

"Another night's ride and Saturday morning the early risers wake up at about the time we reach Salem, Oregon. Brother Johnston of our party, stepping onto the platform, is made the recipient on behalf of our H. M. M. B. A. delegation of a huge bouquet of flowers, tied with great red, white and blue ribbons, presented with the compliments of the Salem Board of Trade. And who was guilty of bringing this about? Miss Florine B. Hatch, now in municipal employ at Salem, but formerly a secretary of E. M. Statler, of the Hotel Statler, Buffalo, and she knew all about the hotel folks and the H. M. M. B. A. She comes up to the banquet tendered us at Portland this evening, and brings a sure-enough invitation from the capital city for the H. M. M. B. A. to hold an annual meeting at Salem as soon as possible!

"But here we are arrived at Portland! Here is H. C. Bowers, Phil Metschan, Jr., Theo. Kruse, M. C. Dickinson, representing the Portland Hotel Men's Association, and other citizens, who meet us with autos and take us to the hotels. It is a warm welcome indeed that we get from these hotelmen and the city, and we are made to feel as big as if we were the whole H. M. M. B. A.!

Breakfast over and we become the guests of the hotel association and automobile club, of which M. C. Dickinson, the president of the Oregon Hotel Association, is also president, and are taken on a forty-mile auto drive, to the grounds of the club; to the aviation field, where we see both local and foreign flying machines, returning to the Commercial Club, where we are given a complimentary luncheon at 1:30, followed by address of welcome by President Beckwith, and responded to by members of our delegation. At 3:30 special trolley cars are in waiting, and we are taken to the pleasant resort on Connel Crest, where a splendid view of the city and surrounding country is obtained. An hour is put in visiting the roof garden of the Nortania, where we are entertained by the proprietress, Mrs. Hogue,



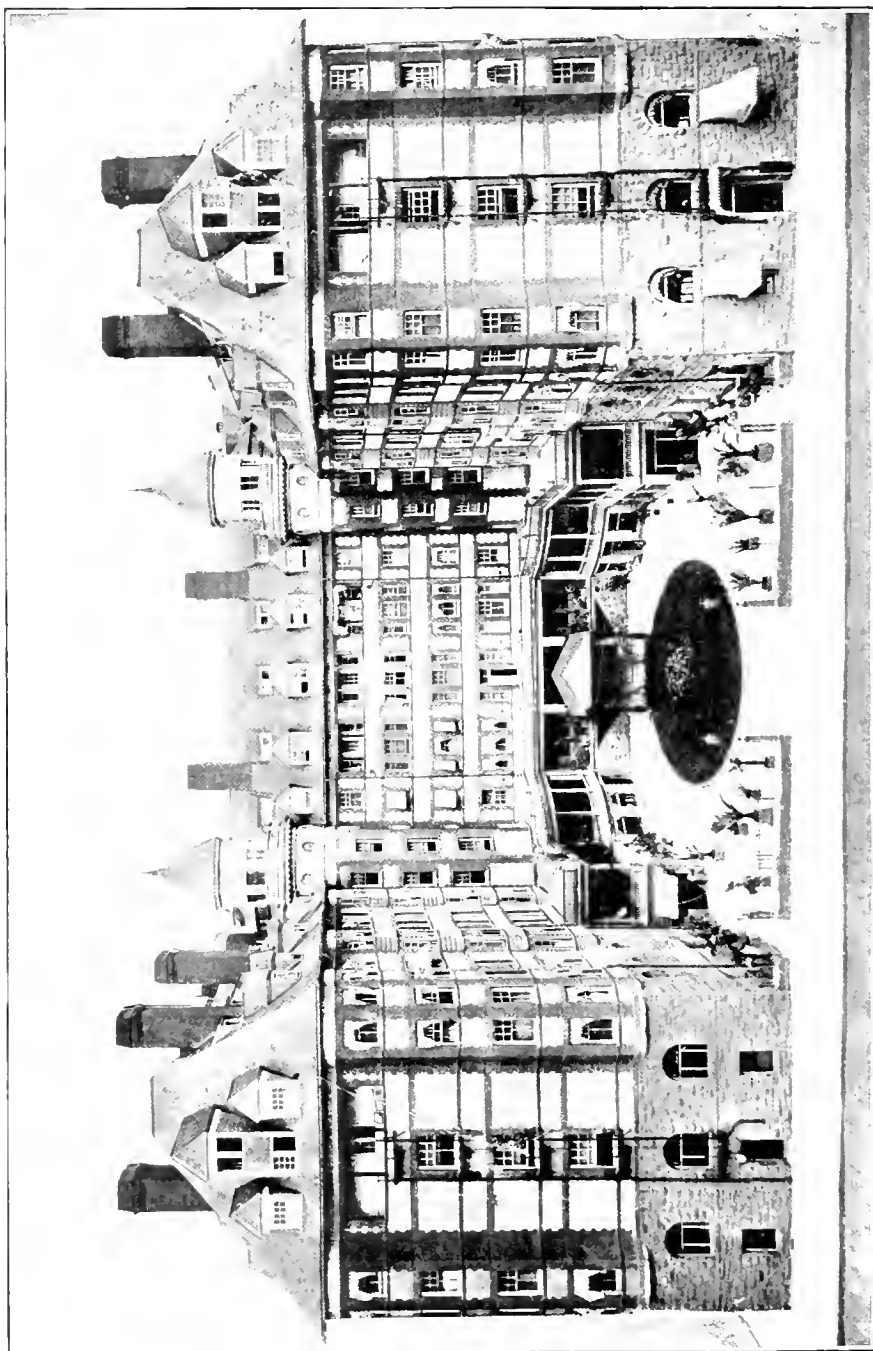
Portland, Oregon, with Mt. Hood sixty miles away, from City Heights, February 1911.

and Manager Rowley, after which the Oregon, Imperial and Perkins Hotels are visited.

Owing to the seniority of the hotel and its manager in Portland hotel affairs, and the excellent facilities of the hotel for the purpose, the entertainment committee selected the Portland Hotel as the place for holding both the banquets for the gentlemen and the ladies, tendered by the Portland Hotel Association to the visiting hotel people. This Portland men's banquet is a most elaborate affair, choice, unique, artistic, elaborate, and the ladies' dinner is quite as exquisite. The table is set in a square, the diners all seated on the outside, while the center, about which the one hundred gentlemen are grouped, is filled with plants and flowers, a veritable park. All around the room are most elaborate floral decorations, formed of roses and other flowers. From the purely artistic standpoint some of our party declare it the finest dinner of the trip so far. The entertainment is also unique. A double-quartette of "cowboys" furnish the singing and it is good. The wine is served by Mephistopheles and his satellites, all clad in the brightest carmine and well equipped with horns. Then there is a band of Indians that scampers around the tables, giving their war-whoops, but first of all should have been mentioned a bunch of pretty Japanese girls, which passes around the big table and gives to each guest a boutonniere. There is a succession of such innovations, and as the two banquets are served on the same floor, the music and entertainment and novel wine service alternates between the two rooms, until the coffee is reached on the men's menu, when the ladies are escorted to the men's banquet room to listen to the speeches. The menu card is handsomely embossed with 'H. M. M. B. A.' in gold, and bears a hand-painted 'Portland Rose,' emblematic of the 'City of Roses.' The dedication was engraved: 'Banquet given to the members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, visiting Portland, April twenty-third, nineteen hundred and ten.' The banquet committee is H. C. Bowers, chairman, M. C. Dickinson, Phil Metschan, Jr., and Theo. Kruse. The toastmaster is W. D. Wheelwright, a notable orator, and the speakers, Fred Van Orman, Edgar B. Piper, Charles C. Horton, M. C. Dickinson, A. L. Severance and Henry J. Bohn. The ladies were served the same dinner as the gentlemen, the decorations pink roses with vari-colored electric lights, the menu card a very artistic affair, and the favors an artificial rose fan, a thing of beauty."

Portland, the Gateway of the Columbia

In a burst of enthusiastic pride the Hebrew Psalmist, viewing the city of Jerusalem, exclaimed: "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion." So must every citizen of Portland exclaim, and every stranger within her gates, when, on one of the hills overshadowing the city, he gazes down upon the fair panorama presented before him. For nature has dealt bountifully with Portland. Few cities in the world have a more wonderful setting, especially when it is remembered that Portland has no outlook on the ocean. By means of an electric street car, with a



Hotel Portland, Portland, Me.

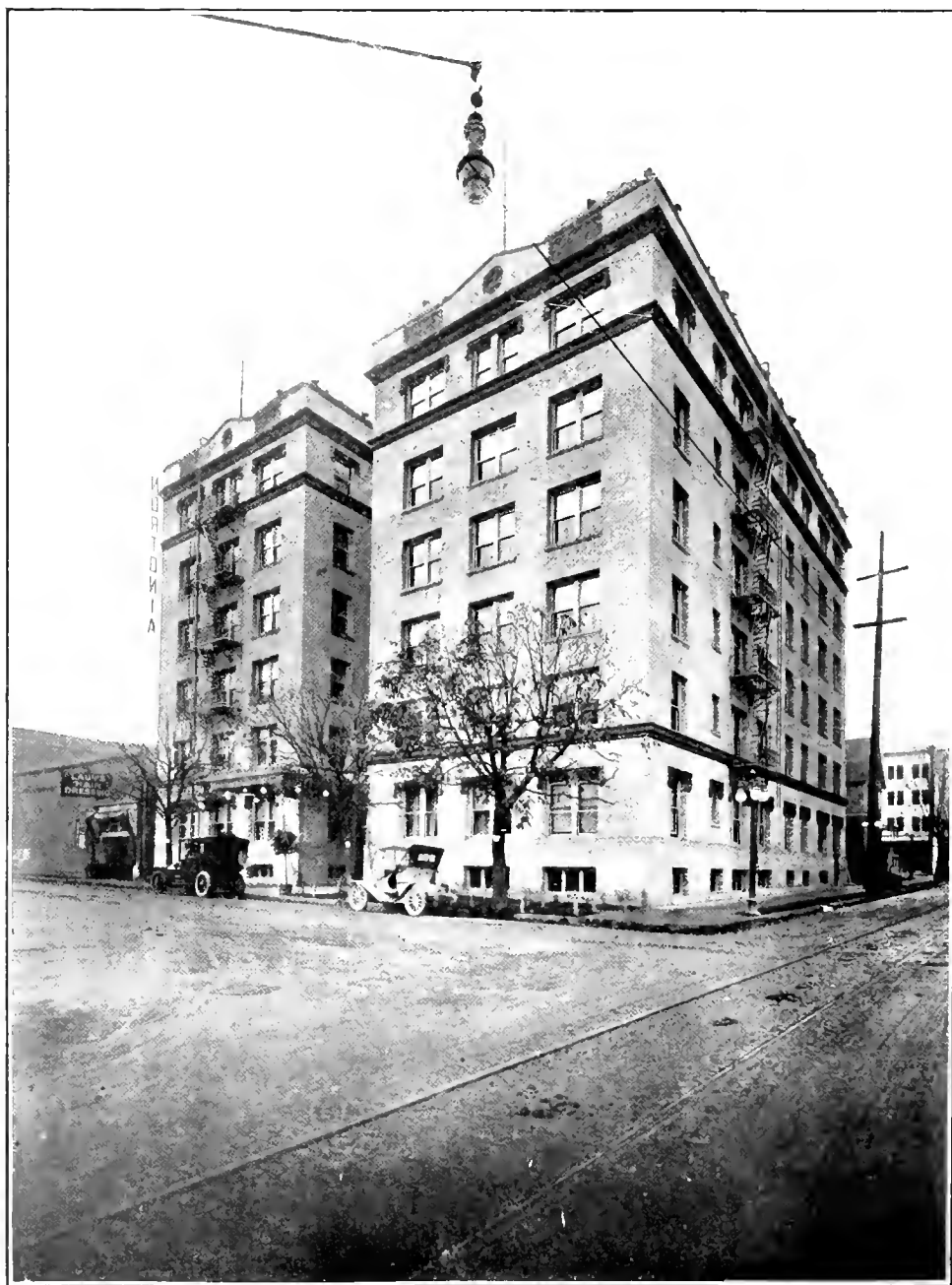
five-minute service, one may easily ascend from the heart of the city in half an hour to one of the salient "heights" and there see for himself whether this high praise be justified.

And it is interesting here to compare, by way of parenthesis, the three Pacific cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland, in this matter of outlook. The two former cities each possess a scenic railway—Mount Lowe and Mount Tamalpais. It costs about two dollars to make the ascent of either. Each, of course, is longer and attains a greater height than the Portland electric car, but in the latter case the fare is five cents as compared with two dollars, and the scene, while very different, is as diversified and entrancing as one need desire.

The view from the summit of Council Crest is one of the great views of the world.

At our feet, sloping down from the tower on which we stand, is one of the choicest residence districts, every house occupying its commanding site and possessing an undisturbed outlook. Down, down, the eye travels to the great city spread out to the right, to the left and before us. Through its heart winds the picturesque Willamette River, dividing Portland proper from the East Side, as East Portland is now termed. To the left are the buildings left by the great fair, and beyond is the junction of the Willamette with the giant Columbia, whose course is clearly outlined further away, the two forming the two sides of a wide triangle. Then the eye is drawn irresistibly over the country beyond, ten, twenty, fifty and more miles away to the peerless snow-clad mountain peaks of Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, Three Sisters, Mount Jefferson, Mount Adams, and, one hundred and forty miles away, Mount Rainier.

The estimated population of Portland is not far from 300,000. The city has excellent churches, theaters, banks, schools and public buildings; its bridges are superior and are made to keep pace with the rapidly growing requirements. In its railway facilities the fact that the two great lines controlled by Harriman and Hill center here assures more than ordinary advantages. Its street railway system is far ahead of that of San Francisco, and in that a universal system of five-cent fares and transfers to all parts of the city is provided, it surpasses Los Angeles. Its location makes it not only a railway center but a great and modern seaport. Vessels of the deepest draught come and anchor at its wharves, so that it has direct and speedy as well as cheap freight and passenger communication with the whole coast as well as the countries of the Orient. Its water supply is naturally superior to that of any city with which I am familiar in the civilized world, and is worthy of more than passing mention. Its main source of supply is Bull Run Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains at an elevation of 3,500 feet above sea level and about sixty-five miles away. The lake is about three miles long, nearly a mile wide and very deep. It lies seven miles northwest of Mount Hood. The deep cañon of the Sandy River prevents the discolored waters from the glaciers of that mountain stream from running into the lake. It is supplied entirely from unfailling



Nortonia Hotel, Portland, Ore.

springs in the steep, rocky slopes surrounding it on all sides, fed by water from melting snow and rain. The only outlet from the lake is under an immense mass of shattered basalt, which fills the cañon at its northwest end. From the base of this natural dam, 350 feet below the surface of the lake, the water gushes forth and forms Bull Run River, a tributary of the Sandy, which empties into the Columbia below Troutdale.

Where is it possible to secure a more perfect supply? And, as the city increases in population, this lake alone is capable of supplying all its needs for a thousand years to come. Already the city has voted three million dollars for another pipe-line, which is rapidly being constructed. When this is completed a population of nearly seven hundred thousand is provided for at the present extravagant daily usage, for as yet the city places no limit to the amount of water the ordinary consumer may draw from his faucets. Should Portland, however, grow to the million, or five, or ten million mark in population, Bull Run Lake will even then be adequate for all needs. The whole water-shed is a forest reserve and the eternal snows of the mountains insure a never-ceasing supply.

Of the "back country" which makes cities prosperous, too much can not be said of the natural resources of Oregon. Lumber is a great asset. The rivers are lined with floating rafts, and Portland's annual output of lumber amounts to over a hundred million feet. The wheat, prunes, apples and cherries of Oregon are already world-famed; and in prunes, pears, peaches, plums, small berries and grapes Oregon is second only to California. Walnuts also grow excellently. Columbia River salmon is known in Europe and in Australasia, as well as in India and South America, and Oregon wool, bacon, hams and dressed meats find markets throughout the whole western country. Swift & Company have just completed a vast packing plant at a cost of three million dollars.

Portland's Commercial Club, housed in its own building, with the largest membership, extent of quarters and scope of work of any similar organization in the world, distributing millions of pages of advertising and answering thousands of inquiries each year from all parts of the civilized world. It also has its own magazine, "The Pacific Monthly," one of the few locally issued magazines that are found on the book-stalls of the metropolis and every city in the Union.

Hence as a growing, thriving, prosperous, progressive western American city, Portland stands as a genuine type. On the esthetic side Portland is as cultured and progressive as on the material side.

One of the wisest things the leaders in esthetic culture and democratic art in Portland have yet done is to name and herald the fame of Portland as "the rose carnival city." In the local literature the city is constantly referred to as "the rose city." A local rose-society has been organized and one of the principal lawyers, Mr. F. N. Holman, has made rose-culture his hobby, writing about it, lecturing upon it, and inviting people to see what they themselves can do with a little care and painstaking effort. Others have ably seconded his efforts until now, during the rose-blooming period,

Portland is a veritable rose-garden. The result is a personal pride in one's own garden, that is felt by almost every man, woman and child in Portland! Here is the secret of a city's beauty: that each individual feels a pride in seeing that his portion of it is as beautiful as he knows how to make it, and when these individual efforts can all be guided and controlled to a certainly artistic end, the results are pleasure-giving to all concerned.

As a further result of the efforts of the Rose Society, an annual Rose Carnival is now held in Portland, in the month of June, which bids fair to rival the world-famous Santa Barbara flower festival and the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, which latter, being held on New Year's Day, has been a marvelous factor in the advertising of Southern California's winter climate. Washington's Birthday in Portland is made "Rose Planting Day," and thus tells the wide world that her climate in February is balmy and spring-like. The Rose Festival of Portland has the advantage of water as well as land upon which to display its floral treasures. In the daytime tens of thousands of delighted people acclaim their joy as the beautiful, flower-laden vehicles of every size and kind pass them, and then, at night, every sort of water craft, large and small, launches, yachts, barges, pleasure-boats, canoes, fairly laden with roses and other flowers, glide in silent procession through the glorious waterway carved by the stately Willamette River.

Pleasure, pure happiness, the cultivation of the esthetic senses, the education of the children in civic beauty, are all combined in festivals of this kind, and he is a short-sighted business man who does not see the reflex action of such art cultivation upon the commerce of a city that is wise enough to foster it.

In its park system Portland has taken Time by the forelock and already has begun to provide for the future. It possesses about 236 acres of park and parkway, scattered all over the city, and is now providing a boulevard system to connect them all and thus make a grand, all-embracing system that can be followed from any point wherever it may be struck. In 1908 the city voted \$1,000,000 for the preparatory work on this boulevard.

City Park, as its name implies, is "close in" the city, and Macleary Park is close by. In the former are two noted statues—noted both as works of art and also because they have struck away from the ordinary and conventional "General" on horseback, soldier or other reminder of war. These statues are McNeil's "Coming of the White Man" and that of "Sacajawea," the woman guide of Lewis and Clark. There is a haughty, defiant dignity on the face of the chief who stands with folded arms, as one of the youths of the tribe, surprised, alert, wondering, calls his attention to the coming of the whites. It shows Mr. McNeil at his best, and reveals him not only a master of the sculptor's art, but a master interpreter of the Indian mind. The statue stands on a base of rough rock and perfectly harmonizes with its surroundings. The same may be said also of "Sacajawea." A rudely clad Indian matron, young, of pleasing countenance, her baby on her back, her whole manner one of gentle kindness and sympathy, though her rough



Imperial Hotel, Portland, Ore.

appearance betokens her one of nature's out-door children, she stands with outstretched hand pointing the way to the far-away western sea that Lewis and Clark sought to reach. How much Oregon, the great Pacific West and the whole United States owe to the Indian Sacajawea no historian has yet told. This monument is a fitting beginning of the public honors that for the instruction of ourselves and our children we should continue to bestow upon her memory.



Floating logs on the Willamette River, Oregon City, Ore.

Closely linked with the history of Oregon is the famous Imperial Hotel—so closely, in fact, that no history of the State would be complete without this noted hostelry as a central setting.

The New Imperial, "Oregon's Greatest Hotel," is a new milestone, so to speak, in the social, political and industrial growth of the commonwealth. It is the happy realization of twelve years of hotel development, during which time the Imperial has been the official home of governors, senators, financiers, and men of the highest official position in the State. Many important chapters of Oregon history have taken form under its historic roof, and so closely identified has the hotel become with the progress of the State that it has become an institution that is inseparable.



Oregon Hotel, Portland, Ore.

The New Imperial is now the largest and most modernly equipped hotel in the Northwest. It represents the expenditure of a million and a half dollars, and embodies the best architectural and technical skill in the science of modern hotel construction and furnishing.

The main entrance is on Seventh street, with entrances also on Washington and Stark streets. The magnificently furnished arcade, known as "The Trail," extends from the Washington street side to Stark street. "The Trail" is finished in mahogany, terazzo, and Italian marble, and is one of the most delightful bits of architecture in Western hotel-dom. The entire "Trail" is lavishly strewn with rich furnishings that harmonize with the general air of luxury.

The walls of "The Trail" are decorated with noted pictures of Oregon scenery. It is the consensus of opinion that some of the choicest bits of American scenery are found along the famous Columbia river. The pictures add a beautiful touch of local color.

Rising to a height of nine stories, the hotel contains nearly 500 elegantly furnished rooms. All are outside rooms. There are over 100 elegant suites with private baths.

The hotel is conducted on the European plan, with a beautiful modern grill operated under the same management. The grill has a capacity of 300 guests, is paneled in leather and decorated with a motif in green, gold and purple.

Mr. Phil Metschan, Jr., manager of The Imperial, is recognized as the leading hotelman of Oregon. He has spent practically all his life in the business and has a lifelong record of brilliant successes. He holds the office of treasurer of the Oregon Hotel Association and vice-president for Oregon of the American Hotel Men's Protective Association. Associated with Mr. Metschan are his father, Phil. Metschan, Sr., and two brothers, Otto W. and A. H. Metschan, secretary and treasurer, respectively.

We now arrange for a special day car only to Tacoma, and Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, we are en route again, under the escort of Mr. Norman and Mr. Blackwell of that city. We arrive at Tacoma at 2:30, and are met by autos and also a Seattle committee, headed by "Billy" King, and, of course, we are de-lighted. In a jiffy we are at the Tacoma, wash up, and then we find a tasteful dinner spread on the great veranda of this hotel, which stands on the "mountain top" of the city, from where we see the great Mt. Tacoma.

After the dinner in this delightful spot, the mayor makes a speech of welcome, followed by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, a charming speech by William Norman, and then, of course, some of us have to "talk back." And we like this spot so well, and eat and talk so long, that we can't ride about city before we go to the boat at six o'clock.

Mr. Bohm is modest in his reference to talking back. He, himself, is a good speaker, and made several excellent speeches on the trip, but those who heard him on all the occasions say that his Tacoma speech surpassed them all. Mr. Norman had made an interesting boasting speech, taking



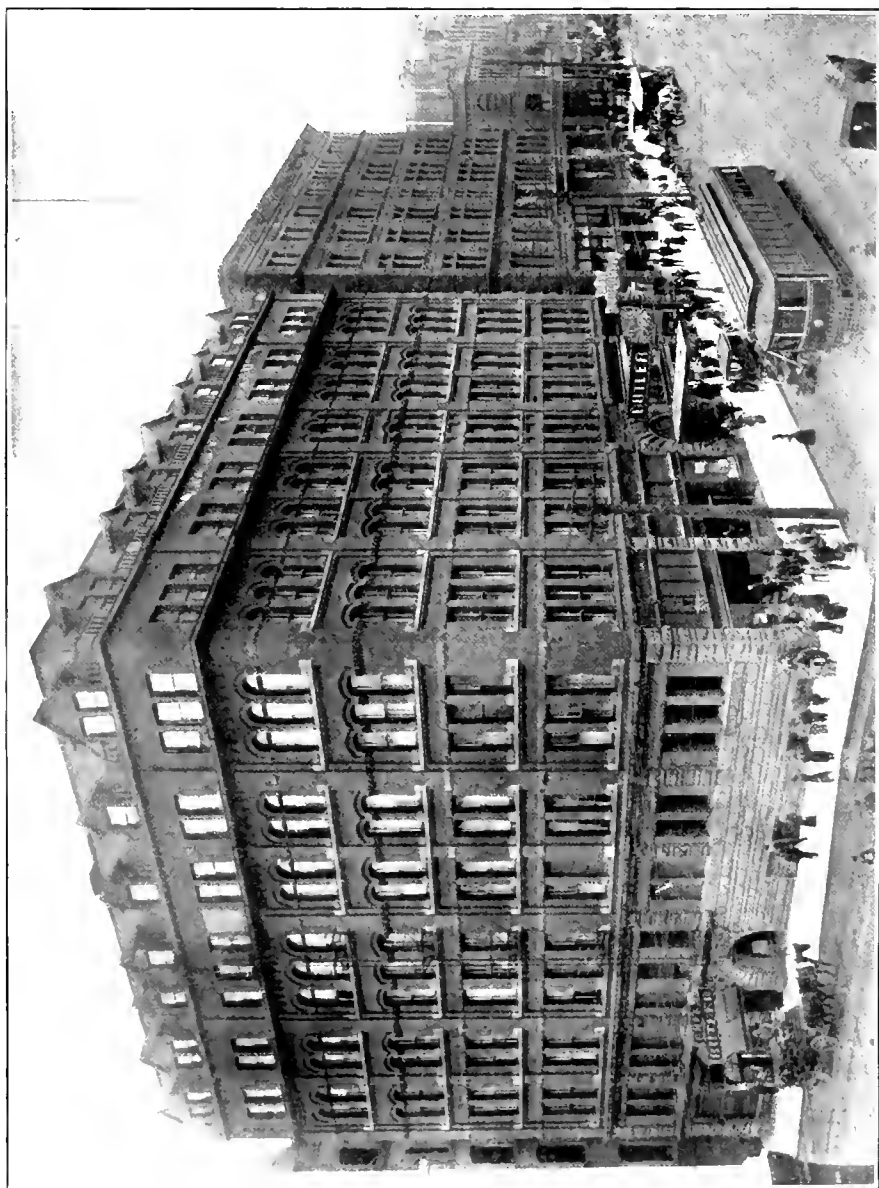
Hotel Washington, Seattle, Wash

Tacoma as his text and using each letter of the name as a suggestion for a theme, as T for Transportation and Terminal, A for Aggressiveness and Alacrity, etc. Mr. Bohn seemed to take his cue from that and told what Tacoma meant: That Mount Tacoma was not named after an Indian Chief, but that an Indian Chief was named after Mount Tacoma; that the word Tacoma was not an Indian word at all, but a Japanese word; that in the Japanese language Tacoma—pronounced Ta-koma, with the accent on the first syllable—meant the topmost light, the highest light in the world, the morning light, the bright light, the supreme light of the universe, and of course the city of Tacoma stood for all that this word meant in the rare combinations of meaning that the Japanese put into their words. With the mountain right in view and under the circumstances this speech "caught the crowd."

It is a lovely ride across Puget Sound from Tacoma to Seattle, and as it is Sunday the boat is loaded with local pleasure seekers. As we approach the famous boom city of the Northwest it is dark, and the metropolis "sitting on her seven hills" presents a beautiful picture—the tens of thousands of electric lights shine brighter than the stars above. Away on the heights we read the big electric sign, "Hotel Washington." It seems very high on the hill, but we are told that the roof of this tall hotel is now at the altitude of what was the foundation of the big hotel that stood on this site. So do they level the hills in Seattle? As we land at the dock we land in the arms of the reception committee and with taxis are taken to our hotels.

At Tacoma the Seattle committee handed us printed itineraries, so we know the program. Monday morning, April 25th, we gather at the Rainier Grand Hotel and take autos in charge of the committee, and are shown the city in a way that would satisfy even the man from Missouri. Gee! how we do go up and down those hills! And away out into the wooded suburbs to the Country Club, where, at 1:30, we are served with a fine luncheon. We return and do the residence and university districts, visit the A.-Y.-P. exposition grounds, and see the town by auto from hill to hill.

To-night we are banqueted at the fine Hotel Washington, and what the ladies particularly applaud is that for the first time during this long journey at an evening banquet the ladies and gentlemen dine together. It is a fine dinner in a fine room in a fine hotel. The bill of fare is very expensively gotten up, heavy cards tied with broad blue and white satin ribbons, the title page engraved: "Reception and banquet given to the visiting members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association by the Seattle Hotel Men's Association, on Monday, April the twenty-fifth, one thousand nine hundred and ten, at the New Washington Hotel, Seattle, Wash." Another page is engraved with the officers and committees, including the names of W. J. Blackwell, W. G. King, Charles F. Lyons, W. G. Potts, Charles Perry, J. M. Lux, H. E. Kennedy. The speakers are Hon. H. C. Gill, Hon. J. L. Wilson, J. E. Chilberg, W. J. Blackwell, and W. G. King is toastmaster. After the dinner there is dancing in the ballroom.



Hotel Father, Seattle, Washington W. G. King, Manager

The Hotel Butler, Seattle, Wash.

The "king" among the eastward hotel boys who have gone westward in the past ten years is William G. King, who in his younger days was known as "Billy" King of Milwaukee. When he left the Plankinton House in the beer metropolis, the hotel in which he had risen from a position in the storeroom to that of manager, his friends thought he probably made a mistake, but he didn't. Mr. King assumed the management with a proprietary interest of the Hotel Butler at Seattle, and in that hotel set a new standard for hotelism in the flourishing Northwest country. Since he opened the Butler his eastern friends have heard nothing but tales of prosperity about him. He sized up conditions aright, and notwithstanding Seattle has been, and is, building hotels galore, they do not seem to materially affect the prosperity of the Hotel Butler.

The continued growth and development of the Butler's business is due chiefly to three things: First, the Hotel Butler is a first-class building, as shown in the illustration herewith. Secondly, it is in the heart of Seattle's business center, at Second avenue and James. Thirdly, when it reopened in 1903 it set a new hotel standard for the city in the matter of cuisine and service. Mr. King's personality and his very close attention to the smallest details of the management soon made the Butler known as one of the most carefully managed hotels on the Pacific coast. He had had a long and most excellent training in the famous Plankinton House, which had attained a national reputation for its excellence in cuisine and management. In other words, Mr. King transplanted the Plankinton from Milwaukee to Seattle, with an improvement in structure and a European system of service instead of the old American plan.

Seattle owns its own water system. The water is brought from Cedar River, in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains, by gravitation, and is very soft and pure. The distance from the headworks to Seattle is twenty-eight miles, and the water is carried to the city in wooden and steel pipes. The daily capacity of the plant is 65,000,000 gallons. The plant, besides furnishing the consumers with water at a very low price, is providing a source of revenue, which, after paying the operating expenses, interest and improvement, together with substantial payment on the original cost of the system, gives a handsome surplus to the city, which, at present, is all being invested in new construction. The construction of a second pipe line for which bonds in the sum of \$2,250,000 were voted, was recently completed, doubling the former capacity of the plant.

The city owns its electrical lighting plant, which furnishes light and power for municipal and other purposes. This system was opened in 1905, at an initial cost of \$840,000, including the distributing station and equipment. On November 1, 1908, the investment had reached \$1,694,272. Bonds to the amount of \$800,000 were recently voted for additions and extensions. The estimated cost of the entire system, when completed, including extensions now being made, will be \$2,500,000. The power is derived from the falls of Cedar River, 12 miles up stream from the headworks of the water system. The

lighting plant saves a large portion of the sum heretofore paid for street illumination, by the taxpayers, and also acts as a regulator of the prices charged by private concerns.

There is a large fleet of steamers plying upon the waters of Puget Sound, with Seattle as their home port. These steamers carry freight and passengers to more than 200 adjacent cities, towns, villages and ports at very low rates. The local traffic carried on by its fleet aggregates about \$25,000,000 per annum.

The public schools of Seattle rank among the very best in the country, and the educational system in vogue stands pre-eminent for thoroughness and excellence.

The University of Washington is located here, upon a beautiful site of 355 acres, lying between Lake Union and Lake Washington. The University is free to the youth of the State, and is well provided with facilities for giving them a liberal education. The grounds afford the site for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

The City has an excellent free public library containing 102,835 volumes on January 1, 1909, besides a large number of magazines, periodicals, pamphlets and government documents. Circulation of books for home use from the library in 1908 was approximately 560,000. The city has provided \$145,923.88 for maintenance and other expenses of the library system in 1909.

Andrew Carnegie donated the sum of \$220,000 for the central building, the city purchased a site at a cost of \$100,000 and spent about \$100,000 more in completing and equipping the building. This central library was completed and thrown open to the public in December, 1906.

Of the five branch libraries now operating, only one, the Ballard branch, is in a permanent Carnegie building, the branches at Fremont, Green Lake, and University occupying rented quarters. Three permanent branch buildings are soon to be erected from an additional donation of \$105,000 recently made by Mr. Carnegie for that purpose. These three buildings will be located at Green Lake, University and West Seattle.

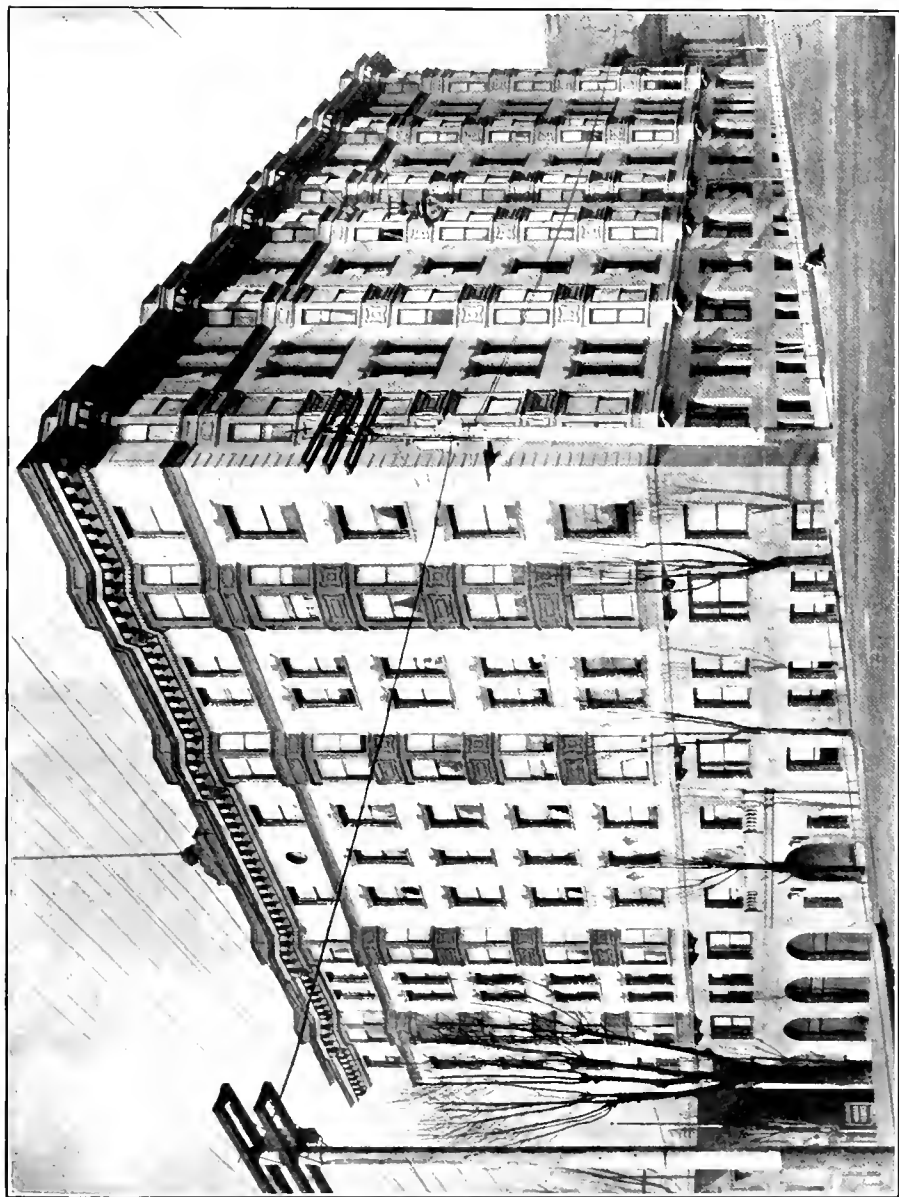
There are about 265 churches and church societies in Seattle and the adjoining suburbs, representing a greater number of religious beliefs than is generally found in a city of its size. Almost every known denomination of the Christian religion has its devotees, and nearly all of them have regular organizations. This is owing to the fact that the population of the city is cosmopolitan in its character, and has representatives from almost every civilized country on the globe.

There are three daily newspapers and about sixty weekly and monthly periodicals published in the city.

There are a number of business, social, educational, literary and musical clubs in the city. The leading business men's associations are the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, the Seattle Merchants' Association and the Manufacturers' Association. The leading social clubs are the Rainier Club, the University Club, the Seattle Athletic Club, the Arctic Club, the Firloch Club, the Golf and Country Club, and the Country Club.



Hotel Savoy, Seattle, Wash.



Hotel Lincoln, Seattle, Wash.

The Puget Sound Navy Yard is located just across the Sound from Seattle, and its supplies are purchased here. The expenditures for supplies exceed \$100,000 per month. It has the only government drydock on the Pacific Coast large enough to dock a battleship, and construction of a much larger one to cost \$2,000,000 is already under way. The yard gives employment to from 700 to 1,500 mechanics and is growing in importance yearly.

Fort Lawton, a United States military post, is situated within the city limits. The site embraces 605 acres, donated to the government by the people of Seattle, making a beautiful park and drill ground. The garrison now consists of four companies of infantry, and will be increased in the near future to a full regimental post of twelve companies.

The United States Assay Office at Seattle was established July 15, 1898, and up to December 31, 1908, had received and paid for gold dust to the value of \$175,264,603.93. This represents 10,264,068.19 troy ounces, or 351.8 avoirdupois tons.

Tuesday forenoon it is a go-as-you-please, but at 1:30 we go to the Colman dock and board the "H. B. Kennedy" to visit the Bremerton Navy Yard. We enjoy a very pleasant ride on the Sound, and several interesting hours we spend in looking over the gunboat "Washington" in drydock, and the other war giants in the harbor. We are duly impressed with the size and importance of this fast growing Pacific naval station, and likewise with the way that the vantage points around this deep and large sound are protected against invasion by an enemy. We return shortly after 5 o'clock, and after dinner we get into our glad clothes once more and attend a very pleasant reception and ball tendered by the Washington Annex Hotel, where we say some final farewells to members of our Northwest delegation, for some go eastward over the Northern Pacific, while some thirty of us will go to Victoria and homeward via the Canadian Pacific.

Seattle is a great city. It is built on a series of hills overlooking Elliott Bay, one of the land-locked arms of Puget Sound. It is a typical western city of western energy and rapid growth. Since the Klondike discoveries in the Northwest Territory, the later gold discoveries in Alaska and the beginning of the development of Puget Sound trade with the Orient, Seattle has gone forward by leaps and bounds, until from a population of 43,000 in 1890 it has grown to a city of 241,550 at the present time.

Like many of the localities in the Northwest, and particularly in the State of Washington, Seattle's name is of Indian origin. It was given in honor of old Chief Seattle, or Sealth, as it is sometimes written. The old chief was a respected friend of the whites, even when others of the natives counselled hostilities.

But that is only a memory now. Seattle is one of America's really great and progressive cities. Its tall buildings of modern type, its well paved streets, its public utilities, its beautiful parks and its metropolitan hotels served to convince many of the eastern visitors that the United States is by no means composed of the territory lying east of the Mississippi River.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION

From the account written by Mr. Gehring, editor of the "New York Hotel Review," I extract the following:

For three weeks the H. M. M. B. A. trains had been moving in a westerly direction. On the night of April 21st, however, the Easterners began their homeward journey. This was by no means uninteresting. On the contrary, there was no haste, and every point along the route that was worth visiting was made the occasion for a stop, if only for a few moments.

At Salt Lake City the party was met at the station by a delegation of hotelmen and a committee representing the Commercial Club. Many enjoyed a trip to Salt Air Beach, while all the party afterwards visited the Mormon Tabernacle, where an organ recital was given by Professor McClellan. Following the regular recital the professor, as a special courtesy to Mr. McCann, invited the New York delegation to the choir enclosure, where another special recital on the world-famous organ was given. A tour of the city under the guidance of the Mayor pleasantly filled in another hour or two. Then, conducted by Proprietor Holmes, of the Knutsford, the Eastern delegation inspected the new Hotel Semloh, which was opened that day. The party was entertained at luncheon at the Commercial Club, where brief addresses were made by members of the club and responded to by Mr. Tierney.

In the State of Colorado

The New York Society of Colorado, headed by Samuel F. Dutton, of the Hotel Albany, met the New York train at Salida. Accompanying Mr. Dutton was his pretty daughter, who distributed flowers to the ladies of the party, and then the original Sam, with his usual thoughtfulness, had brought with him a trunk loaded with newspapers from the home towns of the travelers as well as the representative hotel journals, and the mail which had been forwarded to the Albany for members of the party. That Dutton Denver spirit put renewed energy into the party, and his associates on the receiving committee, Messrs. French, Warner, Nichols and Dunning, were no less considerate of the comforts of their erstwhile guests.

Leaving Salida the party headed for the Royal Gorge, leaving the train on the swinging bridge for a photograph which is elsewhere reproduced. An unexpected feature was added to the itinerary. It was a stop at Canyon City and included there an automobile ride over Skyline Drive, from which the panorama was the most beautiful which it has been the writer's pleasure to look upon. Returning from the drive the party sat down to a banquet at the board of Manager Denton, of the Hotel Denton. After coffee the party was enlightened further on the great opportunities in Colorado and Canyon City by ex-Governor Peabody and a number of other prominent citizens. Brief responses were delivered by Mr. Tierney, Mr. Reed, Mr. McGlynn (maiden speech), Mr. Dutton, Mr. Fleming, and Mr. Gehring.



SAM F. DUTTON

Proprietor Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo.; President American Hotel Protective Association of the United States and Canada

S. F. Dutton, proprietor of the Albany, was born in Chautauqua county, New York, in 1872. At the age of 12 years he began work as bell hop to various hotels on Chautauqua Lake, his first employer being Mr. Horace Fox, of the old Chautauqua Hotel, Mayville, N. Y.

In 1888 he went to Eureka Springs, Ark., remaining until 1892, when he became assistant steward of the Clifton House in Chicago. In 1893 he went to Denver with Col. J. D. Fanning, at the time he took the Albany Hotel. In turn he was storeroom man, steward, assistant manager, and manager, remaining until 1899, when he became superintendent of dining

cars and eating houses on the Santa Fe road. In 1905 he returned to Denver and formed the Albany Hotel Co.

He is identified with nearly all the commercial bodies of Denver, for two years president of the Denver Hotel and Restaurant Men's Association; four years president of the Rocky Mountain Hotel Men's Association; was one of the organizers and the first president of the Western Hotel Men's Protective Association, and in August last was elected president of the American Hotel Protective Association of the United States and Canada.

On to Denver!

And now on to Denver, where the arch of "welcome" was flanked on each side by automobiles, with "Sam" Dutton personally singing out "This way to the Albany!" on one side, and "Mel" Wright sounding "This way to the Adams!" on the other side. The evening was a "go as you please," and we did. Some harrowing tales resulted, but they can not be printed.

Next morning another delightful automobile tour all over the city, its parks and points of interest, including the auditorium where Bryan was nominated, was the program, followed by a "get-away" luncheon at the Albany, which had all the Dutton Denver spirit for which his name is famous. Mr. Dutton's energy attracted the admiration of every one, and his anxiety to outdo our hosts en route was shared by every member of the staff from Mr. Paget down. Everybody enjoyed Denver immensely—because it "felt" like New York, looked like New York, had a New York "boy" at the helm and we are approaching New York. The luncheon was delightfully served.

The Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo.

The Albany Hotel was operated by different proprietors for several years, and had a rather checkered career, until Sam Dutton, in 1904, organized a company called The New Albany Hotel Company, and leased the hotel for a period of 15 years. The hotel was remodeled and modernized, \$185,000 being spent in this work. The business was so successful that it was only a year and a half before an addition larger than the original hotel was added, which was opened in 1906, giving 300 rooms, one-half of which have baths. The Albany has become noted on account of the superiority of its five cafes and its well-appointed, well-lighted sample rooms. The Albany commands at least 70 per cent of the commercial trade coming to Denver—all of it, in fact, where up-to-date sample rooms are required.

In the year of 1909, another \$72,000 was spent in improvements and in new furniture, all the rooms with bath now being furnished in a high-class manner.

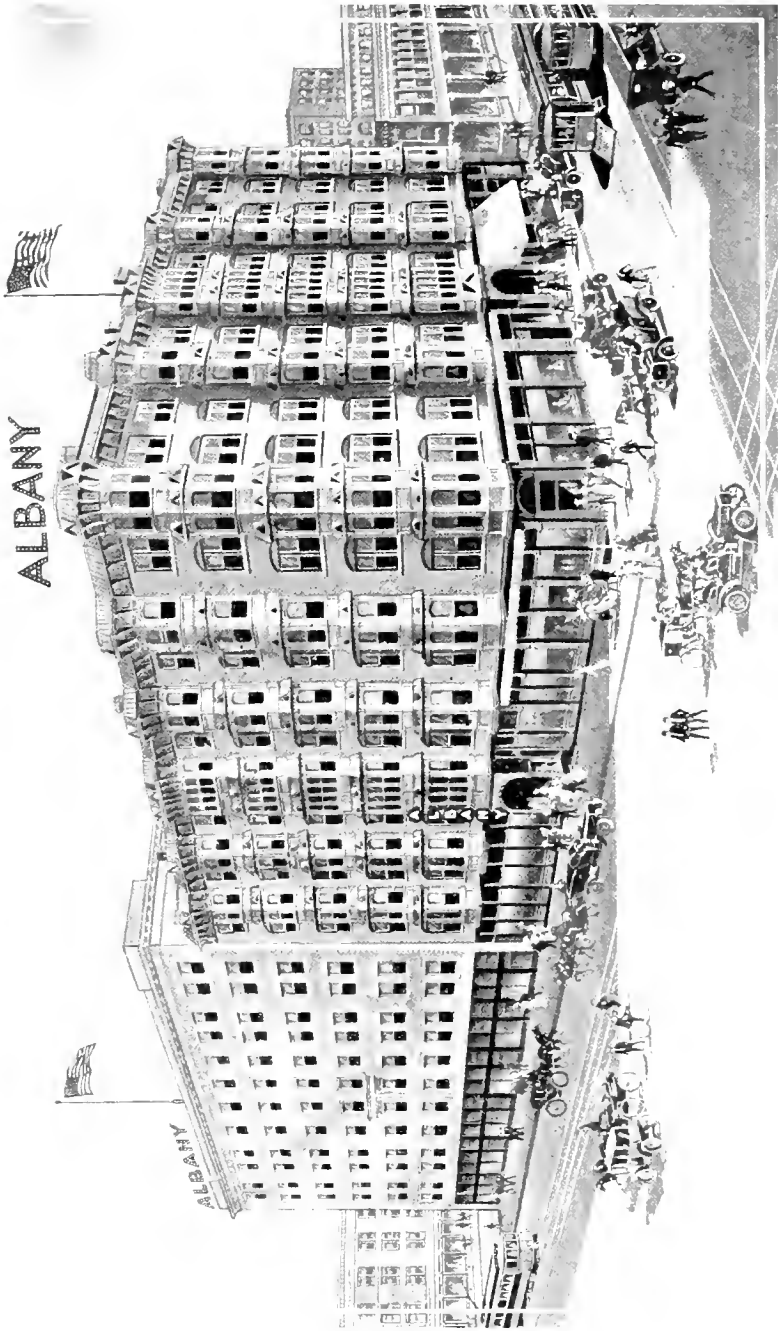
Remodeling of the dining-rooms was made at this time, as well as redecorating and recarpeting the entire house. At the present time the rotunda is being remodeled and refurnished at a cost of \$22,000, making it the most spacious and elegant hotel rotunda in Denver.

The Albany, on account of its location and spacious ground floor facilities, has become known far and wide as the headquarters for politicians, mining men, irrigation men, and in fact for all business men coming to Denver from various points of the country, and the familiar saying in Colorado is—"Meet me at the Albany". Probably more banquets have been held at the Albany in the last three years than all the other hotels in Denver put together.

Mr. F. W. Paget is the manager of the Albany.

Card of Thanks

As a token of their appreciation to all who had made their trip so pleasant and agreeable the New York delegation sent the following to all their various hosts:



The enlarged Hotel Albany, one of the leading hotels of the western world. Sam F. Button, Proprietor.

To Our Hosts:

Amongst so much to be grateful for, it would indeed be an invidious distinction to differentiate in the mention of hotel keepers and friends, who so enthusiastically and generously contributed toward the entertainment and comfort of the New York delegation of the H. M. M. B. A. members and their families, while en route on special train, to attend the thirty-first annual meeting of the association in Los Angeles, Cal., on April 12, 1910.

No words can picture in adequate colorings the magnitude and cordiality of the lavish and unique hospitality that was dispensed to our party at every place we stopped. The welcome we received was as spontaneous as it was sincere, and it truly manifested the broad and liberal spirit of fraternity and good fellowship that prevails among hotel keepers all over our glorious land.

As expressive of our genuine feelings of appreciation for all favors conferred by our legion of hosts everywhere, we therefore accept of this medium at this time to publicly acknowledge our gratitude in behalf of the ninety-three men and women who composed our delegation, and to give to our hosts the assurance that it shall be a great privilege and pleasure for each and every one of us to reciprocate for all their kindnesses whenever an occasion presents itself to do so in the future.

With hearts full of golden thanksgiving, with minds full of joyous memories, we hereby extend to you, our hosts, the warmest considerations of affection and loyalty, and all for the honor and glory of our beneficent association which we all love so well.

Faithfully yours,

FRED A. REED,

EDWARD M. TIERNEY,

New York, May 10, 1910.

Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND DELEGATION

The New Englanders did not stop at Salt Lake, though the invitation to do so was cordial and urgent. Hastening on to Denver, they were the first to be the recipients of the rare brands of Colorado hospitality.

Manager Paget, Mrs. Dutton and Carl R. Evans did the honors. After a brief rest the party was shown Denver by the Cab and Omnibus Company and treated to a complimentary dinner at the Albany. There was an address of welcome by C. W. Franklin, to which Capt. Harry L. Brown made fitting response. The Boston special left for Chicago at midnight on Monday with a tired but happy lot of passengers on board.

It arrived in Chicago on the morning of April 20th, having come direct, without stops, from Denver. With the exception of Luke J. Minahan and half a dozen of his friends who were guests of the Blackstone, the party repaired to Hotel La Salle, where they opened headquarters in a suite of parlors on the seventh floor and prepared for a day of go-as-you-please. Some went out calling on friends, others visited among the stores, while the majority devoted their time to seeing the sights. In the evening Mr.



The Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

Minahan entertained his company at dinner served in one of the private dining rooms of the Blackstone, and it was a particularly nice spread. At midnight the tourists proceeded on their way homeward, declaring that next year Boston would show the Pacific coasters a thing or two.

The Blackstone Hotel, Chicago

The Blackstone is the last word that, so far, has been said in hotels. Designed by the well known architects, Marshall & Fox, it is a building of individuality. Being on the Lake Front, close to the very business heart of Chicago, it necessarily had to be of the sky-scraper type, but in all its details quiet elegance, refinement and culture are foremost and apparent. Mr. Willey of the "Hotel Monthly" well says what all experienced travelers will confirm, viz.: "I never before saw a hotel that comes so near the ideal, so near perfection in all eye-pleasing, combined with serviceable qualities. It is a triumph of the decorators' and furnishers' arts."

The Various Routes to California

California is not now the isolated country it was in the "days of gold." One by one, railway and other routes have been opened until now the traveler has an extensive choice. The Southern Pacific Route from Chicago, by way of the Union Pacific, called the "Overland" Route, was the one first constructed, and is too well known to need description. The "Sunset" Route of the same company is the one followed and described in the chapter of the New York delegation, while that of the Santa Fe was followed by the New England and Chicago delegations. The remainder of this chapter is devoted to other routes which it is well for contemplative tourists to the Coast to remember: all demonstrating the great and rapid growth of the West, to demand the ever-enlarging facilities provided by these new avenues of travel.

From New York to California, by Steamer to New Orleans and Thence by Rail

There are several ways that one may reach California, but none more delightful, varied and charming than by the Atlantic Steamship Lines of the Southern Pacific Co. I have crossed the Atlantic and other bodies of water many times, I am accounted a wretchedly poor sailor, but I made the trip from New York to New Orleans in the steamer "Comus," and while squeamish for a few hours, I look back upon the trip as one of the most agreeable and delightful in my life. In the first place, the steamers are new, well built, and excellently appointed for passenger service. One feels perfectly safe in them, even though he were to cross the Atlantic in the worst kind of weather, instead of merely sailing down past Cape Hatteras into the sea of perpetual summer. The next important consideration is the personnel of the officers and crew. We found them all, from captain to deck hand, bent on giving us a good time, and while, of course, the stewards

didn't object to a tip, they gave their service with a whole-hearted readiness that made one anxious to hand out a tip rather larger than usual. For instance, I wanted a salt water bath every morning—and got it, though when one enters the Mississippi River there is no salt water. My steward said he would arrange it if I would get up a little earlier. He would have the bathtub filled while out in the bay and keep it ready for me. And he did so, to my great pleasure and comfort.

A third comfort is that all the passengers' rooms are outside rooms, so that one is never without an outlook over the sea. Baggage can be checked through to the Pacific Coast or any intervening point, and yet part of it kept in your cabin for use while on the steamer.

Mark Twain well describes the scene on leaving port: "All was bustle and confusion (I have seen that remark before, somewhere). The pier was crowded with carriages and men; passengers were arriving and hurrying on board; the vessel's decks were encumbered with trunks and valises; groups of excursionists arrayed in attractive traveling costumes, etc. Finally, above the banging, and rumbling, and shouting, and hissing of steam, rang the order to 'Cast off!'—a sudden rush to the gangways—a scampering ashore of visitors—a few revolutions of the screws, and we were off."

The trip down the river to Sandy Hook is always interesting. Manhattan slowly seems to spread out and form a picture, with, as we pass the Battery, a glimpse of Brooklyn and the East River, with the three great suspension bridges connecting the two boroughs. Past Governor's Island, Bedloe's and the Statue of Liberty, the green slopes of Staten Island and then Coney Island came into view, with Sandy Hook on the other side.

Soon we are out in the wide Atlantic, and as night comes on, the shores recede, and we practically lose sight of land until two days later we glimpse it again in palm-covered Florida. But the sea is interesting in a thousand ways, day and night, and especially when one knows he is going to be out upon it, in its lone vastness, only for two or three days.

The temperature steadily rises as we approach the Straits of Florida, and from the time one catches his first view of the low-lying shore of this State of semi-tropical verdure, until he reaches New Orleans there is not a moment when he is not interested, charmed, attracted, fascinated. The water is a rich sapphire, and as the vessel pushes its way along it leaves a froth of purest white, which hisses and crackles, as if full of life and electricity. To this day the memory of that exquisite colored water remains with me. Then we see the Fowey Rocks lighthouse, an openwork steel tower, many of which dot the outer line of the Florida Keys. For a whole day one watches these picturesque little coral islets and counts the lighthouses. Then he sees the concrete arches of the wonderful railway to Key West, which reaches across these stretches of sea, from key to key. It is night when the vessel turns the westernmost of the Florida Keys and makes a great plunge into the Gulf of Mexico, aiming straight across it to

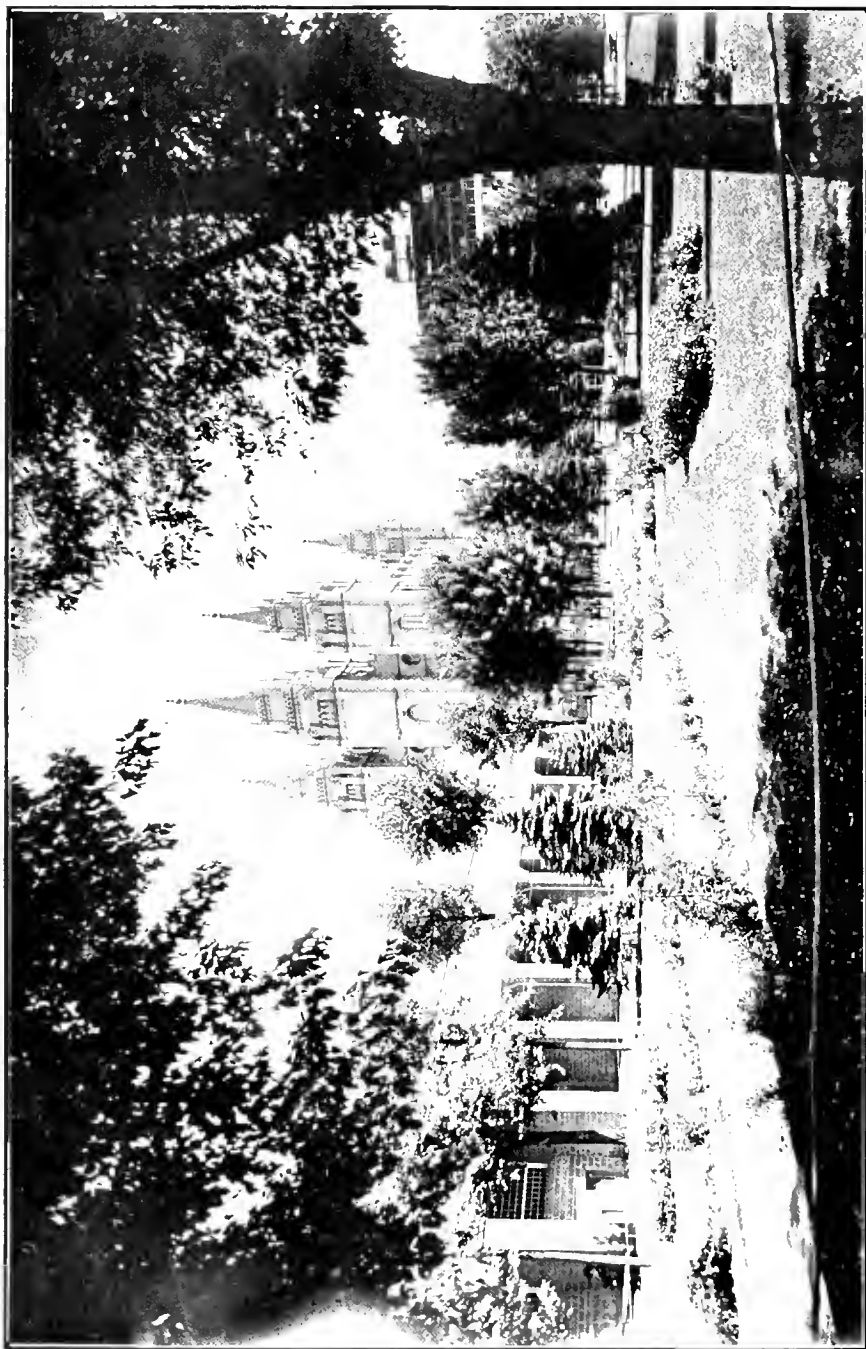
the mouth of the Mississippi. There the pilot takes us in hand, and we have that delightfully fascinating ride of the "Father of the Waters" to New Orleans, sitting on deck and noting all the places of historic interest and of picturesque beauty as we ride along.

And New Orleans is a charming city—historic, quaint, peculiar, progressive. It has hotels equal to any in the country, and its water, sewerage and drainage system, recently completed, is the finest in the known world. One ought always to arrange to spend a week in New Orleans before starting on west.

The rest of the journey from New Orleans by rail, with the oil-burning locomotives, and consequently no cinders, no dust, no uncleanness and no annoyance over the Southern Pacific Company's "open-window" route—as their "Sunset" route might not unappropriately be termed—is the same as that described in the chapter on the journey of the New York delegation. For, while that delegation did not come down by steamer to New Orleans, they did take the Southern Pacific's route at that city, and thence continued through to California. It is a wonderful tribute to the building energy of Collis P. Huntington, the genius of the Southern Pacific Railway, that, in his lifetime, he succeeded in building a railway from New Orleans, through to California, then practically traversing the complete 1,000 miles of length of that State, traversed Oregon to Portland. The lines of the Southern Pacific now extend to Seattle, Wash., thus giving this company a direct line from New Orleans to Seattle.

The Western Pacific Railway

The completion of a new line to the Pacific Coast is a great event in the history of railroading and worthy the notice of the reading and traveling world. On August 22, 1910, the first passenger train was run over the Western Pacific Ry., which is the western extension of the Gould Lines from Salt Lake City, thus giving that system a continuous line from Pittsburg and Detroit to the Pacific Coast. This new railway is 927 miles in length from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, the most western four miles being the ferry across the Bay of San Francisco from the Oakland Mole. Unlike the Central Pacific, which has two roads from Ogden to Lucin, the one rounding Salt Lake at the north, and the other crossing it directly by the world-famed "Lucin cut-off," the Western Pacific rounds the southern end of the lake, and practically reaches the Central line at Wells, paralleling it fairly closely until well past Winnemucca, where it keeps almost due west, while the Central bears to the south. The passage of the Sierras is made through Beckwourth Pass, discovered in the early pioneer days by that picturesque and renegade scout, Indian chief, bear hunter, Indian trader, scalawag, and all-around liar, Jim Beckwourth, one of the most noted frontiersmen of "the days of '49." On the western side of the Sierras the road makes a quick sweep to the south, from Las Plumas via Oroville, Marysville and Sacramento to Stockton, where it sweeps again to the west and reaches Oakland via Niles Canyon.



The Mormon Temple Salt Lake City, Utah

Naturally it opens up some picturesque passes hitherto untouched by railways, and will therefore attract the curious and interested sightseer. The Western Pacific is now in the field for freight and passenger business. Naturally its eastern connections will bring it much of both, but the great test is the quality of the service it renders. Its officers are experienced railway men in every department, and there is little doubt but that they will not only win their share of existing traffic, but will materially aid in the further upbuilding of our great Pacific empire.

The Salt Lake, San Pedro and Los Angeles Railway

Leaving Salt Lake City, the leading metropolis of the intermountain country, trains of the Salt Lake Route (the scenic short line to Southern California), give the traveler a final view of the Tabernacle and the Mormon Temple, famous as architectural triumphs, and monuments to one of the greatest religious movements known to history.

Set in a bowl of mountains painted with all the hues of the rainbow, Salt Lake is one of the scenic cities of the American continent.

Leaving it, the passenger over the Salt Lake Route passes along the Great Salt Lake, a vast inland sea whose presence has never been explained, and whose wonders have never half been told.

Rolling on, the train draws up in the early morning at Caliente, having crossed the great State of Utah and a part of Nevada during the hours of darkness. Caliente is a Spanish word, meaning "hot," and is so named on account of the hot springs found there, which have been known since the earliest Indian days.

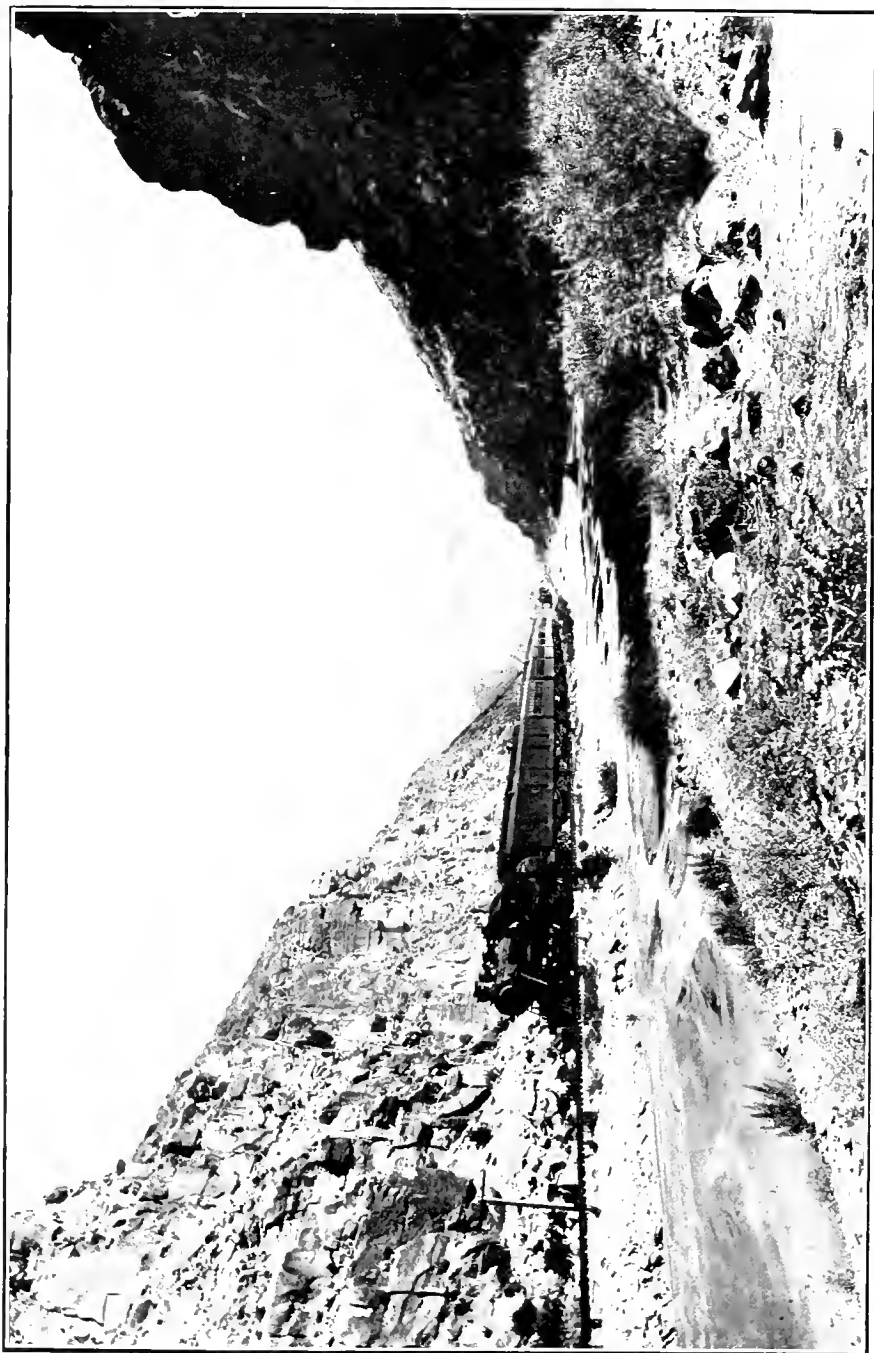
Leaving Caliente behind, the wanderer westward bound is borne at once into the gorges of the desert mountains. Myriad-hued buttes rise on every side; on every hand great gashes scar their way back into the heart of a wilderness of hills more beautiful than the famed "Bad Lands" of Wyoming.

Somber grays and browns of lower slopes give way to blues and greens and reds and yellows on the upper shelves of the buttes, until all finally merge in the most gorgeous of all the panoramas on the way westward—Rainbow Canyon.

Out of this canyon the train rolls down into the rich Las Vegas Valley, first settled more than a hundred years ago by the Spanish padres. Las Vegas also is a Spanish word, meaning "The Meadows," and from here the Las Vegas and Tonopah railroad leads off to the great mining districts of Rhyolite, Beatty, Goldfield and contiguous territory.

Then again onward the train speeds toward the mountain wall which cuts off the sea-coast and its beautiful cities. The barricade of peaks, the Sierra Madre of the old Spaniards, seems a solid chain; there appears no break in its desert face, until after Barstow has been passed.

Then, suddenly falling apart—for so it seems—the mountains open a path and the train rises toward the summit of Cajon Pass. Here, too, is another



On the picturesque Salt Lake Route through Nevada

Spanish word, "Cajon," meaning "box," so named because of the fact that from either of its entrances the pass appears to have no end, to be a veritable box in the mountains.

Through the Cajon, rising to the summit and then dropping away by a rapid descent, the train flies to the Land of Oranges, welcomed through the gateway by that strange mark of the mountains, the Arrowhead.

On the left there flashes suddenly into view a huge arrowhead, over thirteen hundred feet long and proportionately wide, carved by the hand of nature on the face of the mountain wall.

Heavy with Indian and white men's legends is this arrowhead; from it the famous Arrowhead Hot Springs, near by, were named, and from it the Salt Lake Route took its equally famous trademark. Clear and distinct, regular in outline as if carved with some Titan's chisel, this strange landmark has been a puzzle to geologists, a riddle to which they have found no acceptable answer. How it came there, or when, no man knows.

Below the arrowhead, under the shelter of its protecting blade, lies San Bernardino, terminus of the first Mormon trail from Salt Lake City to California and now a thriving modern city. At San Bernardino begins the orange belt of the Golden State. Near it lies the beautiful city of Redlands, and just below, on the sloping shoulder of the Sierra Madre range, the Salt Lake train passes through Riverside, the center of probably the most famous orange section in the world and a beautiful city of flower-embowered homes.

There is Rubidoux mountain, crowned with a huge cross, raised to honor Padre Junipera Serra, and miles-long drives lined with palms, such drives as can be seen nowhere else in the world outside the tropics.

From Riverside the Salt Lake Route passes through Ontario and Pomona and the fruitful San Gabriel Valley and finally sets down the traveler in Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California. Long Beach, the Atlantic City of the West, is twenty miles from Los Angeles on the direct line to San Pedro Harbor, Pacific Coast terminus of the Salt Lake Route.

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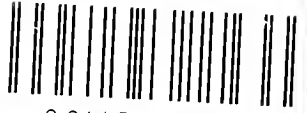


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